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April 1919

THE RED BOOK

MAGAZINE

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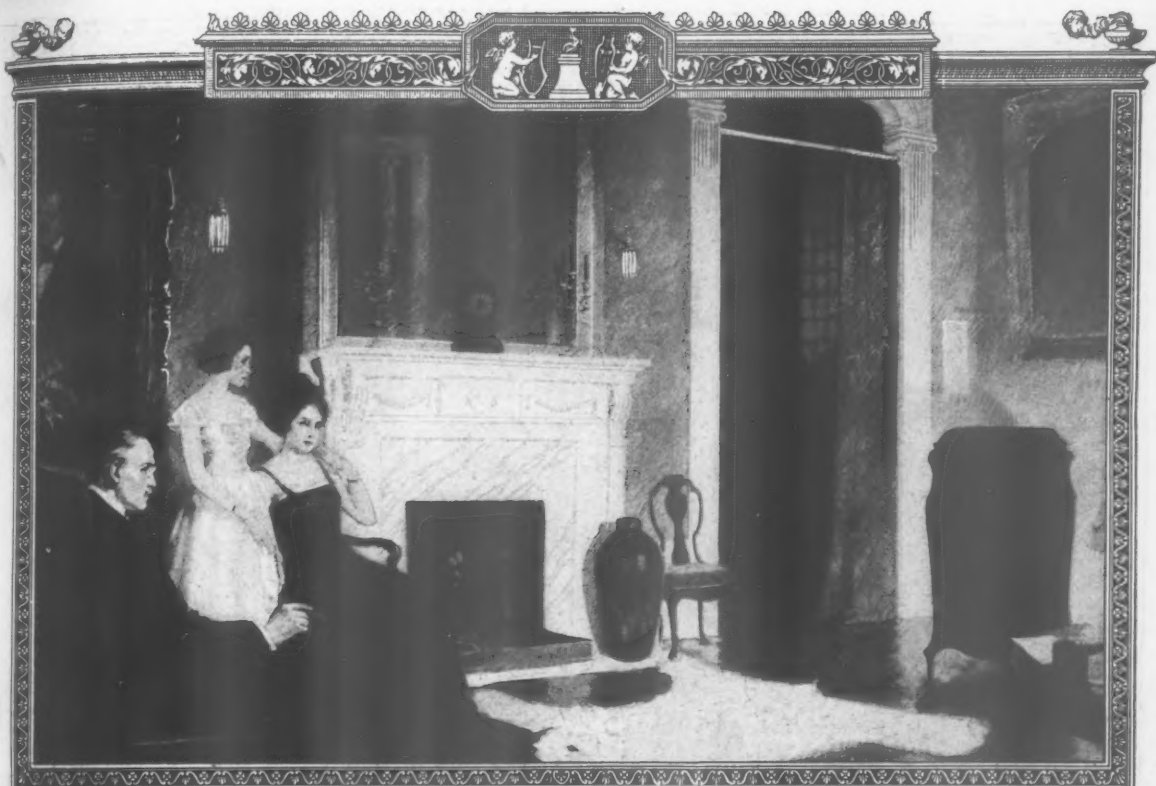
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Was
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SAVE \$43

Now
\$57

By Being Your Own Salesman

Try the Oliver for Five Days at Our Expense

Only \$3.00
Per Month

Do not buy or rent any typewriter until you know the Oliver. A five days' trial will help you decide. Besides saving you \$43, we make the payments easy. We ask no advance payment. But merely \$3 per month until the \$57 is paid.

Do not confuse this offer with those for second-hand or rebuilt typewriters. Our \$57 Oliver is our brand new identical Model 9, formerly priced at \$100. It has not been changed in the slightest.

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Olivers are in use all over the world. Some of the large concerns in the United States using Olivers are: U. S. Steel Corporation, Baldwin Locomotive Works, Nat'l City Bank of N. Y., Diamond Match Company, Pennsylvania Railroad, Hart, Schaffner & Marx, American Bridge Company, Encyclopedia Britannica, Otis Elevator Company, Bethlehem Steel Company, Boston Elevated Railways, N. Y. Edison Company, and a host of others of equal importance.

And thousands of Olivers are used by individuals—every business is represented among our users. And every profession.

You can depend on this wide use of the Oliver as a guarantee of its worth.

No Finer Built

Examine the Oliver carefully. It is built in a model factory with a heritage of ideals. Only the finest materials are used. And this accounts for the prolonged life of the Oliver, its durability, its inbuilt service. It is simplified in construction and built to withstand the hardest usage. The Oliver in war service proved its fine design and construction.

You can't buy a better typewriter at any price. Mail the coupon now, for either a Free Trial Oliver or further information.

This Simple Plan Makes It
Easy to Own an Oliver

This sales plan is a legacy of the war, which taught us all new economies—ones we won't forget.

By reorganizing our method of distribution, we were able to make a radical reduction in price.

We did not change the famous Oliver an iota. The machine we now sell for \$57 is the identical one formerly priced at \$100—BRAND NEW, not second-hand or rebuilt.

During the war we learned that it was unnecessary to have great numbers of travelling salesmen and numerous, expensive branch houses throughout the country. We were also able to discontinue many other superfluous, costly sales methods. You benefit by these savings.

Pre-war extravagances were ended. And our plan of selling made simpler. We send the Oliver to you for free trial, so that you may judge it, in solitude, without being influenced.

No Money Down

Merely send us the coupon. We ship an Oliver to you. Try it for five days. Then, if you agree that it is the finest typewriter at any price, merely send us \$3 per month, until the \$57 is paid.

If you do not believe that this is the greatest typewriter opportunity, return the Oliver to us, express collect. We even refund the outgoing transportation charges. You have not placed yourself under any obligation to buy.

When the Oliver comes to you, you will admire its many advancements—all the refinements made possible during 24 years of typewriter-making. A finer typewriter is impossible.

The coupon below gives you the opportunity to be your own salesman and save yourself \$43.

Note that it brings EITHER an Oliver for Free Trial, or further information. Check it accordingly.

The Oliver Typewriter Company

1154 Oliver Typewriter Building, Chicago, Illinois

Canadian Price, \$72

(5.02)

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☐ Do not send a machine until I order it. Mail me your book—"The High Cost of Typewriters—The Reason and the Remedy," your de luxe catalog and further information.

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THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE

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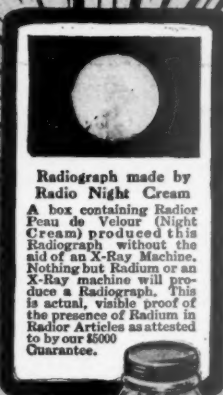
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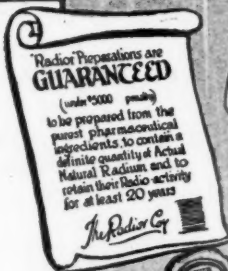
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Making a Million Better Memories

Through a Secret That Can Be Learned in One Evening
The Wonder Work of David M. Roth

IT has taken the country by storm. It has spread like the Spirit of Victory. The men and women, and young people of America have suddenly discovered a sure method of overcoming that most treacherous enemy of success and advancement—a bad memory.

I knew what would happen—was sure of it because of my own amazing experience with the Roth Memory Course.

But frankly it didn't seem credible that Mr. Roth's message would travel so quickly and so far in such a short time. Now it seems as though every third man I meet were talking about the extraordinary change Mr. Roth's easy method has wrought in his ability to remember instantly the things he needs to recall every hour of the day.

You hear about Mr. Roth on the train, at the street corner, in the big business office or workshop, at the club, in camp, on the farm—everywhere that people meet to talk or work together.

Millions are reading about this new nationwide institution. Hundreds of thousands are buying the course. Tens of thousands are mastering its simple secrets. Thousands have testified in writing to the tremendous benefits the Roth Memory Course has brought to them.



DAVID M. ROTH

When Mr. Roth first determined to cultivate his memory, it was because he found it to be probably poorer than that of any man he knew. He could not remember a man's name twenty seconds. He forgot so many things that he was convinced he could never succeed until he learned to remember. Today there are over ten thousand people in the United States whom Mr. Roth has met at different times—most of them only once—whom he can instantly name on sight. Mr. Roth can and has hundreds of times at dinners and lectures asked fifty or sixty men he has met to tell him their names, businesses and telephone numbers and then after turning his back while they changed seats, has picked each one out by name, told him his telephone number and business connection. These are only a few of the scores of equally "impossible" things that Mr. Roth can do and yet a few years ago he couldn't remember a man's name twenty seconds.

has never discovered before how to use it.
This Roth System is not memory train-

ing. That is the old-fashioned way of remembering—the way that exhausted the mental faculties through the great effort required. This is memory improvement with a minimum effort. It is just knowing how.

The best proof of this is the experience of Major E. B. Craft, Assistant Chief Engineer of the Western Electric Company. A few months ago he secured the Roth Course and in the first evening he spent on the opening lesson he found that he had learned to call off a list of 100 words forward and back without a single mistake or a moment's hesitation.

Major Craft has just returned from an important mission over seas. On the ship coming back they gave an entertainment to

Memory in Business

Your experience in business is only as old as your memory. The measure of your ability is largely your power to remember at the right time. If you can remember—clearly and accurately—the solution of every important problem since you first took hold of your work, you can make all of your experience count. If, however, you have not a good memory and cannot recall instantly facts and figures that you learned years ago, you cannot make your experience count. There is no asset in business more important than a good memory. One of America's greatest business leaders whose memory is said to be easily worth a million dollars, knows more about his business than any other man in his field, because he has been able to remember every really important thing he has ever learned.

which the passengers contributed. Major Craft appeared on the program to give an exhibition in memory feats.

The audience called off twenty-five words each of which was written on a blackboard opposite a number. When the list was complete, Major Craft called off the list forward and back, then gave the word opposite every number or the number of any word. He concluded his demonstration by calling off just as easily a long list of errands invented by the audience.

"Then," says Major Craft, "I told them how I did it and during the rest of the trip they were standing in line for a turn at my well-thumbed Roth Memory Course.

"If you don't receive a few hundred orders for the Course from those on our ship I shall be greatly surprised.

"It was good fun to give that exhibition but the main thing to me is what the Roth System is doing for me in business—every day. I have to remember in my work a tremendous number of technical facts and figures—and I meet a multitude of men. I rarely miss a name or face now, once I have it fixed in my memory by Mr. Roth's method. And as for facts and figures I never dreamed I could learn to remember them so accurately and permanently."

Here is part of a letter from George J. Lemmon, a leading attorney of Denver:

"To a man who has studied memory work as much as I have, and given it up as hopeless to get any definite system, and then found one so complete, pliable and practical as this Roth Course, it is simply useless to try to express my appreciation of it. Enclosed find check for the course."

Says E. M. C. McAlpine, President of the McAlpine Milking Machine Company:

"If I had a family of 500 boys—or girls—I would make them all take up this Roth Course and spend at least one hour a day at it. For I am convinced that it would develop in them prodigious memories—would give them each a million dollar memory. Advertise it everywhere, and compel people by the very pleasure it gives them to take up this amazing course in memory culture."

I could quote letters like the above and those in the panel below by the thousand but I haven't the space here and after all what is the use

when to learn what the Roth Memory Course will do for you, all you have to do is to mail the coupon.

For that is the remarkable offer the publishers of the Roth Memory Course are making. Send no money—just the coupon—and by return post they will send you the course. Keep it five days—then if you are not more than satisfied—if you don't agree with the tens of thousands of others who say that it's the greatest thing they ever saw, send it back and you will owe not a penny.

If, on the other hand, you are satisfied merely send \$5, the small fee asked. Five dollars? Why the Roth Memory Course will be worth hundreds to you if it is worth a cent.

So you have nothing to lose and everything to gain. Mail the coupon now and join the million wide awake Americans who are increasing their incomes through this great and instantly available help.

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Name

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Evidence

"I find this memory training to surpass anything yet published on this subject. The Roth Memory Course is almost too wonderful to be true, yet so simple that it cannot help be of great value to anyone."—Edgar T. Cook, Blacklick, Pa.

"The Roth Memory Course should be installed in the schools of our country and thereby improve the memories of our students, for memory is the foundation of a good education."—Dr. J. G. Butler, Roaring Spring, Pa.

"I have several other memory courses which have been hard work to study. This is so simple and fascinating that once started I don't want to stop. It bids fair to accomplish what the others have failed to do."—E. W. Buckingham, M. D., U. S. Naval Hospital, Norfolk, Va.

"The course is better than I expected, it is so simple that a child can understand. You do not do yourself justice when you say a person can improve his memory 100% in a week's time. You should have seen a boy person can improve his memory 100% in two hours' time."—Charles A. Horan, Philadelphia, Pa.



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What Do YOU Want?

What would you like to be more than anything else? Look back ten years. How would you like to live that period all over again? If you could have known then what you know today, how much time, health, money, faith, energy you could have saved. I have believed for many years that the right kind of a course in practical, everyday, human efficiency, would supply an effective and much needed, short-cut to highest achievement and would save many grinding, discouraging and expensive years of haphazard experience.

It is much better to learn and profit by the mistakes and false moves of others than to waste valuable days and years waiting for experience. Don't rely on your own bitter experiences in the hope of doing better "next time." With the proper knowledge you will save mistakes.

It has been my privilege to act as teacher and counsellor for thousands of ambitious men and women—from the million dollar corporation head to the most humble beginner in the ranks.

And I have concluded that the average man engaged in a large enterprise who has not yet applied efficiency methods to himself and his associates has been losing from \$1,000 to \$100,000 a year—while the individual, professional or industrial worker has been losing from \$100 to \$5,000 a year.

For twenty years I have been studying at close range, the exact reasons for these people's failure to get ahead. And into my new Practical Course in Personal Efficiency, I have put in compact form the results of this study of individuals and business concerns.

The Seven Manuals

Give you the Essence of Efficient Living and Business Achievement. They teach you in a few pleasant evenings of study

- How to Measure Your Efficiency.
- How to Get Ahead.
- How to Keep Well.
- How to Improve Your Finances.
- How to Organize Your Work.
- How to Be Efficient at Home.
- How to Plan Your Life.

By showing you in my manuals what other men and women—just like yourself—have learned and done and been, I believe sincerely that I can save you about ten years of costly experimenting and can show you how to save

your strength and energy and special abilities for clean-cut, economical and success-bringing work.

Efficiency is nothing less than the difference between wealth and poverty, fame and obscurity, power and weakness, health and disease, growth and death, hope and despair. The step from one of these extremes to the other is a short and easy one—if you KNOW HOW.

Take one of my pupils whom I shall call Mr. X, because if I ever met any "unknown quantity," he was one when he first came to me.

He has increased by about 500 per cent his daily output of work, his optimism and will power, his health reserve and his financial resources.

How did he do it?

First, he analyzed himself. Have you ever done this—thoroughly? If not try it.

I can tell you I never saw such a change in a man.

For the first time he knew what he wanted to do, what he wanted to be, what he wanted to have in life.

Then he went boldly at the attainment of his ambition.

Mr. Purinton Is a World-Famous Authority

On Personal and Business Efficiency. After spending twenty-one years learning how to increase human health, energy, productiveness and happiness, he has put the boiled-down essence of his findings into his new Practical Course in Personal Efficiency the result of his rich experience.

He has been teacher, editor, lecturer, hygienist, psychologist, social service leader, efficiency engineer, and counsellor for men and women in every walk of life.

His best known previous work, "The Triumph of the Man Who Acts," has been read throughout the world. His works have gained more than a million readers. His help has been sought in every state in the Union and in twenty foreign countries.

This great audience includes bankers, business and professional men, educators, manufacturers, railroad executives and heads of million dollar corporations. They all have something to learn from Mr. Purinton.

A thousand important business houses and institutions have already ordered Mr. Purinton's works for their friends, patrons, clients or employees.

A Few of the Million and What They Say:

MELVIL DEWEY, President of The National Efficiency Society, says:

"I have never yet picked up this work for five minutes without getting direct practical value from some new thought or some unusual or more telling presentation of an old one. These stimulating pages bristle with epigrams and sparkle with the texts of a thousand sermons. No man can read his work without getting ideas and better suggestions that will enable him to improve the greatest and most complex and most important of all machines he will ever use—Himself."

IRA J. STEINER, Educational Director, Camp Cody, says:

"Mr. Purinton has rendered a great service to the present cause by bringing out this wonderful Course in Personal Efficiency, which is the first of this particular type of Course in practical, applied efficiency, and nothing I feel is more needed in this present conflict at the front, in the camp, in the shop, in the office, on the farm, and in the school than the matter of being personally efficient."

TRUMAN A. DE WESE, of the Shredded Wheat Company, says:

"If I were rich I would distribute about a million copies of Mr. Purinton's Efficiency Work among the millions of Americans who I think need the sound wisdom and advice it contains."

JOHN H. PATTERSON, President of the National Cash Register Company, says:

"I began to mark passages in your writings which I wished especially to remember. I found after I had completed my reading that I had practically marked up the entire work."

He studied his possibilities—physical, mental and spiritual. He learned that his ambitions lay within reach of his natural gifts.

Finding that he was out of gear in certain ways—he set out to repair his faulty machinery. He made the most of his job. He learned to save two hours a day. He talked with men higher up.

He studied and tried every conceivable way of improving his work. He was always planning his line of advance. Every opening higher up found him prepared to fill it ably.

He changed his living habits and increased his daily output of energy about 200 per cent.

He stopped being a pessimist and grumbler and became the most cheerful man in the whole organization. Having grown friendly-minded he attracted a host of new friends. He prospered. He advanced. He became a leader. He developed courage.

But remember this: Mr. X was not an exceptional man by any means. He was just average to begin with. When I first knew him he was making \$15 a week. Today he is probably without a rival in his chosen field—and his name is known throughout the business world. You can do the same or better.

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The most amazing thing about Mr. Purinton's Practical Course in Personal Efficiency in seven manuals is the low price at which it is now possible to secure it. So confident is the Independent Corporation that the tremendous value of the course will be apparent to you as soon as you have examined it that they will send the entire seven manuals for the asking with no obligation on your part. Without paying a cent you may see for yourself how twenty-one years of study on the part of the author has been concentrated into the shortest possible expression of the most necessary principles of efficiency.

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And here is something more—your enrollment gives you free the privileges of our Business Consulting Service. This means advice from our staff whenever you need help on any special business problem.

Over 800 people here—300 business experts among them—are

ready to put you on the road that leads directly to advancement. Get this complete, combined experience of many authorities, all given in easily understood form.

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The total cost is small. Your increase in earnings will soon pay it (see in next column what McMullen, Wright and other members say). Then also you can pay on easy terms—a little each month if you wish. No hardship in getting this training. Any man can afford it. And the time is now—when the great movement in business is beginning. Give a few hours weekly of your spare time for a few months—and get a larger salary.

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B. S. McMullen was a freight checker on the docks at Seattle.

Two years after beginning the LaSalle Course in Interstate Commerce and Traffic Management he was appointed General Freight and Passenger Agent.

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LaSalle experts helped him to reach the top in the space of months.

T. J. Wright, an Illinois member, reports three promotions since taking the course.

H. S. Watson, of Michigan, figures his increased earning capacity at 400 per cent.

Fred Hoffman, an Ohio member, reports 600 per cent profit on his investment in one year.

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Wm. Ritchie, Vice-President and Traffic Manager, Philadelphia Lawn Mower Co.

F. E. Combs, Traffic Director, Twin City Traffic League, Benton Harbor, Michigan.

F. E. Hamilton, Traffic Manager, Retail Merchants Association of Canada.

Mr. Hamilton says: "I cannot speak too highly of this institution. The course is up-to-date, authentic, and easily understood. My only regret is that I did not take it up five years ago."

The success these men have made can be paralleled by any other ambitious man who will do as they did—train!

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From One Hour of Good Talking

A True Story by Frederick Houk Law, Ph D.

THE good talker succeeds where others fail.

Instead of giving offense he pleases people.

He has many friends and associates.

He is welcome in any gathering.

He is called upon to speak in public.

He is chosen as spokesman in important business meetings.

He finds that interested faces turn to him, that he is listened to with respect and close attention.

Crowds come to hear him.

He finds that *his word goes*—often to his lasting profit.

He gains riches, honors, fame. Wherever he goes he feels that he has power and confidence and assurance back of anything he sets out to do.

Now for my story.

A man of my acquaintance is especially gifted in talking sympathetically.

He is just an average man. But he has deliberately cultivated the power of speech. When he began he was paralyzed with fright if anyone asked him to "say a few words" in public, or even at private gatherings.

Now he is always ready and perfectly at ease. It is a joy to know him and hear him talk.

The ability to talk has made him perhaps a hundred times more successful than he could have been otherwise.

Some time ago an invalid—an entire stranger—heard of my friend and sent for him. He came, and talked quietly but in *exactly the right way*.

When the invalid's will was read a year later, after my friend had almost forgotten the incident, it was found that he had left my friend \$300,000.

And all because of one visit—one hour of good talking!

Fantastic, you say, and exceptional? Surely. But think a minute * * *

Can you not recall many a case where one hour's interview in which the man talked in just the right way has meant to him all the way from a thousand dollars to more than half a million?

I know scores of such cases. They are being recorded in the business world every day. Do you realize how many fortunes have been made which would never have been made except by good talking?

Yet very few have really studied the art of daily speech. Everyone speaks



in daily conversation trying to persuade or convince, or to express the ideas that are necessary to influence other people, and make them do what you want them to do.

On effective speech depends the success of the majority of men in business or professional life.

Master the art of speaking well in daily life and you will stand head and shoulders over your fellow men who can do many things better than you and who know more than you, but cannot "sell their wares" when the great opportunity comes—because they cannot talk well.

This is so easy that it is a crime against ourselves, and those who depend on us, not to acquire this tremendous asset to achievement and riches and power.

If you can speak well in daily life you are almost certain to speak well when called upon suddenly, in a business gathering or on some special occasion when the "man who speaks best" may be the one to get the great reward.

For years I have taught students the simple devices of correct and forceful speaking.

I welcome the invitation that has come to me, from the Independent Corporation, to put my teachings into a simple home-study course of eight lessons called "Mastery of Speech."

With a class of many thousands

throughout the entire country—which this home method will enroll—I feel that I am "doing my bit" to make Americans more successful talkers as I never have been able to do simply with personal instruction in the classroom.

* * * * *

Dr. Law's story should make you think hard. Do you need these simple lessons? Undoubtedly you do.

You Can Learn the Secret of Good Talking in One Evening

Dr. Law's eight lessons show you:

1. How to Speak Correctly and Pleasingly.
2. How to Use Words Correctly.
3. How to Speak Well Under All Ordinary Conditions.
4. How to Speak in Daily Business Life.
5. How to Speak Under Trying Conditions.
6. How to Speak in Private Life and in Public Places.
7. How to Speak on Public Occasions.
8. How to Find Material for Talking and Speaking.

So confident are we that once you have had the Big Chance right in your own home to learn in less than an hour the secret of being a good talker, you will want to keep Dr. Law's Course, to get ahead with, that we will send you the entire course on approval.

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Just mail the coupon, or write. If you are pleased—like thousands of others who pay grateful tribute to Dr. Law's simple teachings—send \$5 in full payment. If not, return the course and owe us nothing. You take no risk and have everything to gain—perhaps the greatest chance you ever dreamed of.

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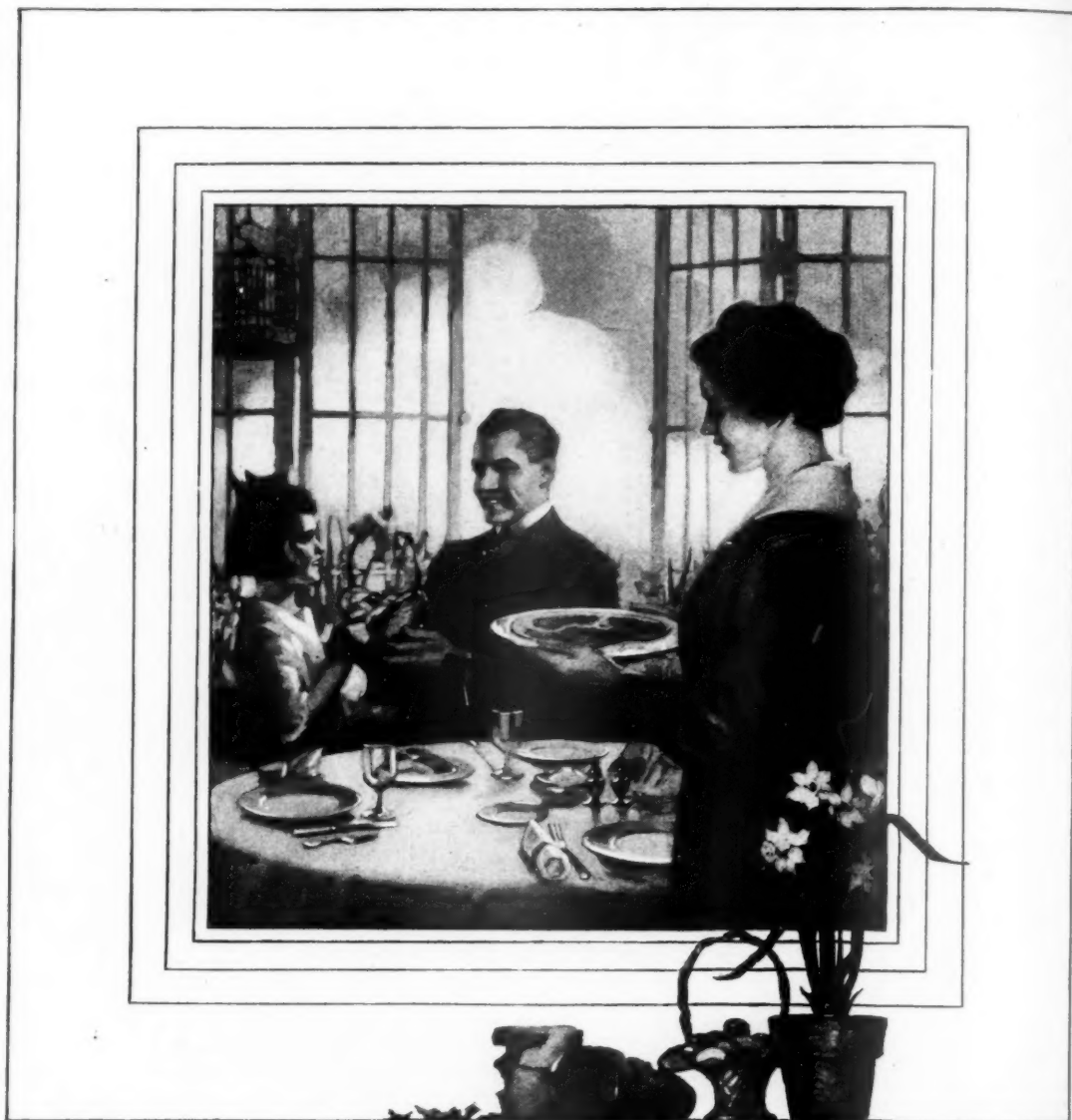
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MARY GARDEN
Grand Opera Star
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EDNA MORN
in "Flo-Flo"
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BLANCHE GERVAIS
in "Flo-Flo"
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MARTHA VOIGT
in "Head over Heels"
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OLIVE TELL
in "A Well-Remembered Voice"
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ROSZIKA DOLLY
in "See You Later"
Photograph by Moffett Studio, Chicago

On Meeting an Insignificant Man

A common-sense editorial by BRUCE BARTON

WE had invited some friends to spend the evening with us; and when they arrived, *he* was with them. Rather short, and almost bald he was, and his hand, when he offered it, was soft and ladylike. Altogether, he seemed to me about as insignificant a bit of humanity as I had recently encountered.

I rather resented the fact that he had come along to destroy the balance of the party; and for some time we quite ignored him in the conversation. Then, out of common politeness, we addressed some question to him about the war. And an amazing thing took place. The little man spoke up with an amount of information and a calm confidence that were astonishing.

We led him on from point to point; and always he answered modestly, but with facts that gripped our interest. From that moment the conversation of the evening centered about him.

"Who is he?" I asked my friend in a whisper as they prepared to go.

•And he answered: "Why, don't you know? That is Jones, one of the greatest chemists in this country. The Government sent for him when war was declared, and he probably knows as much about the real inside history of the past two years as any man in the United States."

I only hoped, as I bade him good night, that he had not guessed, from my earlier attitude, how very insignificant and unworthy of attention I had considered him.

Once upon a time an efficiency expert boasted to me that a single glance was enough to form his judgment of a man. No matter what the circumstances of the

meeting, he said, he could rely upon his first impression of the men he met.

Perhaps he was right; but I doubt it. Would he, I wonder, have recognized in the shabby little lieutenant named Bonaparte, wandering the streets of Paris, the Man of Destiny who was to conquer Europe?

If he had stood on the sidewalk of Philadelphia when a crude lad walked by with a loaf of bread under each arm, would he have seen beneath that rough attire the philosopher and statesman Franklin?

What about U. S. Grant, the middle-aged failure, delivering wood in St. Louis — unkempt, unshaven, regarded by his neighbors as a ne'er-do-well?

God sends great souls into the world clothed oftentimes in curious attire. And one misses much good-fellowship who thinks that from what men seem to be, he can determine offhand what they are.

Along a country road in Palestine a group of tired men walked one afternoon toward sundown.

"Go ahead to the next village," said their Leader, "and see if there we may find a place to sleep."

After a little time they returned to say that the village would not receive them.

It was a busy day in the village; the inhabitants were preoccupied and proud; what were a few travel-stained pilgrims to them! They trusted their first impression; it was a group of weary fishermen whom they supposed they had refused.

And so they lost for themselves and their village forever the opportunity to entertain Him and His disciples.

Next month, on this page, there will be another common-sense editorial by Bruce Barton, entitled "At the End of the Day—When the Accidents Occur."

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APRIL, 1919
Vol. XXXII, Number 6

14-80

THE
RED BOOK
MAGAZINE

KARL EDWIN HARRIMAN
Editor

"THE ANGELS OF MONS," one of the most remarkable documents ever clothed in English, was published soon after the beginning of the Great War. Now, at the end of the war, is published "Revelation," which seems destined to arouse no less discussion than its predecessor.

REVELATION

I GEORGE DOUGLAS, am writing this because I feel that I must. An experience such as I have brought back from that inferno in France carries with it a heavy responsibility. I know, and because the inexpressible comfort of a glimpse behind the Veil has been granted to me, I have no right to hide nor hoard my knowledge. The peace and serenity that fill my mind are not, I feel, for me alone, but for all who will pause to listen—particularly for those who wait in the thousands of homes whose service flags bear stars of gold. Therefore I shall tell what I have to tell as one friend speaking quietly to another, leaving each who reads to choose for himself between doubt and conviction, between belief and skepticism. Thus, I think, I shall best fulfill my obligation.

From boyhood, Jim and I—twin brothers—have been alone, the last of our family. We grew to be peculiarly dependent upon each other, and our physical similarity was so striking that even among intimate friends we were constantly mistaken for each other.

Nor did our likeness end in the physical; we thought alike. Scores of times we have entertained friends by reading each the other's mind—no trick at all, for our mentalities always have been perfectly attuned. What one of us thought or knew or felt, the other could not help thinking or knowing or feeling. Our tastes were identical. We preferred the same foods, admired the same colors, enjoyed the same books. During our college days, when we were both, I fear, more inclined toward the athletic field than toward classrooms, we took constant advantage of this mental peculiarity. On the eve of examinations Jim would cram mathematics and I some other subject. Then, without any interchange of words, we would face our professors and pass unerringly in both subjects, for what one knew the other could scarcely avoid knowing if he would. In a word, we seemed to have a



Illustrated by
W. T. BENDA

single indivisible mind apportioned between two bodies.

Otherwise there was nothing to distinguish either of us from the thousands who pack the New York subway mornings and evenings. In thought and habit we were well-balanced types of the business world in which we lived—two young and moderately successful New Yorkers whose mental horizon was circumscribed by our business and our pleasures, and who were a bit particular to be thought "regular fellows."

On that day when the United States declared war, I knew as I stared at the flaring headlines of the extras that lay on my desk that I would resign my position and enlist. In an hour the war had become my war. I knew, too, that Jim's decision, reached since we parted at breakfast, was the same as mine. We would join the army together.

That evening, swinging to a subway strap, I traveled out to our boarding-house with a mental vision of endless lines of doughboys with flags flying, bands playing and men rollicking as if on a picnic as we marched to the battle-front where thin columns in French blue still held the enemy at bay. The picture I have brought back from Château Thierry is different—very, very different.

Jim was late in getting home that night. He came in whistling a Sousa march, and with his usual cheery smile, threw his arm across my shoulders.

"Well, George, old man, we're actually in it at last," he said. "I stayed at the office an extra hour to clear up

my desk, for I've resigned. We'll enlist in the morning, eh?" It was characteristic that neither thought it necessary to discuss whether we would enlist. Without words we knew each other's minds.

"Yes, in the morning," I said. "I told Wilmerding to-night he'd have to get a man in my place at once. Here's hoping we can squeeze into the same company."

In four days we were in khaki. Nine months later, hardened, bronzed and toughened by as severe a siege of training as two soft-muscled desk-men ever lived through, we landed on French soil as privates in the American Expeditionary Forces. Three months more of intensive training, and we lay in billets within sound of the great guns the flashes of which lighted the horizon by night, and prayed for the hour, momentarily expected, when we would go forward to meet the still-victorious onrush of the enemy.

We went into action first near Château Thierry on one of those critical days when the decision hung in the balance. It was hard, cruel, bloody work, for with Paris within big-gun range the German morale then had reached its peak. Our baptism of fire was a deluge. We mowed down the gray, close-order ranks as they advanced. We mowed them down again and again and yet again, and still seemingly inexhaustible waves of fresh enemy troops kept forever pouring toward us across the undulating fields.

Our losses were heavy, but theirs were terrific. In places the boches were temporarily shielded from our fire by shoulder-high mounds of their own dead. The little French 75's, supporting us with rifle accuracy at point-blank range, annihilated battalion after battalion. No man ever saw or ever will see again, God grant, such slaughter. Machine-guns grew blistering hot. A fourth of our company was gone, but we had barred the road to Paris.

I do not know how long we fought. Time had stopped. Then, suddenly, the gray-clad ranks ceased pouring over the crest of the rise before us. I shall never forget my sensation in that first moment when I stopped firing because there was no longer any living thing at which to shoot. I passed a blackened hand across my eyes, doubting my sight. And then realization flashed to my mind. The attack was crushed. We had won.

Simultaneously understanding seemed to come to all of us. There was no cheering, no wild demonstration of happiness and pride in that first moment of Yankee victory, but men with bleary eyes and grimy lips turned their heads to grin grimly at their comrades.

Jim was beside me, uninjured. I leaned across to him and pressed his arm.

"They've given us all they had, and they're beaten," he shouted, for the artillery behind us was still thundering. "We've broken their morale. They'll never put up a fight like this again. Germany has lost the war at Thierry."

He spoke the truth, for it was there that the first crushing premonition of ultimate defeat swept through the German ranks, throttling their fighting spirit like a destroying plague. And though we in the center did not know it, Foch even then was closing his pincers on the flanks of the Marne salient, and the Crown Prince's victorious sweep to Paris had become overnight a defeat from which Germany never rallied.

Many men have told what a soldier feels and thinks as he goes into battle. None, so far as I know, has put into words what that same soldier feels and knows as, unscathed, he looks toward the stars at nightfall after a day with Death. Into that brief interval between dawn and darkness is crowded a consciousness of all experience and understanding. The fighting man, as night falls, is not he who, afraid but eager, entered the battle at sunrise. Death, though it has passed him by for the moment, has left indelible impressions upon his mind.

On the evening of that day at Thierry, with Jim near by, I lay staring across the open fields toward the silent, grotesquely shaped mounds of dead who at daybreak had been living beings like myself.

I was thinking of Death and the mystery bourn that lies beyond—a bourn that I, myself, might be called upon to enter before another night. Slowly I reviewed the day, analyzing my perceptions step by step. And this is what I learned of myself:

Before the battle I had been afraid—terribly afraid. But my fear was governed, controlled. I knew I would not be craven

under fire; yet I shivered with dread. Of what? Of the picture of myself in my mind—my now strong and perfect body lying alone out there among the dead.

Ashamed, I had glanced about me; then a voice close behind me spoke. It was Sergeant Tim Clancy, a Regular Army man and the best and truest-hearted old noncom who ever gave his "bhoys" good advice and a raking over the coals in a single breath.

"Shiver an' shake, me bhoys," he had drawled in his inimitable brogue. "'Tis no shame to ye. It's me own teeth that's rattin' loike a dhrummer-bhoys' sticks this minyut, an' Oi have yit to see the loikes av the mon who'll call Tim Clancy a coward under fire. W'en the fightin' begins, ye'll fergit it aint spittin' balls the Fritzies are a-tossin' us. The shmell av his own powder, his gorra, that's the medicine that cures a sodger av the shivers. He's too domned busy then to think av dyin', an', me laddy-buck, it aint the dyin' that's hard. It's the thinkin' aforehand."

His watchful eye had caught a glimpse of a German gray uniform across the slope before us.

"Whist! Here comes Fritz. Aisy, bhoys, aisy," he had continued without losing a puff of his pipe. "An' it's rough we'll threat 'em w'en they're forninst us."

Clancy slipped his empty pipe into his pocket. Over the low-lying ridge before us had come the waves of gray. The German artillery was laying down a terrific barrage behind us to cut off the advance of our reserves. We were on our own.

The crucial moment had come. I had leaned across to my brother and slapped him on the back.

"Good luck, Jim, and give 'em hell," I had shouted.

He couldn't hear me in that inferno of shrieking shell, but he had understood. Then I laid my eyes to my rifle-sights, waiting the order to begin killing. All fear and nervousness had passed from my mind. I was a soldier ready to

fight, ready to die, if my own marked bullet happened along. In that moment I had renounced in my innermost being the most deep-seated and primitive of all rights—the right to live.

Lying now under quiet stars at the end of the day, and summing back to memory the calm confidence that had sustained me throughout the struggle just ended, I knew its cause. It was not that I had felt any sense of safety. It was not that I did not think—even expect—that I might be killed. It was that I had lost the fear of death. Its horror was gone. In surrendering myself voluntarily to the likelihood of death, I had robbed the renunciation of its sting. The supreme sacrifice became no sacrifice at all, for its only penalty had become, in an instant, something I could face unafraid.

Jim stirred uneasily and rolled toward me.

"Tim Clancy is gone, George," he said, looking questioningly into my face. "It was just at the end that he got his. He's gone. I said, George—but is he really?"

He leaned closer, laying a hand over mine.

"George," he said slowly, "I can't see old Tim. I can't hear his voice, but I can feel him. Can't you? He's right here with us now, just as he's always been."

Jim was right. I knew. How I knew, I can't put into words better than my brother did when he said: "I can feel him."

That was it. I could "feel" him—a kindly, surrounding Presence that radiated friendship and comfort and something even more precious. I mean a perfect, unshakable belief in life after death. For the first time in my life I realized, as Jim and I lay on that battlefield, that the dead are not dead.

I knew the score of comrades my company had lost that day were still among us, though invisible to my puny mortal vision. I felt that they lived, moved and, more important still, that they thought. I was even dimly conscious of the trend of that thought. It was that they were living and wished above all else that we still abode in the body should know it. That was Tim Clancy's message to me.

Twenty-seven years in New York had left me without definite beliefs. One day before Château Thierry had given me absolute



Revelation

The atmosphere of Death had revealed to me Death's secrets. And then without realizing it, I slept, calm and peaceful as a child in a parent's arms.

Though I knew that Jim believed as I did, neither of us mentioned the subject during the days that followed. It is strange how diffident men are about admitting the great truths of existence even

when inwardly they fully accept them. But as the days passed, and hour by hour we saw Death's hand touch some one with whom we had drunk, eaten and frolicked within the time measured on a clock-face, an idea began to grow in my mind. Sometimes, as I looked furtively toward Jim, I found his eyes turned toward me with the same reticent expression I knew was in my own. We were weighing the same thought. We were each planning the same great experiment—the strange experiment that has proved truths to me upon which are builded a happy security I know I can never lose.

There came the day when our division was hurried toward the Ourcq, beyond which the retreating Germans, protected by the river and the farther heights, were attempting a determined stand that must be broken. On the night when I learned that at sunrise we would cross the river and storm the opposite hill defended by artillery and hidden machine-guns, I cast aside indecision and sought out Jim.

I found him seeking me. We smiled at each other with mutual understanding. "As usual, we have reached the same conclusion at the same time, haven't we, George?" he asked.

I nodded. "Jim," I said, "if either of us passes over, he will come back to the one behind, bringing, if he can, a message from whatever lies beyond. Is it a promise?"

"I promise—if it is permitted," he answered, his hands trembling within mine.

"I also promise, if it is permitted," I echoed solemnly.

We looked into each other's eyes, wondering which, if either, would be called upon to fill that sacred covenant entered into in the darkness of the bit of shell-torn French woodland that sheltered us. . . .

Long before dawn our artillery opened on the German batteries hidden along the heights beyond the Ourcq. We were well used to the roar of big guns, but never before had I heard such a bombardment as was poured into the German positions in advance of the infantry attack. In the misty half-light of earliest daybreak the engineers threw pontoons across the river, and we went into action. Now and again the fragile bridges were blown to bits by direct hits from still-active German batteries; but for each bridge that went down, two appeared in its stead. Company after company crossed in the face of a withering machine-gun fire that decimated but could not stay us. Then in the shelter of the farther woods we deployed in open order and crept up the hill from tree to tree and rock to rock, stalking the gun-nests hidden there.

It was Indian warfare of the old-fashioned sort, in which men speedily become separated from their companions and officers, and fight on their own initiative. Gun-crew after gun-crew was surrounded, enfiladed and annihilated, (Continued on page 169)



A man at my side fell, and the crowd seemed about to trample him.

Tales of Tinkletown —

A NIGHT TO BE REMEMBERED



By GEORGE BARR MCCUTCHEON

TWO events of great importance took place in Tinkletown on the night of May 6, 1918. The first, occurring at half-past ten o'clock, was of sufficient consequence to rouse the entire population out of bed—thereby creating a situation, almost unique, which allowed everyone in town to participate in all the thrills of the second. When the history of Tinkletown is written,—and it is said to be well under way at the hands of that estimable authoress Miss Sue Becker, some fifty years a resident of the town and the great-granddaughter of one of its founders,—when this history is written, the night of May 6, 1918, will assert itself with something of the same insistence that causes the world to refresh its memory occasionally by looking into the encyclopedia to determine the exact date of the Fall of the Bastille. The fire-bell atop the town hall heralded the first event, and two small boys gave notice of the second.

Smock's grain-elevator, on the outskirts of the town, was in flames, and with a high wind blowing from the west, the Congregational and Baptist churches, the high school, Pratt's photograph gallery and the two motion-picture houses were threatened with destruction. As Anderson Crow, now deputy marshal of the town, declared the instant he arrived at the scene of the conflagration, nothing but the most heroic and indefatigable efforts on the part of the volunteer fire-department could save the town—only he put it in this way: "We'll have another Chicago fire here, sure as you're born, unless it rains or the wind changes. mighty all-fired sudden; so we got to fight hard, boys."

Mr. Crow, also deputy superintendent of the fire-department, was late in getting to the engine-house back of the town hall—so late that the hand-engine and hose-reel, manned by volunteers who had waited as long as advisable, were belaboring the fire with water sometime before he reached the engine-house. This irritated Mr. Crow considerably. He was out of breath when he got to the elevator, or some one would have heard from him. Another cause of annoyance was the fact that his rubber coat and helmet went with the hose-reel and were by this time adorning the person of an energetic fire-fighter who had no official right to them. After a diligent search Mr. Crow located his regalia and commanded the wearer, one Patrick Murphy, to hand 'em over at once. What Patrick Murphy, a recent arrival at Tinkletown, said in response to this demand was lost in the roar of the flames; so Anderson put his hand to his ear and shouted:

"What say?"

Patrick repeated his remark with great vigor, and Mr. Crow, apparently catching no more than the final word in the sentence, moved hastily away, but not before agreeing with Mr. Murphy that it was as hot as the place he mentioned.

Ed Higgins, the feed-store man, was in charge of the fire-fighters, who were industriously throwing a single stream of water

from the fire-cistern into the vast and towering conflagration. It was like tossing a pint of water into the Atlantic Ocean.

"Got her under control?" roared Anderson, bristling up to him. "Sure!" shouted Ed. "She's workin' beautiful. Just look at that stream. You—"

"I mean the fire," bellowed Anderson.

"Oh, I thought you meant the engine. I don't think we'll get the fire under control till the durned warehouse is burned down. Gee whiz, Chief, where you been? We waited as long as could for you, and then—"

"Don't blame me," was Anderson's answer. "I'd ha' been first man at the engine-house if I hadn't waited nigh onto an hour trying to get the chief of the fire-department out of bed and dressed. I argued—"

"What's the matter with you? Aint you chief of the fire-department? Are you crazy or what?"

"Aint you got any brains, Ed Higgins? My wife's been ever since she was elected marshal last month, an' you know that's what we get fer lettin' the women vote an' have a say in runnin' the affairs of the nation. She just wouldn't get so I had to come off without her. Where's my trumpet? We got to get this fire under control, or the whole town will go. Look if it'd only rain! Looked a little like rain this evenin'—and the wind may be bringin' up a storm or—"

"Here's your trumpet, Mr. Crow," screeched a small boy, running through the crowd.

Half of the inhabitants of Tinkletown stood outside the door of heat and watched the fire, while the other half, in all of deshabille, remained in their front yards training the garden-hose on the roofs and sides of their houses and yelling to the speeding passer-by to telephone to the commissioner of water-works to turn on more pressure. Among his other offices, Mr. Crow was commissioner of water-works, having held over in the office because the board of selectmen forgot to appoint another else in his place after the last election. And while a great many citizens carried the complaint of the garden-hose handlers to the commissioner, it is doubtful if he heard them above the sound of his own voice and the roar of the flames.

Possessed of his trumpet, the redoubtable Mr. Crow took his stand beside the old hand-pumping "fire-engine" and gave the order right and left in a valiant but thoroughly cracked voice.

"Now, we'll git her out," panted Alf Reesling, the town drunkard, speaking to Father Maloney, the Catholic priest, who was taking a turn with him at the pumping apparatus. "Right, but it takes Anderson to handle a fire as she ought to be handled."

Father Maloney, perspiring copiously and breathing with difficulty, grunted without conviction.

"Leetle more elbow-grease there, men!" shouted Anderson, directing his command to the futile pumpers. "We got to get

Which is in Indiana

THE first of a new series of stories of a Midwest town by the man who wrote "Graustark," "Green Fancy," "The Light That Lies," etc.

Illustrated by IRMA DÉRÉMEAUX

"Serves old man Smock right!" declared Anderson in wrath, addressing the town clerk and two selectmen who by virtue of office retained advantageous positions in the front rank of spectators. "If he'd done as I told him an' paid fer havin' the water-mains extended as fer out as his warehouse, we could have saved it fer him. It looks to me now as if she's bound to go. Where's Harry?"

Harry Squires, the reporter for *The Banner*, notebook in hand, came up at that instant.

"Looks pretty serious, doesn't it, Chief?" he remarked.

"The fire-company deserves all the credit, Harry," said Anderson magnanimously. "I want you to put it in the paper, just that way, as comin' from me. If it hadn't been for the loyal, heroic efforts of the finest fire-department Tinkletown has ever had, the— Hey! Pull that hose back here, you durned fools! Do you want to get it scorched an' ruined so's it wont be fit fer anything ag'in? Fetch that engine over here across the road too! Do you hear me?" Turning again to the reporter, he resumed: "Yes sir, if it hadn't been fer them boys, there wouldn't have been a blessed thing saved, Harry."

Harry Squires squinted narrowly. "I can't say that anything has been saved, Chief. Just mention something, please."

Anderson looked at him in amazement. "Why, aint you got any eyes? Haint they saved the engine and every foot of hose the town owns?"

"They could have saved that much by staying at home in bed," said Mr. Squires dryly. "I've just seen Mr. Smock. He says there were fifty thousand bushels of wheat in the bins, waiting for cars to take it down to New York. Every bushel of it was going abroad for the Allies. Does that put any sort of an idea into your nut, Anderson?"

"What?"

"Into your bean, I should say. Or, in other words, hair-pasture."

"He means head, Mr. Crow," explained Miss Sue Becker.

"Well, why don't he say head—that's what I'd like to know."

"Do you deduce anything from the fact that the grain was to go to the Allies, Anderson?" inquired Harry.

The harassed marshal scratched his head, but said: "Absolutely!"

"Well, what do you deduce, Mr. Hawkshaw?"

"I deduce, you durned jay, that old man Smock wont be able to deliver it. Move back, will you? You're right in my way, an'—"

"I suppose you know that the Germans are still fighting the Allies, don't you? Fighting 'em here as well as over in France? Now, does that help you any?"



water up to that second-story winder. More steam, boys—more steam!"

"Aw, what's the use?" growled Bill Jackson, letting go of the pump to wipe his dripping forehead. "We couldn't put her out with Niagary Falls in flood-time."

"Bring your hose over here, men—lively, now!" called out the leader. "Every second counts. Lively! Git out o' the way, Purt Throckor! Consarn you fool boys! Can't you keep back where you belong? Right over here, men! That's the ticket! Now, shoot her into that winder. Hey! One of you boys bust in that winder glass with a rock. All of you! See if you c'n hit her!"

A fusillade of stones left the hands of a score of small boys and clattered against the walls of the doomed warehouse, some of them coming as near as ten feet to the objective, two of them being so wide of the mark that simultaneous ejaculations of surprise and pain issued from the lips of Miss Spratt and Professor Smith, both of the high school.

The heat was intense, blistering. Reluctantly the crowd, awed and fascinated by the greatest blaze it had ever seen—not even excepting the burning of Eliphalet Loop's straw-ricks in 1897,—edged farther and farther away, pursued by the relentless heat-waves. The fire-fighters withdrew in good order, obeying the instinct of self-preservation somewhat in advance of the command of their superior, who, indeed, had anticipated such a maneuver by taking a position from which he could lead the retreat. By the time the fire was at its height, "lighting the way clear to heaven," according to Miss Sue Becker, who had to borrow Marshal Crow's pencil and a piece of paper from Mort Fryback so that she could jot down the beautiful thought before it perished in the "turmoil of frightfulness!"

"More elbow-grease, men!" roared Anderson. "She'll get ahead of us if we let up for a second! Pump! Pump!"

And pump they did, notwithstanding the fact that the stream of water from the nozzle in the hands of Ed Higgins and Petey Cicotte was now falling short of the building by some twenty or thirty feet.



Anderson Crow had anticipated such a maneuver by taking a position from which he could lead the retreat.



"Burglars, did you say?"
cried his wife. "Dozens
of 'em," he declared.

Mr. Crow's jaw fell—but only for a second. He tightened it up almost immediately and with commendable dignity.

"My sakes alive, Harry Squires, you don't suppose I'm tellin' my real suspicions to any newspaper reporter, do you? How do I know you aint a spy? Still, dog-gone you, if it will set your mind at rest, I'll say this much: I have positive proof that Smock's warehouse was set on fire by agents of the German gover'ment. That's one of the reasons I was a little late in gettin' to the fire. Now, don't try to pump me any more, 'cause I can't tell you anything that would jeopardize the interests of justice. Hey! Where in thunder are you fellers goin' with that hose an' engine?"

The firemen were on a dead run.

"We're goin' a couple of hundred yards down the road, so's we wont be killed when that front wall caves in," shouted Ed Higgins, without pausing. "Better come along, Anderson. She's beginning to bulge something awful."

Anderson Crow arose to the occasion.

"Lively now!" he barked through the trumpet. "Get that hose and engine back to a safe place! Can't you see the wall's about ready to fall? Everybody fall back! Women and children first! Women first, remember!"

Down the road fled the crowd, looking over its collective shoulders, so to speak—followed by the venerable fire apparatus and the still more venerable commander-in-chief.

Harry Squires, in his two-column account of the fire in *The Banner*, dilated upon the fact that the women failed to retain the advantage so gallantly extended by the men. For the matter of about ten or fifteen yards they were first; after which, being handicapped by petticoats, they fell ingloriously behind. Some of the older ones—maliciously, he feared—impeded the progress of their protectors by neglecting to get out of the way in time, with the result that at least two men were severely bruised by falling over them—the case of Uncle Dad Simms being a particularly sad one. He collided head-on with the portly Mrs. Loop, and failing to budge her, suffered the temporary loss of a full set of teeth and nearly twenty minutes of consciousness. Mr. Squires went on to say that the only thing that saved Mr. Simms from being run over and killed by the fire-engine was the fact that the latter was about a block and a half ahead of him when the accident occurred.

Sparks soared high and far on the smoke-laden wind, scurrying townward across the barren quarry-lands. The vast canopy was

red with the glow of flying embers and fire-lit clouds. Below, the dusty road, swarmed the long procession of citizens. Grim stark hemlocks gleamed in the weird, uncanny light that tanned the green of their foliage and the black of their trunks into the color of the rose on the side facing the fire, but left them dark and forbidding on the other. The telegraph-poles beyond the burning warehouse lining the railroad spur that ventured down from the main line some miles away and terminated at Smock's loomed up like lofty gibbets in the ghastly light. Three quarters of a mile from the scene of the conflagration lay the homes of the people who lived on the rim of Tinkletown, and there also

were the two churches and the motion-picture houses.

"We got to save them picture-houses," panted Anderson, and then in hasty apology, "—and the churches, too."

"You got to save my studio first," bawled Elmer Pratt, the photographer, trying to keep pace with him in the congested lane.

"Halt!" commanded the chief, not because tactics called for such an action but because he was beginning to feel that he couldn't keep up with the engine.

The cavalcade eased down to a walk and finally came to a halt. Every eye was riveted on the burning structure, which now stood out alone in all its grandeur beyond the quarries and gravel-pits. Everyone waited in breathless suspense for the collapse of the towering walls.

A shrill, boyish voice broke out above the subdued awe-struck chatter of the crowd.

"Where's Mr. Crow? Mr. Crow! Where are you?"

"Sh!" hissed Alf Reesling, glowering upon the excitable boy, who had just come up at full speed from the direction of the town. "Don't you make so much noise! The walls are going to cave in, an'—"

"Where's Mr. Crow?" panted the boy, a lad of twelve. His eyes appeared starting from his head. A second boy joined him, and he was trembling so violently that he could not speak at all. All he could do was to point to the lank figure of the old town marshal, some distance back in the crowd.

Three seconds later the two youngsters had the ear of Anderson Crow, and between them they poured it full of news of the most extraordinary character. The crowd, forgetting the imminent crash of the warehouse wall, pressed eagerly forward.

"Wait a second—wait a second!" roared Anderson. "One at a time now. Don't both of you talk at once. You, Bud—tell it. You keep still, Roswell Hatch. Take your time, Bud!"

"Lemme tell it, Mr. Crow," begged Roswell. "I knowed first. It aint fair for Bud to—"

"But I got here first," protested Bud, and there might have been something more sanguinary than mere words if Marshal Crow had not interfered.

"None o' that, now! What's the matter, Bud?"

"Somethin' turrible has happened, Mr. Crow—somethin' as fully turrible," wheezed the boy.

"If you derned little scalawags have run all the way from town to tell me that Smock's warehouse is on fire, you'd—"

"Oh, gee, that aint nothin'!" gulped Bud. "Wait till you hear what I know."

"I can't wait all night. I got to save Mr. Pratt's studio, an'—"

"Well, you know them two tramps you put in the lock-up yesterday afternoon?" cried Bud.

"Desperit characters, both of 'em. I figgered they was to some devilment an'—"

"Well, they aint in any more; they're out. Ros an' me got the whole business. We wuz—"

"Geminy crickets! What's this? A jail-break? Out the wuz everybody! Two desperit villains are loose in town, an'—"

"Hold on, Mr. Crow," cried the other lad, seizing his opportunity. "There's more'n two. Three or four more fellers from the outside come up an' busted in the door an' let 'em out. Then they all run down the street to where the new bank is. Me an' Bud seen some of 'em climb into one of the windows of the bank, an' nen we struck out to find you, Mr. Crow. We thought maybe you'd like to know what—"

The rest of Roswell's narrative was lost in the hullabaloo of command and action. The fickle populace turned its back on the burning warehouse and swept down the lane in quest of excitement. The tottering wall came down with a crash, but its fall was unwitnessed except by those infirm old ladies and gentlemen who had lagged so far behind in the first rush for safety that they were still in ignorance of the latest calamity. It was a page wrote Miss Sue Becker in her diary, that the gods crowded

much into a single night when there were "three hundred and sixty-four more perfectly good nights available."

The story of the two boys proved not only to be true, but also woefully lacking in exaggeration. The jail-delivery and the looting of the First National Bank of Tinkletown turned out to be but two in a long and fairly complete list of disasters.

Investigation revealed an astonishing thoroughness and impartiality on the part of the bandits. The safe in Brubaker's drug-store was missing, with something like nineteen dollars in cash; Lamson's store had been entered, and the cash-register rifled; Fryback's hardware-store, Higgins' feed-store and Rush Apple-gate's tailor-shop were visited, and, as Harry Squires said in *The Banner*, "contents noted." Two brand-new "shoes" and a couple of inner tubes were missing from Gillespie's Universal Garage, and Ed Higgins' dog was slain in cold blood by the "remorseless ravagers."

NOBODY went to sleep that night. Everybody joined in the search for the robbers. Citizens hurried home after the first alarm and did their part by looking under every bed in their houses, after which the more venturesome visited garrets, cellars and woodsheds.

Anderson Crow, after organizing a large posse and commandeering several automobiles, suddenly remembered that he had left his silver watch and a wallet containing eleven dollars under his pillow. He drove home as rapidly as possible in John Blosser's 1903 Pope-Toledo and was considerably aggravated to find his wife sound asleep. He awoke her with some rudeness.

"Wake up, Eva! Consarn it, don't you know the town's full of highwaymen? It'd be just like you to sleep here like a log and let 'em come in an' nip my watch and purse right out o' your own bed. I wouldn't 'a' been a bit surprised to find 'em gone—an' you chloxyformed and gagged. I—"

"Burglars, did you say?" cried his wife, sitting up in bed and staring at him in alarm.

"Dzens of 'em," he declared, pocketing his watch and wallet. "Get up and help me search the house. Where's my revolver?"

"Oh, Lordy, Anderson! Your—your revolver? You're not going to shoot it off, are you?"

"I certainly am—if the derned thing's loaded. Where's it at?" She sank back with a sigh of relief. "Thank heavens, I just remembered that Milt Cupples borrowed it last winter to—"

"Borrowed my revolver?" roared Anderson. "Why—"

"To loan to a friend of hisn who was going down to New York on business."

"An' he never brought it back?"

"He never did."

Anderson's opinion of Milt Cupples was smothered in a violent chorus of automobile horns. Mrs. Crow promptly covered her head with the bedclothes and let out a muffled shriek.

"It's only the posse," he shouted, pulling the covers from her face. "Don't be scairt, Evy. Where's your courage? Remember who you are. Rememb—"

"I'm only a poor, weak woman—"

"I know that," he agreed; "but that aint all. You are the marshal o' Tinkletown, an' if you're goin' to cover up your head every time a horn toots, you'll—"

"Oh, go on away and leave me alone, Anderson," she cried. "I don't want to be marshal. I never did. I resign now—do you hear me? I resign this instant. I was a fool to let the women elect me—and the women were worse fools for voting for me. That's what comes of letting women vote. We had a good, well-trained marshal—because that's what you are, Anderson. And—"

The door flew open. Alf Reesling burst into the room, followed by both of Anderson Crow's daughters.

"Come on, Anderson!" shouted Alf, gasping with excitement.

"Good even', Mrs. Crow. Howdy do? Hurry up, Ander—"

"We tried to keep him out, Ma," broke in Caroline Crow, glaring at Alf. "We told him you were in bed, but he—"

"Well, gosh a'mighty," cried Alf in exasperation, "we can't wait all night. We got track o' them fellers, but if we got to set around out there till mornin' just because your ma's in bed, I—I—well, that's all I got to say." He turned to Anderson for support, and catching the look in his eye, bawled: "No, I aint been drinkin', Anderson Crow! I'm as sober as a—"

"Get out of my bedroom this minute, Alf Reesling," cried old Mrs. Crow. "I'll tell your wife how you're behavin' if you—"

"Go ahead an' tell her," snorted Alf, goaded beyond endurance. "She aint had a good laugh since the time Anderson had his pocket picked up at Boggs City, fair-week. Go ahead an'—"

"Come on, Alf—lively now," broke in Mr. Crow hastily. "We got to be on the jump. Gosh, listen to them dogs! Never heard so much barkin' in all my life."

Out of the house rushed the two men. Anderson immediately began issuing orders.

"Ed Higgins, you take a squad o' men and go back to the fire. We got our hands full to-night. Now, all you fellers as has got pistols an' shotguns go home an' get 'em at oncet. Come back here as quick as you can an'— What say, Harry?"

He turned to the reporter.

"I said the first thing to do is to shoot about thirty or forty of these infernal dogs."

"We can't afford to waste ca'tridges, Harry Squires," said Anderson severely. "We got to tackle a desperate gang 'fore we're through."

"Where is your daughter Caroline, Mr. Crow?" inquired the reporter irrelevantly.

"She's in the house tryin' to quiet her ma. A drunk man bust into her room a little while ago an'—"

"Well, tell her to get on the job at once. She's chief telephone-operator down at the exchange, and she ought to be there now sending out warnings to every town within twenty miles of—"

"Carrie! Car-reel!" shouted Anderson, racing up the path. "How many times have I got to tell you to 'tend to that telephonin'? Go down to the office this minute an' call up Boggs City, an'—"

"I'm not the *night* operator," snapped Caroline, appearing at the window. "What's the matter with Jane Swiggers and Lucy Cummings? They're supposed to be on duty at night."

"Don't sass back! Do as I tell you. Telephone every town in the county to be on the lookout fer an automobile with two tires and a couple of inner tubes—"

"Two *new* tires, Caroline," amended Harry Squires.

"And carrying a tin safe with George W. Brubaker's name on it in red letters. Say that a complete description of the robbers will follow. Is your ma still in bed?"

"Yes, she is."

"Well, you tell her I'll be home soon as I capture them desperadoes." He was moving toward the front gate. Caroline's paraphrase pursued him and left a sting:

"What is home without a father!"

Followed now a lengthy and at times acrimonious argument as to the further operations of the marshal's posse.

"We're losing valuable time," protested Harry Squires at the end of a half-hour's fertile discussion. *Fertile* is here employed



Anderson was trotting along behind. "How do you shut it off?" demanded Eva. "The same way you turned it on." "Goodness, what a fool way to do things!"

instead of *futile*, for never was there a more extensive crop of ideas raised by human agency.

"We can't do anything till we find out which way the durned rascals went, can we?" said Mr. Crow bitingly. "We got to find somebody that seen 'em started off in that automobile. We—"

"Stuff and nonsense!" cried Harry. "We've got to split up into parties and follow every road out of Tinkletown."

"How in thunder do you expect me to lead five or six different posses?" demanded Anderson.

"Yes, an' what in thunder would we do if we caught up with 'em unexpected-like if we didn't have Anderson with us?" said Alf Reesling, loyal to the core. "In the first place, we wouldn't have any legal right to capture 'em, and in the second place we couldn't do it anyhow."

By this time there were a dozen shotguns on the scene, to say nothing of a most impressive collection of antiquated revolvers, "Flobert" rifles, Civil War muskets and baseball bats.

"I move we move," was the laconic but excellent speech of Mr. Henry Plumb. He already had his forefinger on the trigger of his "single-barrel."

"Second the motion," cried out Ed Higgins loudly.

"I thought I told you to go an' 'tend to that fire, Ed Higgins," said Anderson, in some surprise.

An extremely noisy dog-fight put an end to the discussion for the time being, and it was too late to renew it after Situate Jones' mongrel Pete had finished with Otto Schultz's dachshund Bismarck. So vociferous was the chorus put up by the other dogs that no one noticed the approach of an automobile, coming down the Boggs City pike. The car passed at full speed. Three dogs failed to get out of the way in time, and as a result, the list of casualties was increased to four, including Ed Higgins' previously mentioned black and tan.

The speeding car, a big one loaded with men, was a hundred yards away and going like the wind before the startled group regained its senses.

"There they go!" yelled Harry Squires.

"Exceedin' the speed limit, dog-gone 'em!" roared Anderson.

"They ought to be locked up fer ten days an' fined—"

"Come on, men!" shouted Harry. "After 'em! That's the gang! They've been headed off at Boggs City—or something like that."

"Did anybody ketch the number of that car?" shouted Anderson. "I c'n trace 'em by their license number if—"

The rest of the speech was lost in the rush to enter the waiting automobiles, and the shouting that ensued. Then followed a period of frantic cranking, after which came the hasty backing and turning of cars, the tooting of horns and the panic of gears.

Loaded to the "gunnels," the half-dozen machines finally got under way, and off they went into the night, chortling with an excitement all their own.

A lone figure remained standing in front of Anderson Crow's gate—a tall, lank figure without coat or hat, one suspender supporting a pair of blue trousers, the other hanging limp and useless. He wore a red undershirt and carried in his left hand the trumpet of a fire-fighting chieftain.

"Well, I'll be dog-goned!" issued from his lips as the last of the cars rattled away. Then he started off bravely on foot in the wake of the noisy cavalcade. "Now, all of 'em are breakin' the speed laws; an' it's goin' to cost 'em somethin', consarn 'em, when I yank 'em up, 'fore Justice Robb to-morrow, sure as my name's Anderson Crow."

Presently he heard a car approaching from behind. It was very dark in the outskirts of the town, and the lonely highway that reached down into the valley was a thing of the imagination rather than of the vision. Profiting by the catastrophes that attended the passing of the big touring-car, Anderson hastily leaped to the side of the road. A couple of small headlights veered around a curve in the road and came down the slight grade, followed naturally and somewhat haltingly by an automobile whose timorous brakes were half set. There was a single occupant.

Anderson leveled his trumpet at the driver and shouted:

"Halt!"

"Oh-h!" came in a shrill, agitated voice from the car, but the machine gave no sign of halting.

"Hey! Halt, I say!"

"I—I don't know how!" moaned the voice. "How do you stop it?"

"Good gracious sakes alive! Is—is it you Eva?"

"Oh, Anderson! Thank goodness! I thought you was a highwayman. Oh, dear—oh, dear! Aint there any way to stop this thing?"

"Shut off the power, an' it'll stop when you start up the grade."

Anderson was trotting along behind, tugging at one of the mudguards.

"How do you shut it off?"

"The same way you turned it on."

"Goodness, what a fool way to do things!"

The little car came to a stop on the rise of the grade, and Anderson side-stepped just in time to avoid being bumped into as it started back again, released.

"It's Deacon Rank's car," explained Mrs. Crow in response to a series of bewildered, rapid-fire questions from her husband. "He offered to sell it to me for fifty dollars, and I've been learnin' how to run it for two whole days—out in Peters' Mill lane."

"How does it happen I never knowed anything about this, Eva?" demanded he, regaining in some measure his tone of authority.

"I wanted to surprise you."

"Well, by gosh, you have!"

"Deacon Rank's been giving me lessons every afternoon. I know how to start it and steer it, goin' slow-like—but of course I've got a lot to learn."

"Well, you just turn that car around an' skedaddle for home, Eva Crow," was his command. "What business have you go runnin' around the country like this in the dead o' night, all alone—"

"Aint I the Marshal of Tinkletown?" she broke in crossly. "What right have all of you men to be going off without me in this—"

"The only official thing you've done, madam, since you got to be marshal, was to resign while you was in bed not more'n an hour ago. I accepted your resignation, so now you go home as quick as that blamed old rattletrap will take you."

"Besides, I saw the ornery fools go off an' leave you behind, Anderson, and that made me mad. I run over to Deacon Rank's and got the car. Now, you hop right in, an' I'll take you wherever you want to go. Get in, I say. I hereby officially withdraw my resignation. I'm still marshal of this town, and if you don't do as I tell you, I'll discharge you as deputy."

So Anderson got up beside her and pulled desperately at his chin-whiskers, no doubt to assist the words that were struggling to escape from his compressed lips.

After considerable back-firing, the decrepit machine began to climb the grade. Presently Mr. Crow found his voice.

"Didn't I tell you to turn around, Eva?"

"Don't talk to me when I'm drivin'," said she, gripping the wheel tightly with the fingers of death.

"You turn the car around immediately, woman. I'm your husband, an' I order you to do as I tell ye!"

"I'll turn it around when I get good and ready," said she in a strained voice. "Can't you see there aint room enough to turn around in this road?"

"Well, it don't get any wider."

"Besides, I don't know how to turn it around," she confessed.

"Why, you just back her, same as anybody else does, an' then reverse her, an'—"

"You old goose, how can I back her when she keeps on goin' for'ard?"

Anderson was silent for a moment.

"Well, if I may be so bold as to ask, madam, where are you going?" he asked, with deep sarcasm in his voice.

"You leave it to me, Anderson Crow. I know what I am doing."

THE WORLD'S EYES ARE ON CHINA

THAT is one reason The Red Book Magazine will publish in its next issue a story out of the heart of that land of mystery and tradition. But a greater reason is that it is one of the most remarkable stories any magazine has ever published. Chinese in characters, scenes, drama and development, it is none the less as human as Broadway or Waterloo, Iowa.

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"What the devil's the meaning of all this? Don't you hayseeds know any better than to bust into a military camp?"

They went on for about a quarter of a mile before she spoke again.

"There's only one way to turn around, and I'm taking it. How far is it to Fisher's lane?"

"You can't turn her around in Fisher's lane, Eva. It's all a good-sized dog c'n do to turn around in that road."

"I asked you, how far is it?"

"Bout a mile an' a half."

"I aint going to turn around in Fisher's lane, Anderson. I'm going to foller it straight to the Britton toll-road, and then I'm going to turn into that and head for Tinkletown. That's how I'm going to turn this plagued car around."

"Well, of all the—why, geminently, Eva, it's—it's nigh onto time mile. You shorely can't be such a fool as to—"

"I'm going to turn this car around if it takes twenty miles," said she firmly.

There was another long, intense silence.

"I wonder if the boys have got that fire out yet?" mumbled Anderson. "Course, there aint no use worryin' about them robbers. They got away. If I'd been along with that posse, we'd 'a' had 'em sure by this time, but—oh, well, there aint no use cryin' over spilt milk."

In due time they came to Fisher's lane. Mrs. Crow made a very sharp but triumphant turn, and the second leg of the course was before them. Half an hour later the valiant machine sneaked out of the narrow byway into the Britton pike and pointed its nose homeward.

"Let her out a little, Eva," said Anderson, taking a long breath. "It's four mile to town, an'—"

"Oh, goodness!" squeaked the driver, giving the wheel a perilous twist. "Look! There comes a car behind us. Help! They'll run into us! They'll—"

"Pull off to the side of the road—no, this side! Gosh! Hurry up, Eva. They're comin' like greased lightnin'! Look out! Not too fer over! There's a ditch alongside—"

The remainder of the sentence was lost in the wild shriek of a siren, shriek after shriek succeeding each other as a big car, with far-reaching acetylene lamps, roared down upon them. Like a mighty whirlwind it swept by them, careening perilously on the sloping edge of the road. Suddenly the grinding of brakes assailed the ears of the thanks-giving Crows, and to their astonishment the big machine came to a standstill a hundred yards or more down the road. Mrs. Crow promptly "put on" the accelerator, and but for a vehement warning from her husband would have gone full tilt into the rear end of the mighty stranger. She managed to stop the little car when its faithful nose was not more than two yards from the little red light ahead.

"Hey, Ford!" called out a man who had arisen in the tonneau of the big car and was looking back at them.

"Hey, yourself!" responded Anderson.

"Is this the road to Albany?"

"No, it aint."

"We've lost our way. Where does this road take us?"

"Into the city of Tinkletown."

Three or four voices in the car were guilty of saying things in the presence of a lady.

"Well, where in hell are we?" demanded the spokesman.

"You aint in hell yet, but you will be pretty soon if you keep up that reckless driving, lemme tell you that."

"Where do we get the Albany road?" called out another voice from the car.

"The quickest way is to go into Tinkletown an' take the first turn to the left after—"

"But we don't want to go to Tinkletown, you damned old hayseeds. We—"

"Shut up, Joe!" cried one of the other men. "He's excited, Mister. His wife's sick, and we're trying to get him home before she—before she croaks."

"Oh, I'm so sorry," cried Mrs. Crow before Anderson could speak. She also kicked him violently on the ankle-bone. "The

quickest way to get to the Albany road," she went on, "is by cuttin' through back of Cole's sawmill an' crossin' the river at Goose's Ferry. That's about seven miles from here. Take the first lane to your left, half a mile further on."

"Much obliged, ma'am."

"You're entirely welcome," said she, this time poking her elbow into Anderson's ribs. He grunted.

"Is the road pretty good all the way?"

"It's a good dirt road."

"We're in a great hurry, ma'am. Is it safe to hit it up a little on the dirt-road? His wife specially wanted to see him before she died."

"Perfectly safe, long as you keep in it."

"Nightie!" called out the spokesman, and the big car leaped forward as if suddenly unchained.

"Well, of all the—" began Anderson wrathfully.

"Get out and crank this car, Anderson," she broke in excitedly.

"You know as well as I do that that dirt road ends at Hefner's farm. It don't go nowhere near the river. What ails you, Eva Crow? That poor feller's wife—"

"Crank, I tell you!"

He got out and cranked the car, grumbling all the while. As he got back in the seat beside her, he exploded:

"An' what's more, there's that soldiers' camp at Green Ridge. They won't be allowed to go through it without a pass. There must be a thousand men there. They're marchin' to some-where in America, the feller told me this mornin' when he come in at Jackson's to get some smokin' terbaccer. Camp at Green Ridge fer two days, he says, an' then— Hey! Don't drive so blamed reckless, Eva! Can't you get her under control? Put on your brakes, woman! She'll—"

"Hush up, Anderson. You let me alone."

The little old car was sailing along at a speed that caused its every joint to rattle with joy unconfined. To Anderson's amazement, and to a certain extent consternation, Mrs. Crow swung into the dirt-road over which the big car was now whizzing a mile or so ahead.

"Here! Where you going?" barked Anderson, arising from the seat.

"There's going to be hell to pay before you know it, Anderson Crow," said she, her voice high and squeaky.

"Wha-what was that you said?" gasped her husband, flopping back in the seat. He couldn't believe his ears.

"I learned that from my predecessor in office," she replied somewhat guiltily. "I've heard you say it a million times."

"But I aint no woman. I—"

"Set still! Do you want to fall out and break your neck?"

And Anderson sat still, dazed and helpless in the direful presence of a woman who, to his utter horror, had gone violently insane. He began silently but urgently to pray that the gasoline would give out, when he would find himself in a position to reason with her, gently or forcibly as the situation demanded. He broke into a profuse and chilly perspiration. His wife crazy! His wife of forty years! His old comrade!

He was aroused from these horrifying, sickening reflections by a hoarse but imperative word coming from nowhere out of the darkness of the road ahead.

"Halt!"

Mrs. Crow put on the brakes.

"Who goes there?"

"Friends!" faltered Mrs. Crow.

"The marshal of Tinkletown," added Anderson, vastly relieved by her singularly intelligent answer.

"Advance and give the countersign!"

"All right. What is it?" inquired Mrs. Crow.

A couple of noncommissioned officers joined the sentry at this moment. They were but half dressed.

"What the devil's the meaning of all this?" exclaimed one of them, planting himself beside the car and flashing a light in Mrs. Crow's face. "Don't you hayseeds know any better than to bust into a military camp—"

His companion interrupted him. "Keep your shirt on, Bill. Didn't I hear the man say he was the marshal of Tinkletown?"

"No sir, you didn't. I said *we* are the marshal of Tinkletown. I—"

"All right, all right. Do you happen to be chasin' a gang of joy-riders?"

"We do—we are!" cried Mrs. Crow.

"They zipped through this camp like a rifle-shot about ten minutes ago. They've raised a lovely row. Officer of the day bawlin' everybody out, and— Here, hold on! (Continued on page 160)

A Complete Résumé of the Opening Installment of "The Little Moment of Happiness"

KENDALL WARE was not sent to the firing-line in France; but he none the less went down to battle—the dramatic and life-shaking conflict between his American way of thought and action, and the wholly different French standards of behavior. What France did to young Captain Ware is perhaps a typical result of this war within war; and it forms the subject-matter of this most vital and timely novel of 1919.

On the voyage over, Ware had made friends, American-fashion, with Maude Knox, who was to be a canteen-worker; but when the ship landed, he said good-by to her with no special feeling: they had been pals for the voyage—nothing more. Ware went on to report in Paris for duty, and to his great disappointment was assigned to work in the capital instead of with a combat unit.

At the University Union where he found lodging at first, he met a college classmate, Bert Stanley; and in their leisure hours the two saw Paris—war-time Paris—together. Most prominent by far of all the myriad new impressions was that of the women, the so-different women of Paris: Annette, the waitress of the white teeth and busy chatter; the occasional girl of the streets who accosted them; other anonymous young women who saw nothing indecorous in a bit of casual talk on street-corner or park bench; Madeleine, the special friend of Bert Stanley; and—Andrée.

It was after some experience had taught Ware how friendly and how war-lonely many of these French girls were, that he caught sight of the one destined to take such a prominent place in his life—Andrée. He saw her first in a restaurant, a very pretty and petite young woman who for some reason intrigued his interest at once. So it happened that another day, on the street, he ventured to speak to her.

Andrée did not repulse him, but she showed a reserve and a questioning spirit that led him to call her "Mademoiselle Pourquoi." One of the first questions she asked him was if he were married.

Andrée agreed to meet Kendall Ware again, but she would not allow him to escort her home. She was studying for the stage, he learned, and he took her to a theater. "Do young men and young girls in America always marry?" she asked once, apropos of something in the play.

"Yes."

"It is very strange. Not so in France—no."

"What then?"

"A young man love a young girl, and a young girl love a young man. They marry, maybe. That is well. But maybe they do not marry. It is expensive to marry. Then they see each other very often, and he gives her money so she can live. That is well, because they are *fidèle*."

Kendall gasped mentally. What would Detroit, what would his mother, think of such a theory of life as this?

Kendall and Stanley rented a furnished apartment and set up housekeeping with an old Frenchwoman named Arlette in charge. Andrée and Stanley's friend Madeleine came to dinner; afterward, when Kendall returned from seeing Andrée home, he found Madeleine's hat and jacket still hanging in the hall.

In a restaurant Kendall had made the acquaintance of a French actor, Monsieur Robert. At Andrée's request Kendall introduced him to her, in order that he might aid her in her theatrical ambitions. . . . That evening Kendall astonished himself by declaring his love for Andrée: "You love me! You will always love me?"

"Yes," she said. "And you?"

"Always—always!" he said.

"Non. I know. For a week, for a month. That is all. You are not *fidèle*. You will go away, and I shall be sad. I know, but I am lonely." She kissed him. "But we shall be glad," she said wistfully. "We shall have happiness—many little minutes of happiness. I shall pretend that you never go away to leave me *solitaire*."

No more powerful or timely novel is being published in America than this in which Mr. Kelland treats of the conflict between the social codes of America and France as manifested in the soul adventure of a young American soldier in Paris.

The LITTLE MOMENT of HAPPINESS

By CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND

CHAPTER IX

Illustrated by
R. F. SCHABELITZ

NEXT morning Kendall was given orders to leave that night for the headquarters of the Second Division, which lay not distant from Meaux—that splendid body of old Regulars and Marines who had but a few weeks before proven the worth of the American soldier to the Hun and to the Allied armies by its splendidly achieved defense of the Paris-Metz highway—and there to gather certain information on shoes and ships and sealing-wax, and cabbages and cooties and morale and crops and transport. He was to acquire this information with all possible dispatch and accuracy, and to return to Paris with his report. An Army automobile, carrying certain other officers, would leave 10 Rue Ste. Anne at nine o'clock that evening.

So he was going to the front! He was actually to penetrate to those not distant battle-lines and to hear the sound of guns and to come himself under hostile fire. He was not, then, to rest safely in Paris for the duration of the war, was not to return to America a veteran of the roll-top desk and the inkwell! It was only for a space of days, but he would actually have been there, actually have set his feet in a trench—to be a part of a combat division. He was delighted. He hoped something would happen, that his days at the front might not be uneventful, that he might see and take part in some manifestation of real war. His sentiments were very boyish. Why, he might actually be wounded, and so entitled to wear on his sleeve a golden wound-chevron! He found himself close to hoping it would be so, and with a sudden assertion of common sense laughed at himself when he discovered he was actually selecting the part of his anatomy in which he preferred to receive his wound. He had decided on a leg, the fleshy part of the leg. That would not be serious—would not incapacitate him for long. It was really a glowing prospect. And it would make him a veteran!

However, going to the front that night was unhandy. He had a rendezvous with Andrée and an appointment to dine with Monsieur Robert. But that would be possible. Ten Rue Ste. Anne was just around the corner from Marty's. He could dine and then hasten to where his orders called him. Andrée was eclipsed by the adventure.



At noon he packed such things as were necessary and whisked them by taxicab to Rue Ste. Anne, where he left them in charge of a sergeant in the Assistant Provost Marshal's office. This left him free until nine o'clock. He was proud that his equipment contained a steel helmet and gas-mask.

It was an exultant and excited young man who waited for Andrée at the Metro station in the Place de la Concorde that evening. He wanted to tell her; he wanted to impress her with the fact that he was a real soldier and was going into danger. He even rehearsed the nonchalant speech which would announce it to her. And at last she appeared—again in white, again with that quaint air of detachment and concentration, and still very lovely in her fragile, slender way. Suddenly he was sorry he was going because it meant an absence from her. . . . Now she was recognizing him in that delightfully timid way of hers—doubting her welcome until he reassured her.

"Good evening, monsieur," she said in French. She was always formal in those first few moments.

"I've wanted to see you—wanted to see you ever since you left me last night," he said, rather unexpectedly to himself, especially so in its truth; for it was true, though he realized it only then.

"That is well," she said, and looked up at him quickly, smilingly, with something shining in her eyes that had never been there before. "And I have thought of you."

"It has been a long day. All the days are long, because you are not with me."

"It is true?" She paused, demanding to be assured that he was speaking in earnest, and he took her arm and pressed it to his side. "That is nice," she said. "You should miss me at all times. Oh, yes! Ver', ver' much! And I shall also miss you."

"My dear," he said, bending over, "do you love me?"

"Yes," she said simply.

AND then he knew that his great news had turned to aloes in his mouth. The thing he had longed to tell her—a little boastfully—he could not bear to tell her now, and he wondered vaguely why it should be so. But he must tell her. He started to do so, and stopped. No—it would do as well after dinner.

"And you?" she said after a little pause.

"Very much—very much!"

"No, no. I am afraid. It cannot be so. You only say—that is all. You have made me love you—and soon you will go away and leave me to cry. Yes!"

"And if I do," he said, striving to tease her, "you will soon find another American. Sure you will! *Vous êtes très méchante. Pas fidèle.*"

"How can you say? It is not kind. Oh, I am *fidèle*. You believe? Yes, yes. You believe?"

"Of course, child," he said repentantly. "I was only joking."

"And you—are you *fidèle*? On the nights when I do not meet with you—what then? Do you see some other girl? Men are not *fidèle*. You see other girls—lots of other girls!"

"Now, look here, you mustn't say that. You're the only girl in the world I give a snap of my finger for. Just you!"

"It is well," she said contentedly. And then: "We dine with these young actor these evenings?"

"Yes."

"Oh, I am glad. It is ver' important. He must like me, and then he will speak for me at the Conservatoire. You must be ver' good friend to him so that he will speak for me."

"Now, young lady, you keep away from that young actor. He's too darned handsome. I don't want him stealing you away from me."

"*Non! Non!* I do not care for him, only that he speak for me. You must not be afraid."

"Shall we take a taxi?"

"No. There is much time. A taxi is much expensive. I must not make you spend all your money."

"That wouldn't be such a hard job. I haven't much to spend."

"It is no matter. If you had much—that is different—then I would spend. It is not for money that I know you—oh, no! At first—then I do not know what kind of young man you are. I take you to that expensive café; it is to punish you because you speak to me as you did. I did not know you. But now I know you ver' well. You have been kind." She nodded her head in punctuation. "You have been always nice and ver' gentle, and so I see you ver' often."

"Nobody could help being gentle with you, *mignon*."

"I do not know," she said. "The world it is not nice." She shook her head disapprovingly. "All men are not nice. It is ver' hard, and sometimes I am most unhappy. It is so."

"But you are happy now?"

She pointed her finger down at the sidewalk. "Now—these minutes—yes. In one hour, in four hours, it may not be so. Who can say?"

It brought him again to his going away, and a real dread of making the announcement to her seized upon him. He was afraid she would cry or do some other equally distressing thing. But that was selfish. He dreaded her crying because it would be unpleasant for himself, and was rather ashamed of it. He even fancied he could understand something of how she would actually feel, but he was wrong. He was groping in the darkness, wandering in the darkness of a strange mansion with many rooms and devious passages, and it was inevitable that he should miss his way.

THEY entered Marty's, and Monsieur Robert came forward to greet them with that delicious boyish smile of his.

"I am glad you come," he said, bobbing his head. "My friend, they shall be jealous to see me wit' such pretty girl."

Andrée was very prim and quiet, with that quaint, attractive quietness that always made Kendall wonder, because he had never seen anything like it. It was a sort of waiting quietness, a kind of recess that Andrée retired into to await events, and from which she would emerge impish or girlish or serious, like a child or like a weary woman. One felt she was not present bodily, but was staring at one expectantly to read one's mood, or possibly to read one into the future and to foretell if good or ill were to come out of it. Now she watched Monsieur Robert when he was not looking at her, but the instant his eyes turned toward her, her own eyes would hide behind their lashes diffidently.

"What shall we eat?" Monsieur Robert asked in French. "*Potage? Poulet rôti? Haricots verts? Salade?* Eh?"

"Sounds good," said Kendall, but Monsieur was looking expectantly to Andrée.

"That is well," she said.

"Pommard? The *vin ordinaire* is not for us to-night?"

She was not interested in the wine, and Kendall trusted to the

young actor's judgment. So they gave their order, and were only beginning on the soup when a commotion at the door apprised Kendall that Jacques was coming. Andrée had started at the noise.

"It is Jacques," he said to her. "I told you about him."

"Yes," she said, but did not turn her head.

In a moment Jacques paused at the table and stared—dropping himself to his full height, threw back his hair from his brow with a flamboyant gesture and shouted: "Aha! Aha!"

KENDALL was embarrassed. There was no telling what Jacques might say or do, for the man had a terrible if delicious frankness, and discussed openly what Kendall was accustomed to hear spoken of in whispers to men alone. He had heard Jacques one evening going from table to table—demanding of friends and strangers alike the judgment on a certain phase of the art of making love. Kendall had really been shocked and had looked for somebody to stand up and smite Jacques mightily, but everybody had laughed and answered according to his kind with a frankness equal to Jacques'. So now Kendall was apprehensive.

"Aha!" said Jacques again, and pointed at Andrée. "I tell you if I should not find for you a girl, and you say no. I know why. Aha!" He frowned at Andrée and wagged his head. "She is nice," he said approvingly. Then he appeared to notice Monsieur Robert for the first time, and glared at him. He glared and poked a long finger under his nose. "*He dines with you?*" he said tragically. "You—you make introduce your friend to him! *Oh, la! la!* What is this? Do you not know that this man steals little girls? He is ver' bad. Look you, he will steal her from you. It is I, Jacques, your friend, who make the warning." Then suddenly he turned away and crossed the room to kiss a young woman who had just entered with the elderly critic. Ken was at a loss to know if the girl had been in earnest or were merely up to his usual capers.

The three at the table chatted, Andrée always maintaining a queer reserve, not emerging from her hiding-place, speaking only when directly addressed and then briefly. Monsieur Robert looked at her frequently, and ever more frequently, for she was a charming picture, and more than once, he spoke to her in French. He always replied in English.

"I think Mademoiselle look ver' nice on the stage," he said to Ken. "If only she have the talent!" He shrugged his shoulders.

"Pretty eyes and talent for act not always are together," he said.

"You can't tell till you try," said Kendall colloquially.

"I should like for hear Mademoiselle recite one day. Mademoiselle studies Racine?"

"Already I know many parts," said Andrée.

"That is well. Some day you and Capitaine Ware shall come and you shall recite for me, *n'est-ce pas?*"

"*Oui, monsieur*," she said primly.

"There is but one way to enter into the stage," he continued. "It is the Conservatoire. Then, if one make the success, then is the Comédie Française. But it is not easy to enter into the Conservatoire."

"*Mais non!* It is ver' difficult," she said despairingly.

"Ah! But if some one speak for you? Then it ees not same—it ees differen'. But we shall see. Capitaine Ware my friend. I would oblige him. Also I would oblige Mademoiselle." He looked at her rather intently. "We shall see."

The roast chicken arrived, surrounded by cress and swimming in a delicious sauce. Conversation languished. From time to time Kendall turned to look at Andrée, for it always delighted him to see her eat—she was so intent about it; she went on it as if eating were an intricate problem requiring concentration. And presently they fell to chatting in fragmentary fashion. Andrée translating for both Kendall and Monsieur Robert. It was very jolly and pleasant. Kendall did not notice how the young actor glanced at Andrée.

PRESENTLY they were through, and Monsieur Robert was compelled to hurry away because he had a part in the piece that was playing that evening. "I shall see you ver' soon," he said to them both, but with his eyes intently upon Andrée's—which dropped before his gaze. "I shall hear Mademoiselle recite."

"We'll fix it up," said Ken. "Good night." They shook hands and Monsieur Robert bent to kiss Andrée's hand—bent gracefully with a charming air that was half joking, half serious. He looked upon him well. "Good night," he said, and hastened toward the theater.

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Andrée clung to him, the fear that was upon her manifest in the trembling of her little body. "Not good-by," she said. "We must not say good-by."

"I like him," said Kendall.

Andrée looked at him quickly, her face expressionless. "Yes?"

"Don't you?"

"How can I say? I do not know him. He is ver' handsome."

"It doesn't matter whether you like him or not—so long as he gets you into that Conservatoire thing."

She did not reply.

They walked the best part of a block before she spoke. "It is ver' nécessaire for me to enter into the Conservatoire. Oh, ver' nécessaire. I mus' earn money. I have no money. I mus' earn it for myself, because there is no one to earn it for me. You do not understand. Sometimes, before the war, yong girls say they do not need to earn money because they marry. All will be

wives; and the husbands, they will earn. Now it ees not so—*non*—it ees differen'. You understan'? Many, many yong girl mus' learn to earn money, and because they will always be alone. There can be no one."

"It does mean a lot to you, doesn't it? I'll be mighty happy if I can help."

She was silent again for a time and then said suddenly, as if thinking aloud: "I theenk I can enter into the Conservatoire if I want to."

"Eh?"

"It was not anything."

He scarcely heard her; his mind was not on what she said, for he was thinking to himself. "I must tell her; I must tell her now," and was nerving himself up to make the announcement of his departure.

"Andrée—" he said, and stopped.

"Yes?"

"Do you love me?" he said, procrastinating. It was not what he had intended to say.

"Yes." She spoke very sweetly. "And you?" The question sounded so charming from her lips, the tone and the manner of it were rare and lovely; they seemed to say: "I know you love me, but it is sweet—very sweet—to hear you say so." The street was dark, and he drew her close to him, and so they walked, his arm about her waist, she responding to his touch so deliciously.

"I love you—I do love you," he said.

"It is well. I am ver' happy."

"But Andrée—"

"Yes?"

"I—I've got to go away. Only for a day or two," he hastened to say. "It's just a little trip."

"When?"

"Now—to-night."

"To-night?" Her tone was so strange, so startled, so shocked!

"To-night?"

"Orders," he said. "Nothing else could take me away from you."

SHE had drawn away from him, and was striving to peer into his face, but the darkness prevented. She was striving to read from his eyes if he were telling the truth. She had feared his going—this young man from strange America. The possibility of his going had become a nightmare to her—always present in the profound recesses of her thoughts.

"Where?" she asked.

"To the front."

"O-oh!" It was not an exclamation; it was a suppressed cry. It was one of the things she had feared, that this young soldier would be sent from her to the hell of battle, and that he would not return, as the brothers and the husbands and the sweethearts of her acquaintances had gone—to be swallowed up and to be seen no more on earth. He was going—the thing was going to happen to her. Her man—the man she loved—was going to become a sacrifice as those millions of other men had become sacrifices.

He had feared that she would cry, that she would cling to him with sobs and beg him not to go, that she might make some sort of regrettable scene, but she did not. But she was very still, with the stillness of the stricken.

"*C'est la guerre*," she said in a whisper.

"It is the war"—that phrase so often heard, which excuses everything, accounts for everything. But now it had a deeper meaning. This was the war! This parting was the war—this giving of a loved one to death, and this remaining behind in an agony of fear and of loneliness—this was indeed the war! To men war is one thing—it is a grim fight, it is suffering and wounds, it is bravery and glory. To man, war, at its most, can mean only death. But to a woman who sends her man—it means more, infinitely, terribly more. It means that she may be deprived of all that makes life desirable. It means that she must remain behind to fear and to suffer—and then when the feared news arrives—to face a life that is not life, a life without love, without companionship, a life with the smile snatched away and with the heart robbed of laughter! It means that from her the one, the great, the vital thing is to be forever missing, and that the future is to be nothing but day following day. War means that men must die. War means that women must continue to live!

"You mustn't worry. I—I sha'n't be in the fighting. I'm just going to get certain information." He had looked forward to boasting to her about how he would stand under fire. He would have done it in such a way that it would not have sounded like

boasting, but in a mock-modest way, he had wanted to show her that he was actually going into it to take his chance with the rest. Now he had no thought but to reassure her; he had no desire to take unto himself the heroic. "I promise you to come back," he said. "I sha'n't be hurt. It is only a day or two, and you mustn't be afraid. Why,"—here he lied,—"I may not even be near to danger."

ANDRÉE shook her head. "I know," she said. Then: "I shall not let you be hurt. . . . I shall prevent it." Like a little Spartan she was herself, almost gay. "Do you theenk I should let you be hurt? Oh, no! Not in the least." She was being brave and calm—for him!

"I will be back surely in four days—the fourth day from to-day. Then I shall see you. We will make the engagement now."

"Yes."

"Where?"

"I shall dine with Arlette," she said with a little laugh. "I will come there—it is easier—*sept heures*."

"And—"

"Yes," she said quietly.

"I—by Gad—I do love you."

She touched his cheek gently. "And there will be many *petites minutes*," she said. "We shall have much happiness."

"I hope so."

"And you will be *fidèle*—when you go away from me? You will not find a young girl at the front—in the trenches? Promise me?" She was laughing gayly now.

"If I find a girl in the trenches," he said, "I will give her the *boche*."

"It is well," she said, and clapped her hands merrily.

They were close to the Metro station at the Palais Royal now and for their parting paused in the blackness of a recess.

"I can't go home with you—do you mind?"

"Ver' much."

"Good-by, *mignon!*"

For a moment she clung to him, the fear that was upon her manifest in the trembling of her little body. "Not good-by," she said. "We must not say good-by."

"Four days from to-day—without fail."

"I shall not fail—I shall come, *certainement*."

Again their lips met. "Now you must go," he said, and she turned away slowly and walked in that dainty way of hers toward the entrance to the Metro. He stood watching her, expecting her to turn back, but she did not turn back. In a moment she disappeared down the stairs. He was miserable.

BUT he did not understand—or if he did, he hid the truth from himself—what this parting was to Andrée. Last night she had confessed that she loved him, and had made him a promise, a promise that he half understood but pretended to himself he did not understand at all. Perhaps he did not really grasp the extent of her surrender; for young men, American young men of such upbringing as his, and such code of ethics as he knew, are not equipped to understand—and sometimes Nature has made them very dull. He had drifted along with Andrée until he was beyond his depth. To drift had been so easy, for his heart had told him Andrée was good—*nice*. Now he hid from himself that he was apprehensive of what might come, just as he tried to hide from himself that his own viewpoint was changed, and that a thing which had seemed very wrong and squalid and unthinkable, was not, perhaps, as evil as his mother might assert.

At any rate he had arrived at this point—he would not turn back. Andrée was good, and he loved and respected Andrée. And—it was very confusing. He was young and decent and as clean of mind as a man may be. But—he was seeing and learning. Plymouth Rock could not legislate for the world nor impose its prudery—a prudery that made it a punishable offense for a husband to kiss his wife on the Sabbath day—upon an older world well able to legislate for itself. America was America. Well, all good! Let America live according to the code it had chosen. France was France. Who, save only Deity Itself, could assert that France was less virtuous, less in accord with the wishes of the Supreme Composer of ethical systems, because the ethics of France were not the ethics of Plymouth, Massachusetts, or Detroit, Michigan?

But Kendall did not realize—how could he realize it?—that Andrée, after her promise of the night before, this parting was been in all its essentials as if she had been deserted upon her bridal night.

CHAPTER X

IT was nearly eleven o'clock when Kendall and his companions arrived in the old cathedral town of Meaux, and found accommodations in the Hotel Sirène, that

rather quaint and down-at-heel hostelry which hides in a courtyard behind huge gates that close at an hour so early as to astonish Americans. Kendall was to discover that this was the universal custom in the smaller towns of the country—that the hotels closed themselves to guests in the early evening, and that to effect an entrance thereafter was an achievement.

They contrived, however, to find huddled accommodations, but Kendall did not find sleep for a long hour. Events were imminent, events both of the soul and material, and his imagination insisted upon handling them and scrutinizing them. Speculations upon the proximity of war mingled with anticipations and apprehensions of his relations with Andrée. He fancied she too was suffering a wakeful night.

In the morning he awoke and breakfasted in a dining-room filled with American newspaper correspondents,—for Meaux was at that date one of their headquarters,—with French and American officers, and a few English Red Cross nurses. Presently he was in his car again and moving through the narrow, crowded streets toward Montreuil. The open country, rolling, beautiful, rich, lay before him.

Here indeed were indications of war. The roads were crowded with the traffic of warfare, with vehicles of all sorts and descriptions moving toward the front, or returning from the front. The greater part of them were huge French camions driven by poilus who looked out upon the world with eyes that had seen such

sights as alter the fabric of a man's soul during the four years that were drawing to a close. They were all in haste. American camions and camionettes and side-cars were rumbling or whizzing by. Refugees driving cows, urging on weary horses that dragged enormous two-wheeled carts heaped high with household treasures,

appeared now and then. These seemed to Kendall to savor more of the thing that was war than even such jolting, bumping pieces of artillery as he encountered now and then.

Kendall was within hearing of the big guns on the battle line; yet all about him, spread in peaceful beauty, was a country apparently secure, apparently untouched by the devastation of an invading army. Yet a few weeks before, German cavalry patrols had penetrated almost to this point. The fields were green and beautiful, promising abundant crops. Children were entering a little schoolhouse just as children enter schoolhouses in America. Farmers were working in their fields. If it had not been for the mass of military vehicles upon the roads, and for an occasional distant rumble that might have been thunder, but was not the thunder of heaven, Kendall could not have sensed the proximity of war.

French soldiers on bicycles were frequent. Now,

a Frenchman on a bicycle is one of the sights of the war. Somehow he never seems to master the contrivance in all its intricacies. He can ride furiously in a straight line, coat-tails standing out straight behind, eyes fixed and determined, jaws set. So long as he follows a bee-line, all is well; but you can read on his face that he realizes the uncertainty of life. Let him be compelled to swerve from his course, to turn a corner, or even to stop the machine to alight, and there is none so rash as to prophesy what will be forthcoming. (Continued on page 114)



The shell screamed over their heads. "It was about time for them to start," said Martin. "We'd better get back to headquarters."

The
Second
of the
New
TARZAN
Stories



Numa was so thoroughly subdued by Tarzan's heroic methods of lion-taming that he was presently pacing along at the Ape-man's side like some huge St. Bernard.

WHEN *the* LION FED

By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

TARZAN of the Apes, reared among anthropoids, suckled at the shaggy breast of a

she-ape, risen to a seat in the House of Lords, had reverted to savagery and apedom with the murder of his wife by Schneider the German captain. Tarzan had left the man in the lair of Numa the man-eater to expiate his sins; but Tarzan was not yet fully revenged. There were many millions of Germans yet alive—enough to keep Tarzan pleasantly occupied for the rest of his life and yet not enough, should he kill them all, to recompense him for the great loss he had suffered; nor could the death of all those million Germans bring back his loved one.

While in the German camp in the Pare Mountains, which lie just east of the boundary line between German and British East Africa, Tarzan had overheard enough to suggest that the British were getting the worst of the fighting in Africa. At first he had given the matter but little thought; for after the death of his wife, the one strong tie that had held him to civilization, he had renounced all mankind, considering himself no longer man, but ape.

After accounting for Schneider as satisfactorily as lay within his power, he circled Kilimanjaro and hunted in the foothills to the north of that mightiest of mountains. But more and more Tarzan found himself thinking of the English soldiers fighting against heavy odds, and especially of the fact that it was Germans who were besting them. And at last the time came when he could no longer endure the thought of Germans killing Englishmen while he hunted in safety a bare march away.

Tarzan's decision made, he set out in the direction of the German camp, no well-defined plan formulated, but with the

Illustrated by
CHARLES LIVINGSTON BULL

general idea that once near the field of operations he might find an opportunity to harass the German command as he so well knew how to do.

His way took him along the gorge close to the gulch in which he had left Schneider, and yielding to a natural curiosity, he scaled the cliffs and made his way to the edge of the gulch. The tree was empty; nor was there sign of Numa the lion. Picking up a rock, he hurled it into the gulch, where it rolled to the very entrance to the cave. Instantly the lion appeared in the aperture—but such a different-looking lion from the great sleek brute that Tarzan had trapped there two weeks before. Now he was gaunt and emaciated; and when he walked, he staggered.

"Where is the German?" shouted Tarzan. "Was he good eating, or only a bag of bones when he slipped and fell from the tree?"

Numa growled. "You look hungry, Numa," continued the Ape-man. "You must have been very hungry to eat all the grass from your lair and even the bark from the tree as far up as you can reach. Would you like another German?" And smiling Tarzan turned away.

A few minutes later he came suddenly upon Bara the dead asleep beneath a tree, and as Tarzan was hungry, he made a quick kill and squatting beside his prey proceeded to eat his fill. As he was gnawing the last morsel from a bone, his quick eyes caught the padding of stealthy feet behind him; and turning, he confronted Dango the hyena sneaking upon him. With a growl the Ape-man picked up a fallen branch and hurled it at the skulking brute. "Go away, eater of carrion," he cried; but Dango was hungry, and being large and powerful, he only snarled

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and circled slowly about as though watching for an opportunity to charge. Tarzan of the Apes knew Dango even better than Dango knew himself. He knew that the brute, made savage by hunger, was mustering its courage for an attack, that it was probably accustomed to man and therefore more or less fearless of him; and so he unslung his heavy spear and laid it ready at his side while he continued his meal. He felt no fear, for long familiarity with the dangers of his wild world had so accustomed him to them that he took whatever came as a part of each day's existence as you accept the homely though no less real dangers of the farm, the range or the crowded metropolis.

Dango might have charged sooner but for the savage growls of the Ape-man—growls which, coming from human lips, raised a question and a fear in the hyena's heart. He had attacked women and children in the native fields, and he had frightened their men about their fires at night; but never had he seen a man-thing who made this sound that reminded him more of Numa angry than of a man afraid.

When Tarzan had completed his repast, he was about to rise and hurl a clean-picked bone at the beast before he went his way, leaving the remains of his kill to Dango; but a sudden thought stayed him, and instead he picked up the carcass of the deer, threw it over his shoulder and set off in the direction of the gulch. For a few yards Dango followed, growling, and then realizing that he was being robbed of even a taste of the luscious flesh, he cast discretion to the winds and charged. Instantly, as though Nature had given him eyes in the back of his head, Tarzan sensed the impending danger and dropping Bara to the ground, turned with raised spear. Far back went the brown right hand and then forward, lightninglike, backed by the power of giant muscles and the weight of his brawn and bone. The spear, released at the right instant, drove straight for Dango, caught him in the neck where it joined the shoulders and passed through the body.

When he had withdrawn the shaft from the hyena, Tarzan shouldered both carcasses and continued on toward the gulch. Below lay Numa beneath the shade of the lone tree, and at the Ape-man's call he staggered slowly to his feet; weak as he was, he still growled savagely, even essaying a roar at the sight of his enemy. Tarzan let the two bodies slide over the rim of the cliff. "Eat, Numa!" he cried. "It may be that I shall need you again." He saw the lion, quickened to new life at the sight of food, spring upon the body of the deer; and then he left him rending and tearing the flesh as he bolted great pieces into his empty maw.

The following day Tarzan came within sight of the German lines. From a wooded spur of the hills he looked down upon the enemy's left flank, and beyond to the British lines. His position gave him a bird's-eye view of the field of battle, and his keen eyesight picked out many details that would not have been apparent to a man whose every sense was not trained to the highest point of perfection as were the Ape-man's. He noted machine-gun emplacements cunningly hidden from the view of the British, and listening posts placed well out in No Man's Land.

As his interested gaze moved hither and thither from one point of interest to another, he heard from a point upon the hillside below him, above the roar of cannon and the crack of rifle-fire, a single rifle-spit. Immediately his attention was centered upon the spot where he knew a sniper must be hid. Patiently he awaited the next shot to learn the exact location of the rifeman, and when it came, he moved down the steep hillside with the stealth of a panther. Apparently he took no cognizance of where he stepped; yet never a loose stone was disturbed nor a twig broken.

Presently as Tarzan passed through a clump of bushes, he came to the edge of a low cliff and saw upon a ledge some fifteen feet below him a German soldier prone behind an embankment of loose rock and leafy boughs that hid him from the view of the British lines. The man must have been an excellent shot, for he was well back of the German lines, firing over the heads of his fellows. His high-powered rifle was equipped with telescope sights, and he also carried binoculars which he was just in the act of using. Tarzan let his eye move quickly toward that part of the British line the German seemed to be scanning, his keen sight revealing many excellent targets for a rifle placed so high above the trenches.

The Hun, evidently satisfied with his observations, laid aside his binoculars and again took up his rifle, placed its butt in the hollow of his shoulder and took careful aim. At the same instant a brown body sprang outward from the cliff above him. There was no sound, and it is doubtful that the German ever knew what manner of creature it was that alighted heavily upon his back; for at the instant of impact, the sinewy fingers of the Ape-man encircled the hairy throat of the boche. There was a moment of futile struggling, followed by the sudden relaxation of dissolution: the sniper was dead.

Lying behind the rampart of rocks and boughs, Tarzan looked down upon the scene below. Near at hand were the trenches of the Germans. He could see officers and men moving about in them, and almost in front of him a well-hidden machine-gun was firing across No Man's Land in an oblique direction, striking the British at such an angle as to make it difficult for them to discover its location.

Tarzan watched, toying idly with the rifle of the dead German. Presently he fell to examining the mechanism of the piece. He glanced again toward the German trenches and changed the adjustment of the sights; then he placed the rifle to his shoulder and took aim. Tarzan was an excellent shot. With his civilized friends he had hunted big game with the weapons of civilization, and though he had never killed except for food or in self-defense, he had amused himself firing at inanimate targets thrown into the air and had perfected himself in the use of firearms without realizing that he had done so. Now indeed would he hunt big game. A slow smile touched his lips as his finger closed gradually upon the trigger. The rifle spoke, and a German machine-gunner collapsed behind his weapon. In three minutes Tarzan picked off the crew of that gun. Then he potted a German officer emerging from a dugout, and the three men in the bay with him. Tarzan was careful to leave no one in the immediate vicinity to question how Germans could be shot in German trenches when they were entirely concealed from enemy view.

Again adjusting his sights, Tarzan took a long-range shot at a distant machine-gun crew to his right. With calm deliberation he wiped them out to a man. Two guns were silenced. He saw men running through the trenches, and he picked off several of them. By this time the Germans were aware that something was amiss—that an uncanny sniper had discovered a point of vantage from which this sector of the trenches was plainly visible to him. At first they sought to discover his location in No Man's Land; but when an officer looking over the parapet through a periscope was struck full in the back of the head with a rifle bullet which passed through his skull and fell to the bottom of the trench, they realized that it was beyond the parados rather than the parapet that they should search.

One of the soldiers picked up the bullet that had killed his officer, and then it was that real excitement prevailed in that particular bay, for the bullet was obviously of German make.



Hugging the parados, messengers carried the word in both directions, and presently periscopes were leveled above the parados and keen eyes were searching out the traitor. It did not take them long to locate the position of the hidden sniper, and then Tarzan saw a machine-gun being trained upon him. Before it had got into action, its crew lay dead about it; but there were other men to take their places—reluctantly perhaps; but driven on by their officers, they were forced to it, and at the same time two other machine-guns were swung around toward the Ape-man.

Tarzan saw that the game was about up, and with a farewell shot laid aside the rifle and melted into the hills behind him. For many minutes he could hear the sputter of machine-gun fire concentrated upon the spot he had just quit, and smiled as he contemplated the waste of German ammunition.

"They have paid heavily for Wasimbu the Waziri, whom they crucified, and for his slain fellows," he thought. "But for Jane they can never pay—no, not if I killed them all."

After dark that night he circled the flanks of both armies and passed through the British out-guards and into the British lines. No man saw him come. No man knew that he was there.

Headquarters of the 2nd Rhodesians occupied a sheltered position far enough back of the lines to be comparatively safe from enemy observation. Even lights were permitted, and Colonel Capell sat before a field table on which was spread a military map, talking with several of his officers. A large tree spread above them; a lantern sputtered dimly upon the table; a small fire burned upon the ground close at hand. The enemy had no planes, and no other observers could have seen the lights from the German lines.

The officers were discussing the advantage in numbers possessed by the enemy, and the inability of the British to more than hold their present position. They could not advance. Already they had sustained severe losses in every attack, and had always been driven back by overwhelming numbers. There were hidden machine-guns, too, that bothered the commander considerably. It was evidenced by the fact that he often reverted to them during the conversation.

"Something silenced them for a while this afternoon," said one of the younger officers. "I was observing at the time, and I couldn't make out what the fuss was about; but they seemed to be having a devil of a time in a section of trench on their left. At one time I could have sworn they were attacked in the rear,—I reported it to you at the time, sir, you'll recall,—for the blighters were peppering away at the side of that bluff behind them. I could see the dirt fly. I don't know what it could have been."

There was a slight rustling among the branches of the tree above them, and simultaneously a lithe brown body dropped in their midst. Hands moved quickly to the butts of pistols, but otherwise there was no movement among the officers. First they looked wonderingly at the almost naked white man standing there with the fire-light playing upon rounded muscles, took in the primitive attire and the equally primitive armament; and then all eyes turned toward the commander.

"Who the devil are you, sir?" snapped that officer.

"Tarzan of the Apes," replied the newcomer.

"Oh, Greystoke!" cried a major, and stepped forward with outstretched hand.

"Preswick!" acknowledged Tarzan as he took it.

"I didn't recognize you at first," apologized the major.

"The last time I saw you, you were in London in evening dress. Quite a difference—'pon my word, man, you'll have to admit it."

Tarzan smiled and turned toward the colonel. "I overheard your conversation," he said. "I have just come from behind the German lines. Possibly I can help you."

The commander looked questioningly toward Major Preswick, who quickly rose to the occasion and presented the Ape-man to his commanding officer and fellows. Briefly Tarzan told them what it was that had brought him out alone in pursuit of the Germans.

"And now you have come to join us?" asked Colonel Capell.

Tarzan shook his head. "Not regularly," he replied. "I must fight in my own way; but I can help you. Whenever I wish, I can enter the German lines."

Capell smiled and shook his head. "It's

not so easy as you think," he said. "I've lost two good officers in the last week trying it; and they were experienced men—none better in the Intelligence Department."

"Is it more difficult than entering the British lines?" asked Tarzan.

The colonel was about to reply when a new thought appeared to occur to him, and he looked quizzically at the Ape-man. "Who brought you here?" he asked. "Who passed you through our out-guards?"

"I have just come through the German lines and yours, and passed through your camp," he replied. "Send word to find out if anyone saw me."

"But who accompanied you?" insisted Capell.

"I came alone," replied Tarzan; and then, drawing himself to his full height: "You men of civilization, when you come into the jungle, are as dead among the quick. Manu the monkey is a sage by comparison. I marvel that you exist at all—only your numbers, your weapons and your power of reasoning save you. Had I a few hundred great apes with your reasoning power, I could drive the Germans into the ocean as quickly as the remnant of them could reach the coast. Fortunate it is for you that the dumb brutes cannot combine. If they could, Africa would remain forever free of men. But come, can I help you? Would you like to know where several machine-gun emplacements are hidden?"

The colonel assured him that they would, and a moment later Tarzan had traced upon the map the location of three that had been bothering the English. "There is a weak spot here," he said, placing a finger upon the map. "It is held by blacks; but the machine-guns out in front are manned by whites. If—Wait! I have a plan. You can fill that trench with your own men and enfilade the trenches to its right with their own machine-guns."

Colonel Capell smiled and shook his head. "It sounds very easy," he said.

"It is easy—for me," replied the Ape-man. "I can empty the section of trench without a shot. I was raised in the jungle; I know the jungle folk—the Gomangani as well as the others. Look for me again on the second night." And he turned to leave.

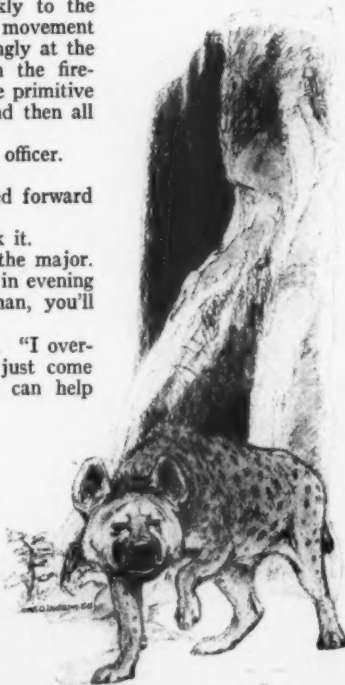
"Wait," said the colonel. "I will send an officer to pass you through the lines."

Tarzan smiled and moved away. As he was leaving the little group about headquarters, he passed a small figure wrapped in an officer's heavy overcoat. The collar was turned up, and the visor of the military cap pulled well down over the eyes; but as the Ape-man passed, the light from the fire illuminated the features of the newcomer for an instant, revealing to Tarzan a vaguely familiar face. Some officer he had known in London, doubtless,

he surmised, and went his way through the British camp and the British lines, all unknown to the watchful sentinels of the out-guard.

Nearly all night Tarzan moved across Kilimanjaro's foothills, tracking by instinct an unknown way, for he guessed that what he sought would be found on some wooded slope higher up than he had come upon his recent journeys in this to him little-known country. Three hours before dawn, his keen nostrils apprised him that somewhere in the vicinity he would find what he wanted, and so he climbed into a tall tree and settled himself for a few hours' sleep.

Kudu the Sun was well up in the heavens when Tarzan awoke. The Ape-man stretched his giant limbs, ran his fingers through his thick hair and swung lightly down to earth. Immediately he took up the trail he had come in search of, following it by scent down into a deep ravine. Cautiously he went now, for his nose told him that the quarry was close at hand, and presently from an overhanging bough he looked down upon Horta the boar and many of his kinsmen. Unslung his bow and selecting an arrow, Tarzan fitted the shaft and drawing it far back, took careful aim at the largest of the great pigs. In the Ape-man's teeth were other arrows, and no sooner had the first one sped than he had fitted and shot another bolt. Instantly the pigs were in turmoil, not knowing from whence the danger threatened. They stood





Sabor broke into view—and behind her the Ape-man saw that which gave him instant pause: four full-grown lions trailing the lioness. Tarzan could not even guess what they might do.

heavens stretched rapidly at first and then commenced milling around until six of their number lay dead or dying about them; then with a chorus of grunts and squeals they started off at a wild run, disappearing quickly in the underbrush. Tarzan descended from the tree, dispatched those that were already dead and then proceeded to skin the carcasses. As he worked, rapidly and with great skill, he neither hummed nor whistled as does the average man of civilization. Tarzan possessed the ability to concentrate each of his five senses upon its particular business. Now he worked at skinning the six pigs, and his eyes and his fingers worked as though there was naught else in all the world than those six carcasses; but his ears and his nose were as busily engaged elsewhere—the former ranging the forest all about, and the latter assaying each passing zephyr. It was his nose that first discovered the approach of Sabor the lioness when the wind shifted for a moment. As clearly as though he had seen her with his eyes, Tarzan knew that the lioness had caught the scent of the fresh-killed

pigs and had immediately moved down-wind in their direction. He knew, from the strength of the scent-spoor and the rate of the wind, about how far away she was, and that she was approaching from behind him. He was finishing the last pig and he did not hurry. The five pelts lay close at hand—he had been careful to keep them thus together and near him; an ample tree waved its low branches above him.

He did not even turn his head, for he knew she was not yet in sight, but he bent his ears just a bit more sharply for the first sound of her nearer approach. When the final skin had been removed, he rose. Now he heard Sabor in the bushes to his rear, but yet not too close. Leisurely he gathered up the six pelts and one of the carcasses, and as the lioness appeared between the boles of two trees, he swung upward into the branches above him. Here he hung the hides over a limb, seated himself comfortably upon another with his back against the bole of the tree, cut a hindquarter from the carcass he had carried with him and proceeded to satisfy his hunger. Sabor slunk growling from

the brush, cast a wary eye upward toward the Ape-man and then fell upon the nearest carcass.

Tarzan looked down upon her and grinned, recalling an argument he had once had with a famous big-game hunter, who declared that the king of beasts ate only what he had himself killed. Tarzan knew better, for he had seen Numa and Sabor stoop even to carrion.

Having filled his belly, the Ape-man fell to work upon the hides—all large and strong. First he cut strips from them about half an inch wide. When he had a sufficient length of these strips, he sewed two of the hides together, afterwards piercing holes every three or four inches around the edges. Running another strip through these holes gave him a large bag with a draw-string. In similar fashion he produced four other like bags, but smaller, from the four remaining hides, and had several strips left over.

All this done, Tarzan threw a large juicy fruit at Sabor, cached the remainder of the pig in a crotch of the tree and swung off toward the southwest through the middle terraces of the forest, carrying his five bags with him. Straight he went to the rim of the gulch where he had imprisoned Numa the lion. Very stealthily he approached the edge and peered over. Numa was not in sight. Tarzan sniffed and listened. He could hear nothing, and yet he knew Numa must be within the cave. He hoped that Numa slept; much depended upon Numa's not discovering him.

Cautiously Tarzan lowered himself over the edge of the cliff, and with utter noiselessness commenced the descent toward the bottom of the gulch. He stopped often and turned his keen eyes and ears in the direction of the cave's mouth at the far end of the gulch some hundred feet away. As he neared the foot of the cliff, his danger increased greatly. If he could reach the bottom and cover half the distance to the tree that stood in the center of the gulch, he would feel comparatively safe, for then even if Numa appeared, Tarzan could beat him either to the cliff or to the tree, with enough of a lead to insure his escape.

At last Tarzan stood upon the floor of the gulch. Silent as a disembodied spirit, he advanced toward the tree. He was halfway there, and no sign of Numa. He reached the scarred bole from which the famished lion had devoured the bark and even torn pieces of the wood itself, and yet Numa had not appeared. As Tarzan drew himself up to the lower branches, he began to wonder if Numa were in the cave after all. Could it be possible that he had forced the barrier of rocks with which Tarzan had plugged the other end of the passage where it opened into the outer world of freedom? Or was Numa dead?

Tarzan started to descend and investigate the cavern, when it occurred to him that it would save effort were he to lure Numa out instead. Acting upon the thought, he uttered a low growl. Instantly he was rewarded by the sound of movement within the cave, and a moment later a wild-eyed, haggard lion rushed forth ready to face the devil himself, were he edible. When Numa saw Tarzan, fat and sleek, perched in the tree, he became suddenly the embodiment of frightful rage. His eyes and his nose told him that this was the creature who was responsible for his predicament, and also that this creature was good to eat. Frantically the lion sought to scramble up the bole of the tree. Twice he leaped high enough to catch the lowest branches with his paws, but both times he fell backward to the earth. Each time he became more furious. His growls and roars were incessant and horrible, and all the time Tarzan sat grinning down upon him, taunting him in jungle Billingsgate for his inability to reach him, and mentally exulting that always Numa was wasting his already waning strength.

Finally the Ape-man rose and unslung his rope. He arranged the coils carefully in his left hand and the noose in his right, and then he took a position with each foot on one of two branches

that lay in about the same horizontal plane, and with his back pressed firmly against the stem of the tree. There he stood listening insults at Numa until the beast was again goaded into leaping upward at him, and as Numa rose, the noose dropped quickly over his head and about his neck. A quick movement of Tarzan's rope-hand tightened the coil, and when Numa slipped backward to the ground, only his hind feet touched, for the Ape-man held him swinging by the neck.

Moving slowly outward upon the two branches, Tarzan swung Numa out so that he could not reach the bole of the tree with his raking talons; then Tarzan made the rope fast after drawing the lion clear of the ground, dropped his five pig-skin sacks to earth and leaped down himself. Numa was striking frantically at the grass rope with his claws. At any moment he might sever it, and Tarzan must therefore work rapidly.

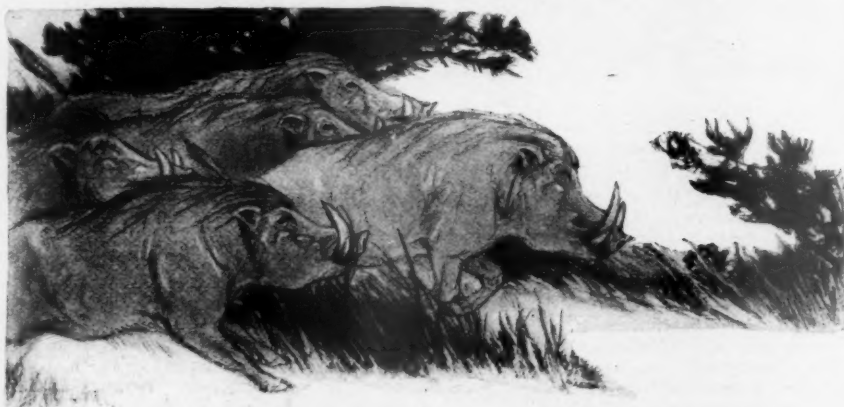
First Tarzan drew the larger bag over Numa's head and secured it about his neck with the draw-string; then he managed, after considerable effort, during which he barely escaped being torn to ribbons by the mighty talons, to hog-tie Numa—drawing his four legs together and securing them in that position with the strips he had trimmed from the pig-skins.

By this time the lion's efforts had almost ceased; it was evident that he was being rapidly strangled; and as that did not at all suit the purpose of the Tarmangani, the latter swung again into the tree, unfastened the rope from above and lowered the lion to the ground, where he immediately followed it and loosed the bonds about Numa's neck. Then Tarzan drew his hunting-knife and cut two round holes in the front of the head-bag opposite the lion's eyes for the double purpose of permitting him to see and giving him sufficient air to breathe.

This done, Tarzan busied himself fitting the other bags over each of Numa's formidably armed paws. Those on the hind feet he secured not only by tightening the draw-strings but by rigged garters that fastened tightly around the legs above the hocks. He secured the front-feet bags in place similarly about the great knees. Now indeed was Numa the lion reduced to a harmless Bara the deer.

By now Numa was showing signs of returning life. He gasped for breath and struggled; but the strips of pig-skin that held his four legs together were numerous and tough. Tarzan watched and was sure that they would hold. After Numa again breathed normally and was able to roar out his protests and his rage, his struggles increased to Titanic proportions for a short time; as a lion's powers of endurance are in no way proportionate to his size and strength, he soon tired and lay quietly. A renewed growling and another futile attempt to free himself, however, was finally forced to submit to the further indignity of having the rope secured about his neck; but this time it was no noose that might tighten and strangle him, but a bowline knot—which could not tighten or slip under strain and may be easily upset when strain is removed.

The other end of the rope Tarzan secured to the stem of the tree; then he quickly cut the bonds securing Numa's legs and leaped aside as the beast sprang to his feet.

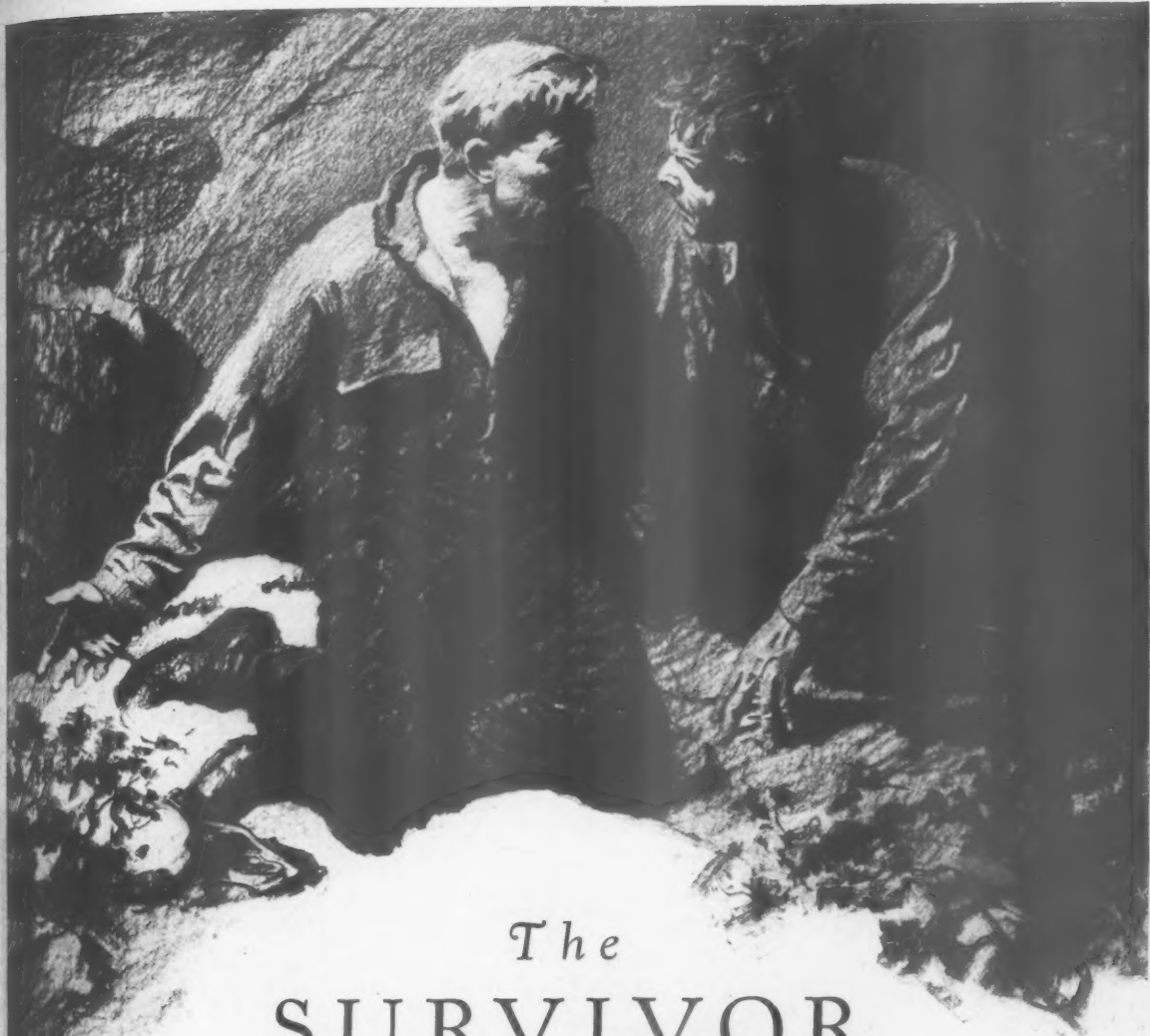


feet and face resisted his every effort to dislodge them, he became frantic. He rolled upon the ground, fighting, scratching and roaring. He leaped to his feet and sprang into the air. He charged Tarzan, only to be brought to a sudden halt as the rope securing him to the tree (Continued on page

For a moment the lion stood with his legs far outstretched, then he raised his one paw and, with another, shook them energetically in an effort to lodge the strange footwear that Tarzan had fastened upon them. Finally he began to look at the bag upon his head. The man, standing ready to watch Numa's efforts, intervened. "Would the lion hold?"

As the lion things upon it, to whom he mumbled, "Yes, I can't here. The eyes record to the ground r

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The SURVIVOR

By EMERSON HOUGH

"IT'S no use, Jim, old man," said Dan Harrod. His voice was hoarse with pain as he drew himself back closer against the face of the rock, pointed to the crippled limb which lay before him, inert as though no longer a part of him. His face was pale, but by sheer force of will composed into lines of calm. The end was at hand for Dan Harrod. That was what he meant to be understood by the companion who faced him, to whom he now turned.

Brentwood, almost as worn and haggard, still was able to stand. He arose from his squatting posture and paced a little apart. Such a confession is hard to hear when a man speaks calmly, impersonally, bravely, as did this man now.

"Don't say that, Dan!" Brentwood turned, an added gravity upon his own sun-bronzed but strangely pallid features. "Don't say that," he repeated. "Maybe—"

"Maybe what?" Harrod made a grimace for a smile. "Maybe what?"

"Oh, well, men have—"
"Yes, I knew one who even cut off his own leg. But that ain't here. And there was water."

The eyes of the two turned in unwitting accord to the collapsed water-bag that lay on the ground near by—to the crushed cactus-

pulp with which they had managed to eke out their supply of drink for a while on their long, starving march.

Harrod moved little, except when the pain became too great, and a long and solemn silence fell between them. Brentwood alone had energy remaining to expend in small nervous, apprehensive acts. He had thrown himself down a little way apart, but once in a while he arose and cast an uneasy glance about him.

They were in a gash cut out in the earth, a titanic grave, where fateful things might happen and never be known, where men might die and their passing be not noted, since already they were entombed. The rim of this gashed cañon ran level all about, high above them, inaccessible for them in their present weakness—so level that it was no wonder that early that day they had almost trodden beyond the brink before they suspected that this vast rent in the earth lay before them. Just below the rim, as they could see from their present situation, ran a broad band of grayish white, the uppermost of many particolored strata of earths or mineralized rocks. It was a tremendous color-scheme, like a crude ornamentation done by uncouth and malicious gnomes.

Here and there, standing erect from the sides of the cañon—examples of the vast forces of erosion—were ornaments done sometime, somehow, by these spirits in their giant work. Tall spires, grotesque, enormous, the tops of some of them almost level with the far, vague cañon-rim, stood all about. Some-

Illustrated by
M. LEONE BRACKER

times these spires were fluted, again worn quite smooth, and yet again left ragged and unfinished.

For water had once been here—the eyes of the men had seen that. Now, however, there was none, although they had descended thus far along the bottom of a gully obviously once torn out by a rushing torrent. It was on one of the round, smooth, water-worn boulders of this dead waterway that Harrod, weak with his long starving march in the desert, had slipped and fallen, breaking a bone of his leg. This ended a journey, which had endured for days, and which of late had been but a hopeless wandering in the waste. The worn rocks mocked at them now. Even had both been strong, even had they found water here, they were in a situation which might have offered difficulties. They hoped, but did not know, that the cañon led down out of the dry hills to the Magdalena Gulf. Just below them, the gorge dropped straight in a sheer rock-face of thirty or forty feet. How many more of these cut faces there might be beyond they could not tell. And night was coming.

"I guess it was my fault. I wish we had not tried to get down in here," said Harrod at last, simply. His lips were quite dry now. Brentwood reached for the bruised cactus-top to pass it to him.

"No," whispered the crippled man. "It would be wrong, now. I was only saying I wished we had gone around, and not started straight down. But who could have told? Besides, perhaps we were not headed right, after all. The Pacific coast is that way—over toward the evening sun. How to get down—that was the question. . . . I wanted to get back. . . . And then I had to fall."

His companion again half-heartedly pushed the cactus-top toward him, but again Harrod shook his head. "I'm done," said he. "Why feed a dead man? Feed the living. Save the species." He tried to smile.

"Not yet—"

"Yes! Why kill us both, when perhaps one can be saved?" He spoke slowly, laboriously. After a time he added: "Besides, I'm selfish about it."

"No, I'll not take the water," he added after a while. "It'll be cooler now pretty soon, when the sun's gone down—I dread the cold. Tell me—one good turn deserves another, doesn't it?"

"What do you mean?"

"We've played pretty fair with each other, haven't we? Well, then, listen. I'll trade you that water for just one thing."

"What do you mean? There's nothing—"

"One thing! What's the use handicapping you, Jim, asking you to stay and see me die, when I want you to get out—and when I'm selfish about it, you see?"

"I don't get you," protested James

Brentwood, hoarse-voiced, and a strange look came on his face.

"I want you to take word to her—Allyn. She—we—we were to have been married. She's—well, she's so fine, and I've—you know—I suppose. And while I'm still alive, I'm afraid you won't go. It's the last thing I'll ever ask of you."

"It's monstrous!" But Brentwood's voice quavered. His eyes furtively turned to the cactus-bulb. He hoped Harrod had not seen.

"Why?" queried Harrod, groaning as he turned, the broken bones grating in the movement. "It would be monstrous if I asked you to do that back yonder, where there are doctors, hospitals, yes. But this is another world. We aren't men nor only creatures. Can't you see? There can be only one survivor. The individual dies—it is nothing. . . . But Allyn—her life must not be wasted, even if I die. Only, she must know I have died. Only that would ever free her of her promise. It's wrong I'm asking you to do. My God, man, you must go out. I love her just that much, that I want to save her everything I can, even now. And—I want to send her my love—at the very last—my love. If you knew—if you'd ever seen her, you understand."

"No," said Brentwood at last. "I can't! At least—"

"In the morning you must go," said Harrod finally, endeavoring to smile.

"We've been friends, for a long time, in here on this fool world of ours. I've been happy a little while, at least. Now it's time. Tell her I sent my love—across the very grave. That's being a friend. In pay, I give you—your life, I hope. The water's all yours now."

"Let me try to sleep. You'll need sleep. I'll try not to disturb you. Who knows how far you'll have to go?"

But this last was in a whisper. . . .

After a time Harrod's stifled gasps of pain grew less frequent. Like some crippled insect, made sluggish by the chill of night, he moved less often. In time he slept or lost consciousness. His companion could not tell which, and dared not crawl to his side to learn. He hated pain, suffering, failure. Why, for his part, said Brentwood to himself, he still could travel on. Yes, he was the survivor!

Harrod had groaned and dragged himself up a bit.

"Don't give up the ship, Dan," pleaded Brentwood hoarsely.

"I'm not doing that," Harrod replied. "Don't tell her I quit. It isn't a question of my gameness—you know that."

He dragged himself still more erect against the flat rock, resolution flogging his senses into effort.

"I couldn't," said Brentwood. But he spoke more weakly now than had the weaker man. There was tumult in his own mind.

"You must! The desert can keep its secrets. Say you saw me die—that you stayed till the last. But you needn't—you can't. If you stayed here and died with me, she'd never know!"

"What do you mean?"

"Look here! Strike a match and look at my hand wont hold still."

Brentwood, flaring a match, bent his head over the picture which the wounded man held from an inner pocket.

"Almost worn out," he whispered. "The Allyn! Isn't she wonderful?"

Often enough his own eyes had seen the original of this picture—indeed a woman, a wonderful woman! But never had he seen it to his companion, never until now, when he was giving it his own last look.

"You remember Walt Whitman's line, don't you?" Harrod went on presently. "For me to fetch me at first, be not discouraged—fetch me one place, search another. . . . Fetch me to fetch me at first—? How does it say? Anyhow, it says: 'I stand somewhere waiting for you!' Somewhere I'll be waiting for her. Tell her I shall never give her up. What? You think so too—a wonderful woman, yes?"

Brentwood stared at the portrait of a dark-haired, somber-eyed girl, the very type of a beautiful young womanhood. A

covetousness was in his gaze, even now, even here. Harrod did not observe. His own eyes were fixed on the picture as if it were a crucifix.

Brentwood rose and walked down the steep slope, as best he could in the dim light the descent leading to the bottom of the cañon. At last he climbed back and threw himself on the ground.



"Drink, friend!"

Harrod greeted him and motioned to the limp bag of coarse

flax. Brentwood removed the cork and passed the vessel. Harrod touched it to his lips, pretending to drink, and returned it. "Please put it where I can't see it now," he whispered.

The night advanced, pitiless. After an eternity Harrod stirred, shivering. "The wind's rising," said he after a while. "Why, then it will be morning!"

And after a time it was dawn, a pink and purple dawn, which after slow, chill hours at last broke once again, heralding a cruel sun over the opposite rim of the cañon. They were chilled like insects; but at last, after the sun had begun to warm the interior of the grave, Harrod painfully turned upon his elbow. The other kept his face away. He knew it was the crisis.

"Now," croaked Harrod. "It's time. You must be going. But you musn't leave me—like this."

Brentwood buried his face in his hands. Starvation and the strain of desperate effort had done their work; but he was still a tall and handsome man—as handsome a man as Harrod, his blue-eyed, sun-blackened companion. Both were proper men, or had been before thus cast away here in the dry hills.

They had retained to the end, as of possible assistance in securing food, one of the heavy revolvers with which both had been provided. Brentwood saw the weapon lying on the ground, where his friend had pushed it toward him. His eye rested upon it, fascinated. He picked up the weapon, slowly cocked it, laid it down. Harrod once more handed it to him. "It's time," said he. "I've made my peace. Tell her good-by! Say that up to the very last love is very strong. Tell her that somewhere I'll be waiting."

His companion shuddered at the feel of the metal in his hand. Just then his gaze fell upon the water-bottle, and the remnant of the cactus. Then a strange, savage, relentless look came on his face. Oh, what a woman! Her image came again into his mind. He looked at his friend, who had cut off the ragged trouser-leg from the broken limb. . . . Once more his face changed.

Suddenly, with a swift movement of his hand, James Brentwood pulled off his broad-brimmed hat and held it tight under his left

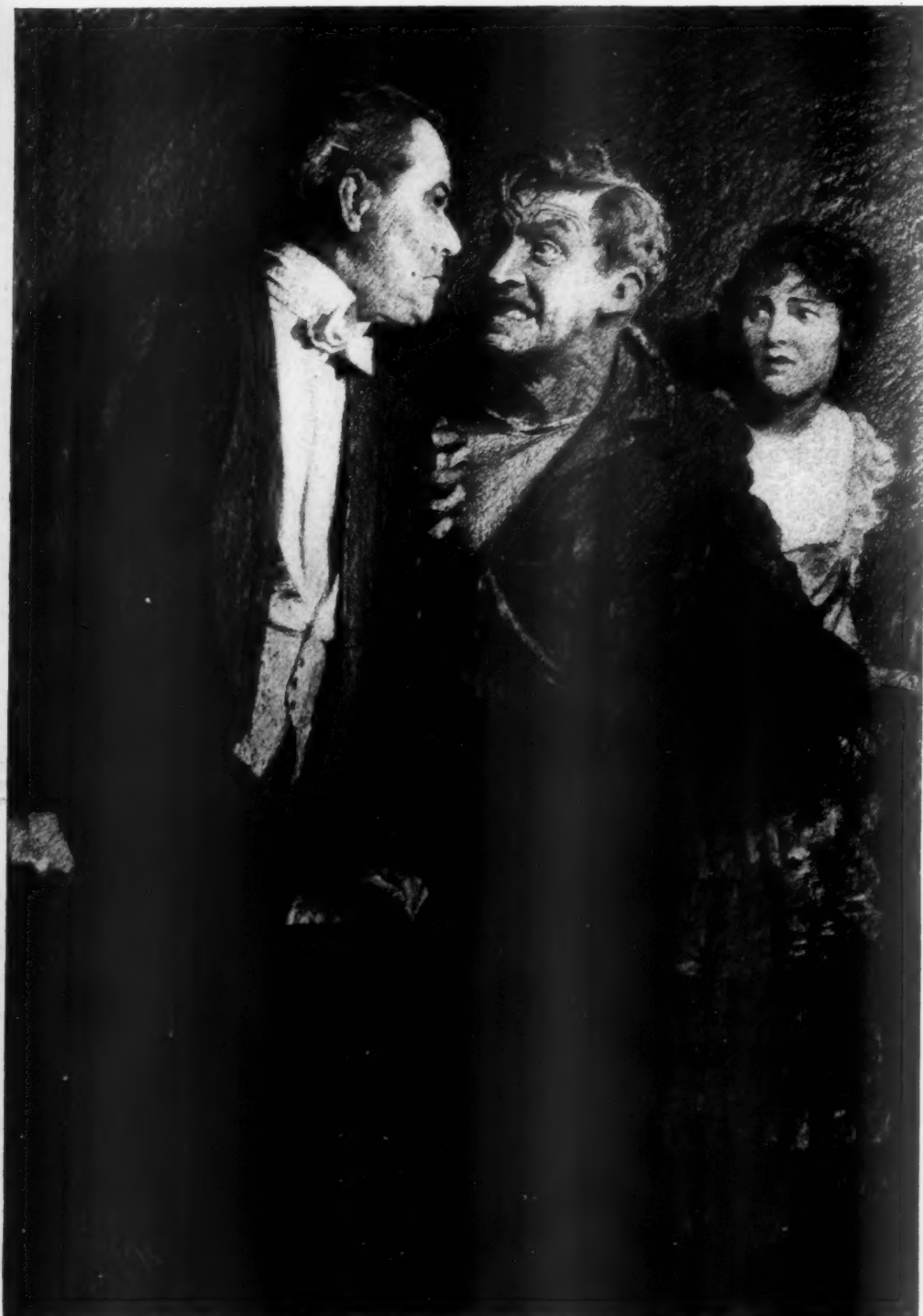


"I have loved you all my life," he said. "You forget—him—Dan," she protested. "He had his chance," Brentwood persisted. "I took mine! Are you to lose all your life too?"

arm, his back turned, his right hand thrust down under his bent left arm, pointing the weapon.

He sprang up, startled at a sharp report—a report with which he did not identify, could not correlate, himself. It was done! The cold sweat on his own forehead told him that. The roar of the shot rolled up through the cañon, bounding here and there among the tall rock-spires like a tangible thing.

And then, flinging away the revolver and not looking behind him, James Brentwood fled. In his hands he found the limp water-bag and the half-spent cactus-top. Stumbling, scrambling, he went forward and down, maddened now with fear, yet with a wild exultation in his heart. He clutched in his hand the picture



He turned to Brentwood savagely. "Do you love her more than you do yourself—more than your own life itself?" "You're not my judge," retorted Brentwood.

of a woman—a woman two men had loved, one for many years, another for a few hours. But one of those two men now was left alive.

IT was not merely the beauty of Allyn Denslow that made her noteworthy above her associates, but the type of that beauty. Of beautiful women the world has in all its ages seen not a few; there are pictures of hundreds of such women of all times, and these are among the priceless heritages of the world. But no picture could have flattered Allyn Denslow,

evinced the slightest ill feeling with one another. In their hard camps—and it is in camp that the human temper is most severely tried—there had never been a quarrel between them, never even an argument; and they had been not master and servant, but friends, all through their wanderings. And now the end of it had come. Both could not survive.

It was the harder, since both had known before this that they might possibly be success at last, at the end of their quest. This not indeed as good a location as any for the ultimate find-

for no artist ever could have caught the evanescent play of her manifold nature in any single and permanent expression. Her hair was very dark. Her mouth was curved and very sweet, her eyes dark and full of mysteries—like opals in their thousand alterations. Indeed she seemed not one but a score of women in one, and hence a score of suitors naturally were hers, and each found her all he asked in woman. San Francisco, her native city, home of lovely women, also is the home of ardent men, judicious men, so it may be phrased. Charm such as hers, social station such as hers, and wealth such as hers—these things could not leave her unnoticed. There was something of a sensation when quietly it began to be understood that Jim Harrod, a young and unknown engineer, might practically be called the winner in this contest between men for the hand of a beautiful woman. And then Harrod, too proud to avail himself of his fiancée's fortune in order to hasten their marriage, set out feverishly to make his fortune—at least to win his spurs. He took on with the young Arizona capitalist Brentwood, in certain mining enterprises which promised large contingent profits. The two had been in joint charge of this expedition into Lower California, undertaken for the purpose of proving or disproving certain wild rumors which each of them had heard from time to time regarding rich gold-fields back in the dry mountain country between the Gulf and the sea.

The two men in their long and hard experiences never had been in a quarrel. In their hard camps—and it is in camp that the human temper is most severely tried—there had never been a quarrel between them, never even an argument; and they had been not master and servant, but friends, all through their wanderings. And now the end of it had come. Both could not survive.

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of the fabled mother-vein of gold of which the Spaniards prated, of which, as Dan Harrod knew, they left countless records in their writings—Madre d'Oro, the specter mother of all the gold in all the world! They might have been now in the very valley of the Madre d'Oro. Were they indeed so close to this discovery that fate now had smitten one of them helpless and left him forever powerless to enjoy anything of life, even had all the riches of life been his?

The riches of life? To Dan Harrod, reflecting upon life itself in his last cruel hours, there came no thoughts of gold. The greatest boon of life to him then would have been the kiss of Allyn Denslow upon his lips. That was the hard thing for him to renounce forever.

This perhaps was the last conscious thought of Dan Harrod as he lay here in his cañon grave—that, and one other. Would she sometime forget the helpless, worthless dead? Would she one day take up the joys and triumphs of life and of the living? . . .

There was a survivor who asked these questions, too, in spite of all, as he ran madly from a scene of horror—a man who snatched kisses from a pictured face that night as he sat, crouched apart from all human companionship—huddled by a tiny fire—a face for which, so it seemed to him, he had always longed. Why, she was the very woman of all his dreams!

He stopped, and raised his head, looked about. That man back yonder, what would he think if he knew? But what matter of that now? The woman still was alive. And was not he the survivor?

Bent now on his own salvation, he made speed down the long cañon until it opened out and showed a pathway to the sea and safety. Behind him was death and failure. But ahead of him was life—and a woman such as he had not believed lived in all the world. And was not a boat or a train to carry him forthwith to San Francisco, where she lived? And had it not been the dead man's mandate that he should hurry to her as fast as he could, and tell her the news. The news? What news? Why, so said James Brentwood, the news that life was made for the sweet usages of love.

ALLYN DENSLOW stood one morning in her own apartment in her father's great house in the city. She held in her hand a telegram but then received, and pushed a finger against her pursed lips, pondering what the message might mean. It was from James Brentwood, Dan Harrod's employer and associate, and all it said was:

Coming alone. Withhold all word from press. Wait.

Brentwood came, gaunt and sun-burned, but immaculately clad. Holding down his own eager heart, he was arrested by the gaze of the girl's dark eyes. "What's wrong?" she was trying to say.

He could not make much answer at first; indeed, his voice was so out of control that all he did was to draw from his pocket a picture—the picture of herself. He handed it to her in silence. She looked at it, still questioning, turned it over. Then she started, froze, as she read the inscription there:

"Good-by. God keep you well. Dan. August, 1917."

"What is it?" she said at last, her voice no more than a whisper. But she knew the worst even then. Dan never would have sent this back unless he himself was on the point of death.

"How did he—die?" she asked at length, struggling to hold herself together even now, after her own fashion of self-respect. Brentwood spoke with lowered eyes, as was seemly in the case.

"We were in the desert. We had been almost without water, quite without food, for a long time. Dan fell and hurt himself badly. Just before he died he sent me out with this. I hurried as fast as I could to come to you. That's why I'm here. He sent me. I wanted to serve him—and you."

Her trembling hands still held the picture and turned it over and over, but always to see the inscription on the back, to note the worn corners, the half-obliterated features—proofs that some one had worn this picture always, no matter how or where.

"Poor boy!" she said. "Why—poor boy! Where is he?" She was trembling throughout her body now, but still resolved to be strong as she stood before him. And Brentwood tried to tell her.

He told her part—not all—and what part pleased him. Who was there to say him nay?

As he spoke, she still stood, pale, great tears now coming from her eyes unrestrained, wringing her hands, suffering as any woman must suffer at news like this.

"I'll have to go, I think," she said after a time. "But you—you've been good—you've been very kind. After all, it's noble of you to come. Dan wrote me so often about you. Wont you come to see us soon? I want you—often. Please do!"

Brentwood hurried away, his eyes not so sad as they were eager.

He did not go to his club or hotel that day, but wishing nothing so much as to be alone with the strange emotions now surging within him, he hunted out instead one of the many half-foreign little restaurants where sometimes young men go. Self-absorbed, he did not notice where he went or what he ate. Suddenly, as he raised his eye from his table, which was close to the window, he saw a little potted plant in the window near him—a thick and pulpy-leaved cactus, such as is not infrequent in the far Southwest, and a plant which thrives well enough in domesticity such as this. A strange look came upon James Brentwood's features. "Take it away!" he said to the waiter. "I don't like it."

The waiter, somewhat wondering, did as he was ordered by his moody customer.

A MONTH passed, and Brentwood, lingering for no cause in the city, had called twice at the home of Allyn Denslow, and had been received by her people. Two months, and he had seen her each week. Three, and it might be any evening that he would call. He was welcome at the Denslow home. The parents of Allyn, in respect of her own bereavement, encouraged him to come, so that they might all talk—more easily as time passed by—of the last scenes of Dan Harrod's life, the last details regarding his uncompleted business affairs; one thing or another, and anything good enough which permitted Brentwood to call.

He called again and again, until it seemed to him that the beauty of the girl would drive him mad. This or that accession, this or that little unthought courtesy or kindness, grew too much for him in the total. At last he met her alone, one evening in the darkened hall, and before either knew what was in his soul, he caught her in his arms. The truth was out then. She thrust him back.

"No, no!" she said. "No! What do you mean?"

"What do I mean?" said he. "What does all life mean? I have asked you before, a dozen times in my heart. I have longed for you all my life, for I never lived till I saw your face. And you ask me now what it means!"

"You forget—him—Dan," she protested. "You knew."

"He had his chance. I took mine! Tell me, are you to lose all your life too? Is it your duty to mourn, to grieve forever, for a man who's gone? Why, you're young! Here's the world; here's life; and yes—here's love. Shall I say as good as his? I don't want to say that. I only say never was more love than mine, or better. And I'm here."

"You forget. It's very soon—"

"Yes. I know. You were to have married."

"How can I talk now of anyone else, or think of it? You mustn't ask me to love another man. I can't."

"Well, then, don't love another man, Allyn," he went on, arguing on any basis that yet remained for him. "Go on and love life—love very love itself. Here are we two still living. Life—what shall it be for you and for me? Shall it mean continual loss, continual grief? Why, girl, life doesn't go that way. If you tried your best, you could not be this sorry for Dan very long. Nature won't have it that way—the world can't carry the world's griefs unmitigated. Don't you know that?"

"I don't ask you to say this to me just now," he went on, pleading. "I'm sorry for what I've done just now—I didn't mean to. But I couldn't help it—I love you so much. Wont you at least let me wait—that's about all I ask, I believe. And I'm sorry if I've been rude. It's my nature, I'm afraid."

She stood with her hands before her face, her bosom heaving. He did not know that she wept as he went on.

"And he's gone," he insisted once more. "He's dead—don't you know. I saw him die."

Her eyes, concealed behind her hands, did not see his face, strangely agitated now. But he went on at length, his voice hoarse:

"Listen: Women have been known to change their minds, even regarding men still living. Widows remarry, and are happy—it's right they should. If you had known all about this man, you might have changed your mind." He finished with a rush, desperately.

"He loved me. What do you mean?" He barely heard her words.

"Ah, but not as I love you! He didn't care for you so much as you have thought. Must I be so brutal as that? Your picture—why, I've been carrying that picture for weeks. He never spoke of you very often—he never seemed to care a great deal for that picture. Well, I did! True, before I left him, he wrote what you saw there. True, he did tell me to say good-by to you. He sent me to you—yes. I thank God he did. That's fate—it's right; that's plain to me."

Her horrified face was turned to him, and he went on:

"He would boast about you, sometimes, and that made it pretty hard for me. It seems a little hard now that this is all I can get—when he had so much given to him, who did not need it. And I need you. I love you, don't you see? And all I ask is my chance—to wait."

"I don't want you to talk to me this way!" She raised her face now, her eyes blazing. "If I could believe that, I don't think I'd want to stay alive—it's ruin to everything, everything that's been dear and sweet to me. I didn't know men were like this. I thought—"

"But a dead man—" He looked over his shoulder as he spoke, unconsciously.

"What you say of him—" she began falteringly. "No, no. It can't be true. You must go! It's cruel to me to have you stay. What you have done is wrong. And wasn't life, death even, cruel to him? Go away, please."

He did go once more, but the last words he spoke to her were: "I am going to wait."

JAMES BRENTWOOD waited for certain days—waited until six months had passed between that time and the day when last he had seen Dan Harrod alive. And then, so it seemed to him, he could wait no more. Once again he found himself at the door of the Denslow house upon its hill. He was not refused there.

He passed into the hall after the little Japanese had admitted him. He had not time to state his errand before a door at the farther end of the hall opened, and Allyn's brother entered. He was in hunting garb, about to set out for his ducking-club, to which he customarily motored down on this day of the week in the shooting-season.

"Sato," he said, turning to the boy, "here, take this water-bag of mine out to the car. I may need it along the road if the motor gets hot on the hills."

"Oh, hello, Brentwood," he said, looking up to see the visitor, who stood motionless. "What's wrong with you? Did I scare you, toggled out this way?"

They shook hands, and presently Wallace Denslow passed back into the room from which but now he had emerged. He was tactful enough to know the real nature of Brentwood's errand, though he himself had just come into the house by a side door. Indeed, he motioned a casual thumb toward the door of the east parlor.

The door was half open. Allyn was sitting at the great window-seat, looking outward across the bay, at that time lighted in the splendor of the sunset. He could see her through the half-open door, and he paused, arrested.

What had come to her? Why was this strange change upon her features, all these months so sad? Why was she not pale? She was forgetting her grief! She was going to listen to him!

She did not hear when he knocked, but Brentwood smiled to himself confidently, and pushed open the door. Then he saw.

There was but one man in the world the like of this specter who rose before him from the window-seat. He was a tall, shrunken, gaunt man, sun-scorched to the darkest hue the Caucasian skin may wear. He was clad in rough clothing, picked up in some seaboard slop-shops. A wide dirty hat lay upon the window-seat beside him. His boots were worn and broken.

Brentwood fell weakly back against the doorjamb.

"Jim!" said Harrod. "It's true—I'm Dan. Aren't you glad?"

"My God!" said James Brentwood, (Continued on page 109)

A Complete Résumé of the Previous Chapters of "THE CUP OF FURY"

MARIE LOUISE WEBLING, the central figure of this great novel of the world's greatest year, is an American girl who had run away from home with a theatrical troupe. While playing in a music-hall she had attracted the notice of Sir Joseph and Lady Webling because of her resemblance to their dead daughter, and they had adopted her as their own. But the Weblings were Germans, though they had lived long years in England and had there won love, respect and knightly honors. And shortly after the Lusitania tragedy Sir Joseph asked Marie Louise to meet a man named Easton in the park and give him a sealed envelope. A stock-exchange deal, he implied, that he didn't dare risk handling through ordinary channels. Marie Louise was puzzled but took his word without question. Yet this sort of thing continued—until Marie Louise came home one day to find Sir Joseph and Lady Webling confronted by Mr. Verrinder, a Government officer, with damning evidence that they were German spies.

Overwhelmed, Marie Louise heard the evidence against the people she had loved and trusted too well—the evidence, too, that enmeshed her with them. She accompanied them upstairs to help them make ready for their trip to the Tower—and was too late to stop them when they took the poison that brought them and their plottings to an end.

Verrinder found it hard to believe that Marie Louise had been innocent. But he let her go, provided she returned to America and gave her oath not to reveal what she knew. So Marie Louise went to New York—followed by a secret-service man, and by Easton, who had proved to be a German, but who had escaped by turning state's evidence—and now sought to regain German esteem by new spy-work.

Polly Widdicombe, a friend, invited Marie Louise to visit her in Washington. There her sister, who had married an anarchistic loafer named Nuddle, discovered her. And then the ghost of Sir Joseph overtook her once more. For at a dinner given by the prominent Mrs. Prothero, Lady Clifton-Wyatt, who had known Marie Louise in London as the daughter of the Weblings, publicly denounced her as a German spy.

Polly and Marie Louise's other friends refused to believe in her guilt. But Marie Louise felt she could not live indefinitely with Polly, doing nothing. So she rented a house. And there it was that two of her callers, Easton the spy and Jake Nuddle, her sister's anarchistic husband, met each other.

Marie Louise obtained work for Jake in the shipyard of a man named Davidge, whom she had met in London and elsewhere, and who was much "taken" with her. More, she herself went into the shipyard office as a stenographer.

Davidge's first ship, called the *Clara* for his mother, was made ready for her maiden voyage with a cargo of wheat; and Marie Louise inadvertently mentioned her sailing-point and destination while the Nuddles were visiting her. Only a few days later the *Clara* was mysteriously sunk.

Jake Nuddle squandered the money paid him for betraying the *Clara* and went to Nicky Easton for more; Nicky promised him another similar job. When Nuddle left Easton, the detective, Larrey, who had been following Easton, took Nuddle's trail in the guise of a fellow-workman; and when later Nuddle introduced Mamise to Larrey as his sister-in-law, the detective opened his eyes; he remembered Mamise, for he had worked on the Webling affair.

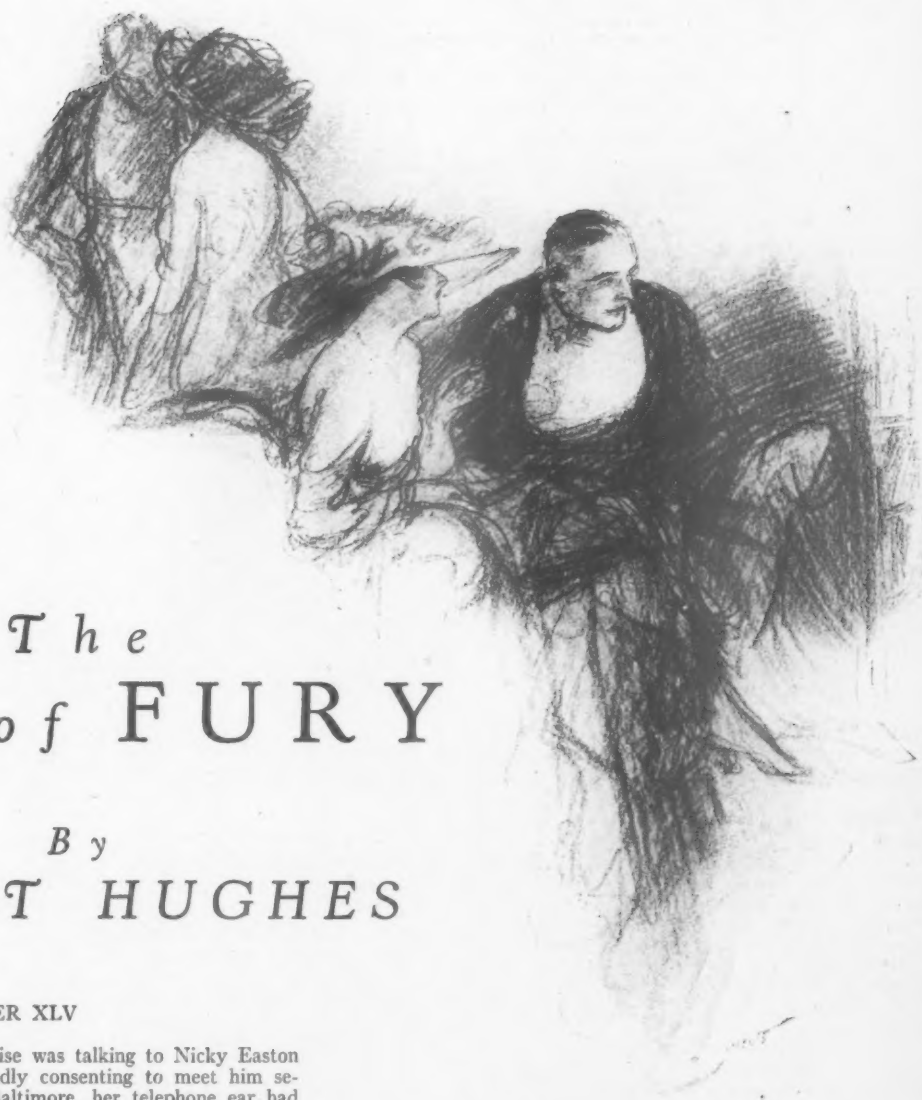
Larrey went to Davidge with the story of Marie Louise's part in the Webling affair as he knew it. But she unwittingly parried that blow the next time she saw Davidge by telling him the whole story. When he understood the part she had played, Davidge begged her to marry him, but she was in no mood for matrimony now and declined. At that, Davidge encouraged her to leave the shipyard and return to Washington.

There she received a phone-call from Easton, who said he had important news, but (because he was an enemy alien) could not come to her in Washington. Would she meet him in Baltimore? Marie Louise consented to this peculiar rendezvous.

The story continues on the next page.

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A BRILLIANT novel of Washington life, by the distinguished author of "What Will People Say?" "Empty Pockets," "We Can't Have Everything," and "The Unpardonable Sin."



The CUP of FURY

By
RUPERT HUGHES

CHAPTER XLV

WHILE Mamise was talking to Nicky Easton and terrifiedly consenting to meet him secretly in Baltimore, her telephone ear had suffered several sharp and painful rasps as angry rattlesnakes had wakened in the receiver.

The moment she put it up, the bell rang. Supposing that Nicky had some postscript to add, she lifted the receiver again. Her ear was as bewildered as your tongue when it expects to taste one thing and tastes another, for it was Davidge's voice that spoke, asking for her. She called him by name, and he bowed:

"Good Lord, is that you? Who was the fascinating stranger who kept me waiting so long?"

"Don't you wish you knew?" she laughed. "Where are you now? At the shipyard?"

"No, I'm in Washington—ran up on business. Can I see you tonight?"

"I hope so—unless we're going out—as I believe we are. Hold the wire, wont you, while I ask." She came back in due season saying: "Polly says you are to come to dinner and go to a dance with us afterward."

"A dance? I'm not invited."

"It's a kind of club affair at an hotel. Polly has the right to take you—no end of big bugs will be there."

"I'm rusty on dancing, but with you—"

"Thanks. We'll expect you, then. Dinner is at eight. Wrap up well—it's cold, isn't it?"

He thought it divine of her to think of his comfort. The thought of her in his arms dancing set his heart to rioting. He was aching as he dressed, and as he rode out to Grinden Hall—

Illustrated by
HENRY RALEIGH

singing a specimen of the new musical insanity known as "jazz"—so pestilential a music that even the fiddlers capered and writhed.

The Potomac was full of tumultuous ice, and the old Rosslyn bridge squealed with cold under the motor. It was good to see the lights of the Hall at last, and to thaw himself out at the huge fireplace.

"Lucky to get a little wood," said Major Widdicombe. "Don't know what we'll do when it's gone. Coal is next to impossible."

Then the women came down, Polly and Mamise and two or three other house guests, and some wives of important people. They laid off their wraps and then decided to keep them on.

Davidge had been so used to seeing Mamise as a plainly clad discouraged office-hack that when she descended the stairs and paused on the landing a few steps from the floor, to lift her eyebrows and her lip-corners at him, he was glad of the pause.

"Break it to me gently," he called across the balustrade.

She descended the rest of the way and advanced, revealed in her complete height and all her radiant vesture. He was dazed by her unimagined splendor.

As she gave him her hand and collected with her eyes the tribute in his, she said:

"Break what to you gently?"

"You!" he groaned. "Good Lord! Talk about 'the glory that was Greece and the grandeur that was Rome!'"

With amiable reciprocity she returned him a compliment on his evening finery.

"The same to you and many of them. You are quite stunning in décolleté. For a pair of common laborers, we are certainly gaudy."

Polly came up and greeted Davidge with:

"So you're the fascinating brute that keeps Marie Louise down in the penitentiary of that awful ship-factory."

Davidge indicated her brilliance and answered: "Never again. She's fired! We can't afford her."

"Bully for you," said Polly. "I suppose I'm an old-fashioned grandmotherly sort of person, but I'll be damned if I can see why a woman that can look as gorgeous as Marie Louise here should be pounding typewriter keys in an office. Of course, if she had to— But even then, I should say that it would be her solemn religious duty to sell her soul for a lot of glad-rags."

"A lot of people are predicting that women will never go back to the foolish frills and furbelows of before the war; but—well, I'm no prophetess, but all I can say is that if this war puts an end to the dressmaker's art, it will certainly put civilization on the blink. Now, honestly, what could a woman accomplish in the world if she worked in overalls twenty-four hours a day for twenty-four years—what could she make that would be more worth while than getting herself all dressed up and looking her best?"

Davidge said: "You're talking like a French aristocrat before the Revolution; but I wish you could convince her of it."

Mamise was trying to take her triumph casually, but she was thrilled, thrilled with the supreme pride of a woman in her best clothes—in and out of her best clothes, and liberally illuminated with jewelry. She was now something like a great singer singing the highest note of her master-aria in her best rôle—herself at once the perfect instrument and the perfect artist.

Marie Louise went in on Davidge's arm. The dining-room was in gala attire, the best silver and all of it out—flowers and candles. But the big vault was cold; the men shivered and marveled at the women who left their wraps on the backs of their chairs and sat up in no apparent discomfort with shoulders, backs, chests and arms naked to the chill.

Polly was moved to explain to the great folk present just who Mamise was. She celebrated Mamise in her own way.

"To look at Miss Webling, would you take her for a perfect nut? She is, though—the worst ever. Do you know what she has done? Taken up stenography and gone into the office of a shipbuilding gang!"

The other squaws exclaimed upon her with various outcries of amazement.

"What's more," said Mamise, "I live on my salary."

This was considered incredible in the Washington of then. Mamise admitted that it took management.

Mamise said:

"Polly, can you see me living in a shanty cooking my own breakfast and dinner and waiting on myself and washing my own dishes? And for lunch going to a big mess-hall, waiting on myself too, and eating on the swollen arm of a big chair?"

Polly shook her head in despair of her.

"Let those do it that have to. Nobody's going to get me to live like a Belgian refugee without giving me the same excuse."

Mamise suddenly felt that her heroism was hardly more than a silly affectation, a patriotic pose. In these surroundings the

memory of her daily life was disgusting, plain stupidity. She was in her element, at her superlative. She breathed of the atmosphere of luxury, the incense of rich food ceremoniously by resplendent people.

"I'm beginning to agree with you, Polly. I don't think I ever go back to honest work again."

She thought she saw in Davidge's eyes a gleam of approval. It occurred to her that he was recalling his invitation to her to become his wife and live as a lady. She was not insulted by the surmise.

When the women departed for the drawing-room, the men for a while talking of the coal-famine, the appalling debts the country was heaping into mountains—the blood-sweating the business end of the war, the prospect for the spring campaign on the Western Front, the avalanche of Russia, the rise of the

Bolsheviki, the story that they were in German pay, the terrible American lives it would take to repulse the Russian armies, and the humiliating delay in getting men into uniform equipped and ferried across the sea. The astounding order had just been promulgated, shutting down all industry and business for four days and for ten succeeding Mondays in order to get out coal; this was regarded as worse than the loss of a great battle. The aspect of the war was so depressing that the coroner's inquest broke up once when Major Widdicombe said:

"I get enough of this in the shop. I'm frozen through. Let's go and jaw the women."

Concealing their loneliness, they entered the drawing-room with the majestic languor of lions well fed.

Davidge paused to study Mamise from behind a smoke-screen that concealed his stare. She was listening intently to the wife of Holman, of the War Trade Board. Mrs. Holman's stories were always long, and they were always interrupting them when they had to or stay mute all night. Davidge was glad of her clatter, for it gave him a chance to revel in Mamise. She was presented to his eyes in a mitigated silhouette against a brightly hued lamp-shade. She was seated wise on a black Chinese chair. On the back of it her upraised arm rested. Davidge's eyes followed the strange, marvelous outline described by lines of that arm, running into the rise of a shoulder, like an apple up the throat, the bizarre shape of the head in its whimsical coiffure, the other shoulder carrying the



JEANNE JUDSON'S NEW NOVEL

will begin in the next issue of The Red Book Magazine. It is a remarkable story of a young Indianapolis girl who adventures to New York to study art and who is straightway flung into a maelstrom of Bohemianism and Oriental mysticism. Its alluring title is "The Stars Incline." A distinct advance upon its remarkable young author's earlier work, it promises to be even more successful among readers of The Red Book Magazine than either "The Call of Life," or "Crowns of Tin," the novels that first attracted the literary world's attention to Miss Judson.

ing glance down that arm to the hand clasping a sheaf of spread plumes against her knee, and on along to where one impossible slipper with a fantastic high heel emerged from a mass of fabric that flowed on out to the train.

Then with the vision of honorable desire he imagined the of her where it disappeared below the shoulders into the position of the gown; he imagined with a certain awe what she would be like beneath all those long lines, those rounded surfaces, eloquent wrinkles with their curious little pockets full of shimmer among the pools of light that satin shimmers with.

In other times and climes men had worn figured silks and and brocades, had worn long gowns and lace-trimmed sleeves, eled bonnets and curls, but now the male had surrendered to the female his prehistoric right to the fanciful plumage. These days were grown so austere that it began to seem wrong even women to dress with much more than a masculine sobriety. The occasion of this ball had removed the ban on extravagance.

The occasion justified the maximum display of jewelry that Mamise wore all she had. She had taken her gems from prison in the safe-deposit box in the Trust Company cellar. They seemed to be glad to be at home in the light again. They were ir, it, winking, laughing, playing a kind of game in which chased light through the deeps of color.

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Mamie was amazed to find that the strenuous business man had so much of the faun in his soul. Davide gripped Mamie close to him and found her to his whim.

The oddity of the feminine passion for precious stones struck Davidge sharply. The man who built iron ships to carry freight wondered at the curious industry of those who sought out pebbles of price, and polished them, shaped them, faceted them and fastened them in metals of studied design, petrified jellies that seemed to quiver yet defied steel.

He contrasted the cranes that would lift a locomotive and lower it into the hold of one of his ships, with the tiny pincers with which a lapidary picked up a diamond fleck and sealed it in platinum. He contrasted the pneumatic riveter with the tiny hammers of the goldsmith. There seemed to be no less vanity about one than the other. The work of the jeweler would outlast the iron hull. A diamond as large as a rivet-head would cost far more than a ship. Jewels, like sonnets and symphonies and flower-gardens, were good for nothing, yet somehow worth more than anything useful.

He wondered what the future would do to these arts and their patronesses. The one business of the world now was the manufacture, transportation and efficient delivery of explosives.

He could understand how offensive bejeweled and banqueted people were to the humble, who went grimy and weary in dirty overalls over their plain clothes to their ugly factories and back to their uglier homes.

It was a consummation devoutly to be wished that nobody should spend his life or hers soiled and tired and fagged with a monotonous task. It seemed hard that the toiling woman and the wife and daughter of the toiler might not alleviate their bleak persons with pearl necklaces about their throats, with rubies pendant from their ears, and their fingers studded with sapphire and topaz.

Yet it did not look possible, somehow. And it seemed better that a few should have them, rather than none at all, better that beauty should be allowed to reign somewhere than nowhere during its brief perfection.

And after all, what proof was there that the spoliation of the rich and the ending of riches would mean the enrichment of the poor? Or that the reduction of the opulent and the elevation of the paupers all to the same plain average would make anybody happier? Would the poor be glad to learn that they could never be rich? With nobody to envy, would contentment set in? With ambition rated as a crime, the bequeathing of comfort to one's children rendered impossible, the establishment of one's destiny left to the decision of boards and by-laws, would there be satisfaction? The Bolsheviks had voted universal happiness. It would

be interesting to see how well Russia fared and how universal happiness might be distributed.

He frowned and shook his head as if to free himself from these nettlesome riddles and left them to the Bolshevik Samaritans to solve in the vast laboratory where the manual laborers at last

could work out their hearts' desires, with the upper class destroyed and the even more hateful middle class at their mercy.

It was bitter cold on the way to the ballroom in the Willard Hotel, and Davidge in his big coat studied Mamise smothered in a voluminous sealskin overcoat. This too had meant hardship for the poor. Many men had sailed on a bitter voyage to Arctic regions and endured every privation of cold and hunger and peril that this young woman might ride cozy in any chill soever. The fur coat had cost much money, but little of it had fallen into the frosted hands of the men who clubbed the seal to death on the ice floes. The seal-furrier in the winter city shop, when he made the finished garment took in far more than the men who went out into the wilderness and brought back the pelts. That did not seem right; yet he had heavy rent to pay, and if he did not create the market for the furs the sealers would not get paid at all for the voyage.

A division of the spoils that would no one, nor kill the industry, was Davidge's imagination. He comforted himself with the thought that those loud mouths that advertised solutions of these labor problems were fools or liars both.

The important immediate thing to contemplate was the fascinating head of Mamise, quaintly set on the shapeless bulk of a sea lion.

CHAPTER XLVI

DAVIDGE had been a good dancer once, and he had entirely neglected the new school of foot improvement, so different from the old set steps.

Mamise was amazed to find that the strenuous business man had so much of the faun in his soul. He had evidently listened to the pipes of Pan and could "shake a sugar-heel" with a practiced skill. There was a startling authority in the firmness with which he gathered her in and swept her through the kaleidoscope of the throng, now dipping, now skipping, now limping, now running.

He gripped the savory body of Mamise close to him and led her to his whim, foreseeing it with a mysterious prescience. He was thus intimately in the brief wedlock of the dance.



"So I have already done something more for Germany. That's splendid. Now tell me what else I can do, for I want to — to get busy right away." Nicky was too intoxicated with his success to see through her thin disguise.

Shut-Ins

began to love her in a way that he could think of only one word for—terrible.

She seemed to grow afraid, too, of the spell that was befogging them, and sought rescue in a flippancy. There was also a hattering spice of jealousy in what she murmured:

"You haven't spent all your afternoons and evenings building ships, young man!"

"No."

"What cabarets have you graduated from?"

He quoted her own words: "Don't you wish you knew?"

"No."

"One thing is certain. I've never found in any of 'em as light a feather as you."

"Are you referring to my head or my feet?"

"Your blessed feet!"

His arm about her tightened to a suffocation, and he whirled her in a delirium of motion.

"That's unfair!" she protested, affrighted yet delighted by the fire of his ecstasy in their union. The music stopped, and she clung to him dizzily while he applauded with the other dancers till the band renewed the tune. She had regained her mental with her bodily equilibrium, and she danced more staidly; yet she had seen into the crater of his heart and was not sorry that it existed.

The reprise of the dance was brief, and he had to surrender her from his embrace. He was unwontedly rhapsodic. "I wish we could sail on and on and on forever."

"Forever is a long time," she smiled.

"May I have the next dance?"

"Certainly not! Take Polly round and pay for your supper.

But don't—"

"Don't what?"

"I don't know."

POLLY was taken for the next dance, and he was glad of it, but he suffered at seeing how perfectly Mamise footed it with a young officer who also knew how to compel her to his whim. Davidge wondered if Mamise could be

responding to this fellow as keenly as she responded to himself. The thought was intolerable. She could not be so wanton. It would amount to a hideous infidelity. Moorish jealousy smoldered in his heart, and he cursed public dancing as an infamous, an unbelievable promiscuity. Yet when he had Polly Widdicombe for the next dance, her husband had no cause for jealousy. Polly was a temperate dancer, all gayety, estheticism plus athleticism.

Davidge kept twisting his head about to see how Mamise comported herself. He was being swiftly wrung to that desperate condition in which men are made ready to commit monogamy. He felt that he could not endure to have Mamise free any longer.

He presented himself to her for the next dance. She laughed: "I'm booked."

He blanched at the treacherous heartlessness and sat the dance out—stood it out, rather, among the superfluous men on the sidelines. A morose and ridiculous gloom possessed him at seeing still a fourth stranger with his arms about Mamise, her breast to his and her procedure obedient to his. Worse yet, when a fifth insolent stranger cut in on the twin stars, Mamise abandoned her fourth temporary husband for another with a levity that amounted to outrageous polyandry.

Davidge felt no impulse to cut in. He disliked dancing so intensely that he wanted to put an end to the abomination, reform it altogether. He did not want to dance between those white arms so easily forsworn. He wanted to rescue Mamise from this place of horror and hale her away to a cave with no outlook on mankind.

It was she who sought him where he glowered. Perhaps she understood him. If she did, she was wise enough to enjoy the proof of her sway over him, and still sane enough to take a joy in her triumph.

She introduced her partner—Davidge would almost have called the brute a paramour. He did not get the man's name and was glad of it—especially as the hunter deserted her and went after his next Sabine.

"You've lost your faithful stenographer," was the first phrase of Mamise's that Davidge understood. (Continued on page 132)



SHUT-INS

By Edgar A. Guest

Decoration by
William Schmiedgen

We're gittin' so we need again,
To see the sproutin' seed again.
We've been shut up all winter long
Within our narrow rooms;
We're sort o' shriveled up an' dry—
Ma's cranky-like an' quick to cry.
We need the blue skies overhead,
The garden with its blooms.

I'm findin' fault with this an' that!
I threw my bootjack at the cat
Because he rubbed against my leg—
I guess I'm all on edge;
I'm fidgety an' fussy too,
An' Ma finds fault with all I do.
It seems we need to see again
The green upon the hedge.

We've been shut up so long, it seems
We've lost the glamour of our dreams.
We've narrowed down as people will
Till fault is all we see.
We need to stretch our souls in air
Where there is room enough to spare;
We need the sight o' something green
On every shrub an' tree.

But soon our petulance will pass—
Our feet will tread the dew-kissed grass;
Our souls will break their narrow cells,
An' swell with love once more.
And with the blue skies overhead,
The harsh an' hasty words we've said
Will vanish with the snow an' ice
When spring unlocks the door.

The sun will make us sweet again
With blossoms at our feet again.
We'll wander, arm in arm, the ways
Where beauty reigns supreme.
An' Ma an' I shall smile again,
An' be ourselves awhile again,
An' claim, like prisoners set free,
The charm of every dream.

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The PLAYMATE

of

"Well, Bobbles," said Wally, "you said something over the phone about being friendless in our burg, but now there seems to be a lady in the parlor!"

BOBBLES PRENTISS

By O. F. LEWIS

Illustrated by LESLIE BENSON

THE Great War was over! Back were flowing regiments, westward to America. To-night, Captain Robert Benham Prentiss was spending his first hours on leave in this country. To-morrow it was back to the disembarkation camp for him. And in the afternoon, it was off to "somewhere in America" for an indefinite period, pending the mustering out.

It might be glorious to be returning, at the head of a company of the finest and squarest doughboys that ever wore the khaki—and Bob had been in the war with both feet, both hands, and the whole body and brain of the man. Indeed, the wound in the side was hardly healed yet, and to-night it ached. That might be one reason why he felt so beastly lonely.

His room at the New Plymouth was as cheerless as a receiving vault. The French something or other in the engraving over the bed who was dancing a minuet with a much-beskirtd lady was a ghastly mockery of his feelings.

Oh, the room was fine enough—and he was back in the old U. S. A. All the modern fixings, ice-water running on tap, loads of writing-paper under the movable top of the desk, safety-pins, thread, needles and all that on the cushion, a paper bag for laundry—press twelve times or so for some service specialist—and a newspaper pushed under the door in the morning. But he was so absolutely lonely to-night that the whole war business came pretty nigh making him sick.

Straight! Perhaps it was the reaction after the nine months of active service. Well, he'd not say much about that. That job was done—tied up in a package and put on the shelf. Perhaps it was this wound. Perhaps it was the quiet of this American city, its "business as usual." Bob knew, however, that it was something else.

Half across the continent was the city where his mother and

he had lived till fifteen months ago. Inseparably they had lived their lives. She had been twenty years older than Bob, but people once in a while took her for his wife, which made him chuckle always, and squeeze her arm. She had died; and he had gone pellmell into the training-camp, for the blow had nearly felled him, and only in this way could he in a measure dull the sense of loss. His father he had never been able to remember, for he had died when Bobby was still creeping on the floor. Money he had left, in abundance. But what was money now, with the mother gone, the war over, the first night in America come, and not a friend to go and see?

That was the real trouble. All dressed up and no place to go! Wads of writing-paper on the desk, and no one for him to write to. Most fellows, on the first night home, were wild to telegraph or write, or burn up mileage. But Bob's mother had been his "girl." Over there he had missed her like fury. Lots of fellows, on first nights home, were out to dances, or at theaters, or sitting in half-dimmed parlors or libraries with the only maid in the world. But Bob was enjoying the mad romance of sitting like a gloom in a five-dollar room at the New Plymouth, and recalling that he couldn't really think of a girl friend that he much cared to drop a line to.

Well, he could at least run over in mind some of the boyhood attachments he had had. It would be pretty cold cheer, but better than nothing. He couldn't even remember their names very well. There was a Nancy Britton, and a Susie Something, and a frail mite named Waldron. Out of the mist, another girl now! Constance Shepherd. Yes, she had been really at one time "his girl." He lighted a cigarette, turned down the light, save for a light on the desk, and fell to reconstructing Constance just for fun.

She came up slowly, under the mental developing-bath, and

more clearly than he had thought possible. As he ran back through the past, they must have been pretty close pals for some eight years, between the ages of seven and fifteen, say. Tall, lanky, muscular, dominating, she had been, but tender and roguish too—original!

She had written him love-letters with a slate-pencil dipped in ink—left them at his basement window, when the family was at dinner. His older brother had been in the habit of guying him unmercifully about it, and he also stole Bob's letters, and read them at the dinner table. She didn't care, though, when she heard of it, but just threw up her pretty head. Bob could see her doing it, now. A game little sport she was! He hadn't realized it then.

What had become of her? Loyal, that's what she was! Where might she be now—to-night, for instance? How many years had gone by? About thirteen. It was a sure bet that she was a

fine-looking woman, and able to run herself, if she was still alive. Bob wondered if she still remembered that period back there. The first time, for instance, he had asked her to take his arm, going home from the C. E. meeting at the church, Sunday night. She had burst into laughter, and a policeman had looked around at them. Then, right before the cop, she had taken his arm and had squeezed it for a moment. But he recalled that she never had permitted foolishness. He was glad of that,

now. Yes, what had become of her? He lighted a second cigarette. Her brother was Wally Shepherd. Right-o! Wally had gone to Yale, and Bob had gone to Harvard. Wally had gone into politics—State senator or something. By Golly! This was Wally's State, this State where Bob had disembarked with his company! What a coincidence!

Wally was married; Bob had had the cards, two years or so ago. That's right! He and his mother had laughed at the time about the calf-love days of Bobbles and Constance. Yes, she had said she always thought Constance would suit Bob. Bob smiled, as he recalled that the mother had never had any doubt that Bobbles would suit Constance. He remembered, also, that he still bore with him a physical reminder of Constance. He had not thought of it for years. He bared his arm. Yes, there just above the elbow was the scar from Jimmy Purington's teeth!

Constance had come upon them in the midst of a boy scrap. Jimmy Purington had been older and bigger but Bob had been game. Jimmy had said something not nice about Connie. She, wiry for a girl and fearless, had plunged into the mêlée, and had forced Jimmy's nose persistently toward heaven, by getting her own tight little fingers under the said stub nose. Out came Jimmy's fangs from Bobbles' arm!

Oh, boy! Bob began now to smile, and to glow a bit. It was like a real discovery. He felt like beating his forehead, to think that in all this time he had failed to evaluate that kid "girl" of his. Here was something to go after, in memory! And by Jove, there was Wally himself to telephone to this evening. Some one, at least, whose voice would come out of the past, for a minute or two. That would take some time on this dopy evening. They'd swap old memories. And perhaps, just possibly, Constance— Oh, pshaw! She'd be, by this time, a Mrs. John Bates Smith, or even a Mrs. Jimmy Purington. You never can tell! Fellows wouldn't let her go that long. However!

On the spur of the moment Bob reached for a telephone-book. Bless old man Bell, who invented the thing! Nothing doing! Wally didn't live in this city, or figure in the book anywhere. Well, Bob was embarked on the tour of exploration, and might

as well go on. It took up time, anyway. Try the police-station! They'd know where important people live. . . . In Edgewood Manor, fifteen miles out! All aboard for Edgewood!

Bob's heart was thumping. Not for Wally, wholly! Of all the unexpected things to be doing, this first night back! No, no, Central! Edgewood 2076, not 3076! His thoughts were interrupted by a masculine voice. Bob started in:

"Is this Senator Shepherd? Hullo, Wally! Listen! Bobbles Prentiss talking! I'm at the New Plymouth. First night off the boat. Yes, back from over there. I'm leaving town again tomorrow. . . .

"No, not a thing. Just sticking around the hotel, here. All my friends of recent years half across the U. S. A. Called you up just to hear a human voice, and remember old times. . . . Yes, captain. Mighty lucky, I was. I had the finest bunch of Yanks in France in my company. . . . Oh, don't bother to do that! Don't drive in! You're too busy, I'm sure. But I'm darned glad to hear your voice again. . . . Sure I'll tell you, if you want to take the trouble to come in. Let's see, it's about eight-twenty now? About ten? I'll be here, waiting. And by the way, Wally, what about Constance? She's—eh—I suppose—perhaps

"Oh, let me get that straight! Staying this month with the Pembrokes, at Nortonville? Why, are those the Bass Pembrokes? Yes, I know them. Nortonville's about forty miles out from the city, isn't it? All right! See you around ten!"

Bob hung up the receiver. Good cheer! He might be able to call it a day, after all. Wally would come in. He'd want to hear about things over there. They'd visit—talk some about Constance, too. That was what Bob wanted. Then, bingo—back to camp!



Bob had one of the experiences of his life. Facing him was a young woman who could hardly be described as less than unusual.

Bob found himself staring at the cover of the telephone-book. Nortonville! That must be Cynthia Pembroke, who had been Cynthia Nevins, the girl that had cut such a swath at the Harvard dances when he was there, the same Pembroke he had met in the Canadian Rockies, four years or so ago.

Bless old man Bell again! Bob would do a little more telephoning. This time a doctor would have discovered distinctly irregular heart-action! Perhaps, in talking to Mrs. Pembroke, he'd possibly—

AFTER the call had been put in, on long distance, Bob had a chill. He hadn't asked Wally about Constance's marital status! Bob figured out instinctively the possibilities of a husband. He caught himself up with surprise. *He was jealous!*

What was taking place with him? Was it just this first night back in God's country, or was it possible that he had been carrying, subconsciously, all these years, an unrecognized affection for his kid playmate? Or was he just a boy, still, who would never grow up? Constance, now, was becoming much clearer in his memory, and he had—

The telephone-bell rang. His hand leaped to the receiver.

"Is this the residence of Mrs. Pembroke? . . . Oh, thank you. Mr. or Mrs. Pembroke, please. . . . Both out? H-m-m-m! . . . Yes, indeed! She will do splendidly! . . ."

"Hello! Oh, who—is speaking? . . . Miss Shepherd? Oh, fine! Miss Shepherd, do you—recognize the—voice that is speaking? . . . Oh, just a moment. Of course. I beg pardon. . . ."

"Yes, yes! I'll state my business. I'm at the New Plymouth Hotel, in the city. I'm on my first leave, just across from the other side, and to-morrow I'm leaving for somewhere in the interior, with my company. . . . Why, of course! How dense in me! It is Bobbles Prentiss speaking! Perhaps you don't remember? It's been a good many years! . . ."

"Hullo! Hullo! Hullo! Miss Shepherd! Oh, I'm glad you're there! I was afraid you had gone, or something! . . ."

"Yes, I called up Wally, and he told me your present address. You see, I'm in a great city to-night, and I just need this bit of contact with friends. A fellow feels queer, just after coming back. Wouldn't have believed it would sort of bowl me over a bit, like this. But I find certain pictures of the past coming up, you know. And since you're a pretty big picture back there, I took the liberty. . . ."

"Yes, didn't we! I don't believe I ever realized till now what a perfectly bully time we had, as kids. A few minutes ago I was looking at that scar on my arm. Remember what you and I thought then—that I was going to get hydrophobia, off of Jimmy Purington? And—Connie—I remember something else too! Do you recall what you did to that wound, to make it well? Weren't we the kids, though! . . ."

"Oh, thanks so much, but I simply can't! I've got to be back at camp early in the morning. I do want to see you, quite dreadfully, but the time's too short. When I get away from the Army though, sometime—that is, if. . . ."

"Yes, Wally's coming in from Edgewood, about ten. And Constance, what I called you up particularly about is this: Now, please don't think it's too odd, and all that. It's unconventional, I know. But I'd just like mighty well if—to have you—that is, if you're not—oh, hang it all! I guess I'm much the same dunce I always was with you. . . ."

"Thanks, I will speak freely. I'm confounded lonely! That's the whole matter. I want to write to a girl, a woman, some one I really care to write to. Frequently! You see, up to fifteen months ago, my mother and I lived a very intimate life together, and girls didn't count much. But here I am, now, back from Europe, everything beginning again, and—and—I want something coming in the mail-bag from some one I know and care about. . . ."

"No, Connie, I know that any old person wouldn't do. It would mean a pile to me, just now, if we could start, say, writing about what we did after we drifted apart, back there, fifteen years or so ago. Sort of history. Nothing—eh—sentimental, I mean. It honestly doesn't matter whether you're engaged—that is, of course, whether you're interested—that is, whatever may be the relations you have with some other—oh, rats! I just can't talk over the phone. . . . Hullo! Hullo!"

NOBODY on the other end of the line! Constance had quit. She was offended. And why not? Bob sat with parted lips. Things had been coming on so well till he'd blundered on about letters, and engagements and

all that! It was so fine to hear her voice again. She spoke so surely; the tone was so mellow, so poised; it seemed to envelop him.

For the first time since his mother had gone, he seemed to be at home! That was the expression—at home. Suddenly now, he felt homesick, hungry for the affection that now, for fifteen months, he had been without. "Make me a child again, just for to-night!" That verse ran through his mind. He wasn't ashamed of it. He had been a good fighter. Now he wanted home ties, home people, a home!

Of course, Connie couldn't understand. He had shot this telephone conversation at her, totally out of the air, when she was probably engaged to some chap, and of course she wouldn't have any time in particular for him. How could she, being engaged to another fellow, be receiving letters from him? Anyway, as a boy, too, he had felt her to be the dominant personality in the comradeship, and when girls grow up, they want virile associates.

Well, he'd have something to remember, anyway. She was alive; she was beautiful. He knew that must be so. She was not married. That was a pile. He would write her to-night, humbly regretting his stupidity over the phone. He would sometime see her again—a letter perhaps, after a while. But he was right at the present duty, a letter of apology.

Should it begin "Dear 'Connie,'" or "'Constance,'" or "'Miss Shepherd'"? The last would be best, from the way she had rung off. But he wasn't going to lose her because of that. He remembered what the commanding officer had said, before he went to France:

"Prentiss, you're a queer dick! I don't honestly know how good a soldier and officer you are going to make. You don't want things badly enough. You'll never lick those Huns the way they ought to be licked till you want to lick them, and want to so badly that it hurts, all the time. When you want it that badly, it can't help happening."

It had happened, when he was in France. He was going to begin, now, to want something that badly at home. He was going to want Constance Shepherd—even without having seen her, and after all these years! Want her in defiance of time, distance and the changes of the years. Want her, in defiance of the probable number of other men that wanted her. Want her, despite what she might be thinking about other men! Just a plumb crazy, sudden, night-after-arriving-home want!

Pr-r-r-r! The telephone! In his haste to catch the instrument, he knocked it over, and his heart thumped audibly as he recovered it.

"Yes? Yes? . . . Yes! Of course I'm ready with Nortonville! Central, for heaven's sake, don't cut off that connection! . . . Oh! Constance? I hadn't any idea it was you. You see, I was anxious, that's all. . . . That's right! We were cut off. You do want me to write? Fine! How about—how often would you say? . . ."

"Two months? Oh, say, Connie! Don't joke that way! Honestly, how often? I don't want to bore you. . . . Well, I should say! Eh? Why not something every day? Oh, no! I don't mean send something every day, but just a kind of a diary every day—and then once a week sending it? You wouldn't have to write so often, on your side, of course, unless—"

"There's an awful lot to write, I know, but I didn't dream—Here's an idea! The history I was speaking of, since we lost track of each other back there. . . . Connie, do you really mean to say that you didn't—lose track of me? That you don't know pretty well where I've been? You say you got some letters about me from France? . . . Connie Shepherd, if you never say another word to me, you've done me a world of good. It staggers me, that in all these years—What?"

"Oh, Mrs. Plympton has just come in? Please remember me to her. . . . No, thanks, I'd rather not, just now. And Connie, let me talk with you again to-night. I've an awful lot to say. Where we won't be interrupted. Telephone me from somewhere else, wont you? I'll be in my room at the New Plymouth all the evening. . . . Right-o! Till twelve, or after."

BUT the gods do not allow too much earthly happiness to come to mortals here below, all at once. Bob had the connection with Nortonville been closed when the phone rang again. This time it was orders, peremptory and impersonal. A change in the plans for going to a camp in the interior. Captain Prentiss was to report at camp not later than twelve to-night!

It was all off with Constance. Bob felt it in his bones. Just

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Poor Bob! He was being battered back and forth by this woman who sat opposite him. He didn't at all like the turn things had taken.

when the horizon was lighting up a bit! She was to call him, to be sure, but hardly perhaps before twelve. Wally was hardly likely to appear before ten. The last trolley to the camp, ten miles out, left the square at eleven-fifteen.

Well, war is war. A letter to Constance was the only thing now. He would send her mailing directions. And then, sometime—

It never begins to rain events but it pours. Chance started a really serious fire in the building next the hotel. The first Bob knew, a ruddy glow made the room look funny. He went to the window. Flames seemed to be shooting in close proximity to his window, from the adjoining building.

On top of that, the fire-gong in the corridor commenced to clang. The telephone in the room rang persistently. Doors banged; there was a rush of people in the hall, loud voices, some screams and then a violent knocking at the door, as some one rushed by. He packed his few belongings and moved downstairs, making an heroic rescue of a parrot in a cage, owned by a dowager in negligee who complained bitterly because the fire had started after nine o'clock at night.

But it was a matter of only a half-hour. The hotel was in no danger. Bob was mighty anxious that the telephone-service in the hotel should be restored. It was twenty minutes to ten—an hour and a half since he had first telephoned to Wally. No messages, so far as known, had come through from Nortonville, but the fire might have interrupted them.

Bob, back in his room, commenced his first letter to Constance. After a delayed start, it went bravely, and there was fun in it. The parrot was an episode.

Pr-r-r-r! The telephone. Fifteen minutes before, he had put in a call for Nortonville, on a bare chance of catching Constance.

"Hullo! Nortonville? Mr. Plympton's residence? . . . Is this—eh—Constance? . . . Oh, I see. They are all out, you say? Do you happen to know how I can reach Miss Shepherd? . . . Oh, thank you. No special address? Well, I'll write. Please say that Captain Prentiss was suddenly called back to camp to-night."

Tough luck! Constance out "on service"? What in the world did that mean? She must be doing Red Cross work, or something. Anyway, unless she called soon from somewhere, it was all off for the present.

At twenty minutes after ten, Wally Shepherd sent up word that he was in the lobby. Should he come right up? The two men faced each other with a certain interest. Wally was already acquiring a political corporosity. He was rotund, and he was unquestionably amiable and diplomatic. He rarely went straight to the point.

The two men sat and smoked. Wally became immediately absorbed in Bob's story of over there. He became embarrassing to the captain. He kept prying into Bob's own deeds, and extolling them.

When Bob dexterously switched the conversation around to Constance, he breathed easier. And Wally liked to talk about her. She was a problem to him. Bob didn't say anything about the Nortonville call on the phone, and the agreement about the letters. Somehow that would be indelicate.

"You see, Bobbles," said Wally, "Connie is the kind of woman that lives entirely on her own, so to speak. I call such women elemental forces. She's always had a mind of her own. I've told her twenty times to hurry up and take any one of a half-dozen fellows, and get down to raising a family. She can't see it. If she'd only do that, a lot of the boys would leave me alone. See? They are clinging to me, just to get nearer her. You

understand. She says when she sees the man she wants, she's going to act, not wait."

Wally sent a smoke-ring clear across the room and watched it hit the opposite wall.

"I have a pretty fine specimen of a sister, Bobbles. Of course, I suppose I'm boring you, talking about her, but she's called unique around this town. I assume you're married, of course? Oh, not? Well, you're lucky. Never marry an elemental force, take it from me! I know. Men don't put on slippers any more when they come home nights, but marry a woman who wants to bring slippers, just the same. Two elemental forces in our family are too much. I married Agnes Carew, by the way. You got cards? Banker Carew's daughter."

Bob succeeded in conjuring up a dim outline in his memory, which was at any time a fair description of Agnes Carew. No question as to who was Number One in Wally's family.

"Connie," continued Wally, "lives her own life, regardless. People say she's just like Father. As a matter of fact, I'm much more like him. She wants what she wants when she wants it, though."

Pr-r-r-r! The telephone.

"By Jove! Connie!" thought Bob. "If she's calling from Nortonville, and Wally is here, and I have to talk with her— Oh, boy, think quickly!"

He spoke into the receiver.

"Yes? . . . What's that? In the ladies' parlor? You're sure of the name? Give it again, please? . . . Well, I'll be— I'll be down in a moment!"

Bob hung up the receiver. His eyes caught those of Wally, who was smiling rather knowingly at him. Wally blew complacently the smoke in rings. "Well, Bobbles," said Wally, "you said something over the phone about being a friendless waif in our burg, but now there seems to be a lady in the parlor!"

Bob rose. "Worse than that, Wally," he said. "It's Constance!"

Wally removed the cigar slowly from his lips. "Constance? How the deuce did she know I was here? I didn't tell a soul where I was going! How could she track me to your room? I don't know—I don't quite—"

Wally looked at Bob, and his head began to wrinkle. His eyes and Bob! Calling at a hotel, at thirty at night! It didn't sound very well.

Over Bob's mind flashed the inference that her brother was deceiving. He straightened up. "Wally," he said, "I called up Constance to-night, after talking with you, and I said how d'you do, and that I'd like to write her once in a while, in these years. She's going to let me do it. But that she's downtown now—that's—that's—"

"That's Constance all over!" said Wally, and a smile broke over his

face. "I told you she was elemental. Well, let's go down."

The bell-hop at the elevator door led them to the ladies' parlor. Here it was that Bob had one of the experiences of his life. Facing him, standing by the table, and turning the pages of a monthly magazine, was a young woman in the khaki of the military corps, who could hardly be described as less than unusual. She was tall, dark-haired, of striking build, and instantly handsome. She carried conviction by her very presence. Her eyes, like those of the men as they entered, passed from an instant's glance to a searching scrutiny of Bob.

In his turn, tall, upstanding, sincere, he advanced quickly to her. She grasped the extended hand. The two playmates of childhood, now both in the khaki of service, stood and absorbed the first impressions of each other.

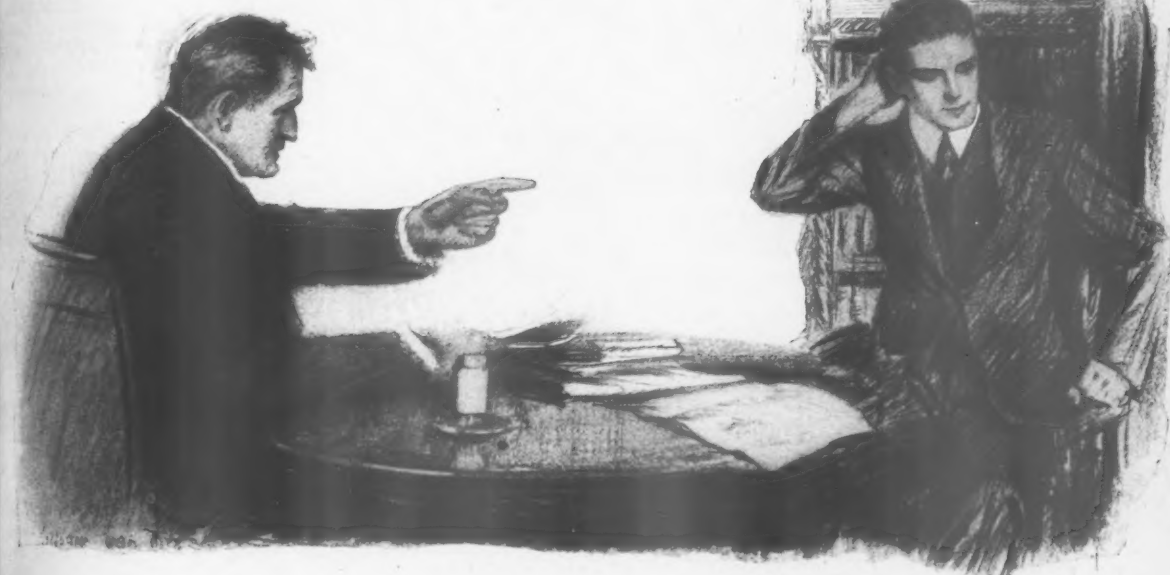
Desirous as Bob was to look his fill of (Continued on page 59)



All dressed up and no place to go! Wads of writing-paper on the desk, and no one for him to write to.

JONATHAN'S JOKE

24.10



By ELLIOTT FLOWER

WITH evident trepidation Percival Parker invaded the library and interrupted his father's perusal of a magazine. This was surprising, too; for Percival—known as Percy to all but his father—was not given to evidences of trepidation in the presence of anybody. Not always—in fact, rarely—did Percival's view of life, as reflected by his actions, meet his father's approval; but when he was "in Dutch," as he himself expressed it, he "took his punishment standing." That was one of the things about his son that Jonathan Parker liked.

Jonathan, frowning over the top of his magazine, gave Percival no encouragement to unburden his mind. But Percival, having decided, needed none. "Dad," he announced, "I want to get married." Jonathan's frowning face relaxed in a grim smile. Jonathan's smiles were usually of that nature, and the basis of Jonathan's humor was usually sarcasm. He now asked Percival if he had not also thought of being elected President of the United States.

"Why, yes," replied Percival unhesitatingly, thus removing the barb from his father's dart, "but there's no hurry about that."

"I guess there's no hurry about the marriage, either," rejoined Jonathan. "In fact, it looks to me as if you stand just about as good a chance of an inauguration as you do of a marriage—if the girl has any sense."

"Sense!" exclaimed Percival. "Why, Dad, she's the finest, most sensible—"

"Then there's no danger," interrupted Jonathan. "Who is she—that Indianapolis girl?"

"Yes."

"Good family and a fine girl, according to your mother."

"Oh, she is! I tell you—"

"And so," concluded Jonathan, again with the grim smile, "it would be a shame to let you marry her, anyway."

"That's pretty harsh, Dad," complained Percival ruefully, "but I suppose I have it coming to me."

"I suppose you have," returned Jonathan. "What did you expect me to do anyhow—endow the new family?"

"Oh, no, nothing like that!" said Percival.

HERE'S a story that proves again that the Old Timer always needs to look out for Young Blood

"Then what?"

"Why, I thought there might be a place for me in your office. I could sort of understudy the business, you know."

Jonathan looked at his son doubtfully, but it was evident that that usually frivolous youth was serious.

"A fine understudy you'd be!" scoffed Jonathan. "You'd understudy for a week and then forget about it for a month."

"I'll make good!" promised Percival.

"You'll have to make good on the outside before you get inside," retorted Jonathan. "I've been trying to make that clear to you."

"I guess it's clear enough," sighed Percival.

"I got you one job," pursued Jonathan, "and you jumped it."

"A job in Colby's shipping-room, juggling freight. What chance was there in that?"

"For all you know," was Jonathan's significant reply, "there was a big chance in it. You might at least have stuck long enough to find out."

"Say, Dad," exclaimed Percival, startled, "honest to goodness, were you just trying me?"

"I've been just trying you ever since you were old enough to be foolish," growled Jonathan; "and you've been foolish whenever tried. You occasionally start right, but you never go through." Jonathan laid aside his magazine and became unpleasantly direct and serious. "You started right in college," he went on, "but you were fired. You started right with Colby, but it didn't last. Real estate looked to you like a more genteel occupation, so you went to Griggs & Sanborn on a commission basis. You started well there too, I understand, but I also understand that you flattened out, as usual. Anyhow, the fact that you are now looking for something else leads to a suspicion that you didn't exactly make a hit."

"Working into anything worth while is so slow there," complained Percival.

"Especially for one who doesn't want to work," rejoined Jonathan.

"I suppose I haven't been exactly keen about it," confessed Percival, "but now—"

"Now, more than ever," broke in Jona-

Illustrated by
WILLIAM VAN DRESSER



"Gimme Long Distance!" ordered Percival. He waved his father away. "Get out, Dad. It might sound silly if you listened in."

than, "you've got to make good with some one else before you can come to me. I'll have no mere papa's boy on my pay-roll, no matter who the papa may be. My business is no annex to the family; it's a separate institution, and I've got to know a man's worth having before I take him."

"That sounds final," murmured Percival unhappily.

"It is final!"

"Well," reflected Percival, "it's something to have it off my mind anyway."

"Off your mind!" exclaimed Jonathan. "Percival, are you never serious?"

"The uncertainty, I mean," explained Percival. "You see, I was afraid you wouldn't, but I hoped you might, and it has kept me up to my neck in worry. Why, Dad, I've been three days screwing my nerve up to this interview—that's how serious I am! But now—"

"Well, what now?"

"Why, now," was the whimsical reply, "it occurs to me that Indianapolis is not so far from Chicago that I can't be there by morning to break the sad but not altogether unexpected news to Myrtle in person."

"How about business?" Jonathan was frowning again.

"Oh, to-morrow's only Saturday—a half-day."

"I've known quite a bit of business to be done on a Saturday," suggested Jonathan.

"I'll risk it," returned Percival.

"You've been risking it pretty regularly," growled Jonathan.

"Well, you see," defended Percival, "I get two days with Myrtle by running down there Friday nights."

"You take your disappointment coolly, anyhow," commented Jonathan.

"Because there's no use doing anything else," returned Percival; "but I tell you frankly, Dad, I'd cry if I thought it would do any good."

That brought the grim smile back to Jonathan's face, and there it remained for some time after Percival had left.

"This girl," he mused as he resumed the perusal of the magazine, "seems to fit in about right; she's needed to emphasize the point of the joke, and Percival needs the jar that goes with the joke."

The Acme Manufacturing Company had decided that it needed a new location, where it would have room to grow. Having reached this conclusion, it began looking about for a suitable site that could be secured without too large an expenditure of money.

The site finally chosen consisted of five parcels of land held by five different men. Any one of these five men could be confidently relied upon to boost his price to the sky if he learned that the Acme Company wanted his land. Therefore the task of getting this land at a fair price was one that called for careful management, and it was turned over to James Rankin, who was the general

manager of the company.

Emerging from the directors' room, after this matter had been settled, Jonathan Parker paused for a talk with Rankin. Jonathan was a heavy stockholder in the Acme Company, and the general manager of that company was naturally disposed to listen to any suggestions that he might make. But the suggestion that Jonathan did make was rather startling. It was that Rankin take no immediate steps to secure the desired land.

"I presume," said Jonathan, "that you plan to make your deal through Liggett & Brown."

"Why, yes," replied Rankin. "They have always handled our business satisfactorily."

"But they've always handled it," returned Jonathan. "That might be an excellent reason for letting some one else do it now, when we are especially anxious that no one shall suspect our interest in the matter."

A salaried employee, even if he owns a few shares of stock himself, does not like to run counter to the wishes of a heavy stockholder, and when Jonathan promised to assume all responsibility in case any trouble resulted from the delay, and intimated that there might be less trouble and less expense because of the delay, Rankin agreed to let the matter rest temporarily.

Jonathan then proceeded to the office of Peter Whitaker, his own representative in most of his real-estate transactions. Whitaker, expecting him, made immediate, if not satisfactory, report with regard to a matter then occupying his attention.

"No change, Mr. Parker," he said. "Baxter wants two thousand for his option and won't even talk of less. I think he suspects who wants the property."

"Very likely," returned Jonathan. "If he knows that I own on both sides, he naturally figures that I want the slice in the middle. But two thousand is too much for a nine-thousand dollar option. He only paid two hundred for it on a speculation, and he can't swing the deal. You're sure of that, aren't you?"

"He's a shoestring speculator," asserted Whitaker. "He couldn't go through with anything."

"Then let him alone," instructed Jonathan. "No one else wants that little strip at the price, and we'll get it on our second option when his expires. I need it for my building plans, but there's no hurry—I can wait. . . . I didn't come to see you about that, anyway," he explained. "There's some property down in the southwest section that I want for another purpose." He took from his pocket a small printed plat and laid it on the slide of Whitaker's desk. Then, with a pencil, he outlined on it the property desired by the Acme Company and wrote in the names of the five owners. "I want that," he said. "I want it quick, and I don't want to appear in the matter. Can you get it at a fair price?"

"I don't see why not," replied Whitaker. "It's pretty much all unimproved out there, and I can't imagine anyone's else wanting it."

Jonathan nodded his satisfaction. "But there are a few other details to be considered." "This property, after you get it, is to remain ostensibly under the same ownership as now, and it is to be resold by these ostensible owners under my direction. I suppose that can be arranged."

Whitaker was surprised, but he merely suggested that it would probably be necessary to pay these ostensible owners for their trouble.

"Of course," agreed Jonathan. "But it won't be much trouble. I'll stir up a purchaser myself, so they'll be mere figureheads." So good a client as Jonathan Parker was not to be questioned.

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necessarily, and Whitaker restrained
his curiosity, merely promising to give
the matter immediate attention. That
settled, Jonathan proceeded to his own
office, apparently much pleased with
himself. Indeed, the grim smile with
which he so often regarded the world,
especially that infinitesimal section of
the world occupied by his son, became
almost a grin as he settled himself
in his swivel-chair.

There came to him then a man of
the name of Green. It was a misno-
mer, for Green's business was to be
anything but what his name implied.
He was from a local detective-agency.
Jonathan was expecting Green, but the
reception given him was not overgra-
tious, to put it mildly. He was not
even asked to have a chair. Jonathan
might use shadows and other furtive
people when he had occasion to do so,
but he did not like them.

"Well?" questioned Jonathan.
"He's losing out," reported Green.
"Yes. I know that," returned Jona-
than.

"It don't seem to be so much any-
thing," pursued Green, "as a com-
bination of everything." He's working
on commission, and so he's left to
make his own hours, and he don't make
enough of them. He aint the Johnny-
on-the-spot that he was when he
started in; he's got too many other
interests."

Jonathan nodded. "That's all in
line with what you reported before,"
he said.

"Sure," agreed Green, "but I got it
doped out a little finer this time. It
don't mean, though," he added, "that
he couldn't stick if he took a brace;
but it don't look to me like he can last
if he don't take a brace—unless he gets
your business."

Again Jonathan nodded, but this
time he made no comment.

"That's all they're holding him for
now, I guess," Green continued. "Anyhow, it aint office business
that takes him out of town so regular over Saturday and Sun-
day. I didn't follow—"

"No need," interrupted Jonathan. "I've got the inside of that
already. But where does he get his money?"

"He's borrowing from T. J. Gilman."

"How much does he owe?"

"I couldn't find out, but I don't think it's much—a few hun-
dred, perhaps. He borrowed first to pay some bills, I under-
stand, but paid this first loan when due, and a little later began
borrowing for current expenses."

"That would be about the way of it," reflected Jonathan. "He
had the bills; he buckled down to work; and then he got to run-
ning wild again. Yes, that would be about the way of it."

"Anything more?" asked Green.

"No," replied Jonathan, "nothing more."

T. J. Gilman was known to Jonathan by reputation only. Jona-
than, however, was known to Gilman both by reputation and by
sight, and it was with considerable surprise that Gilman received
him in his office the following day.

Gilman was a note-broker who did a little private loan-business
on the side. He handled a good deal of "paper" that was strictly
first-class, but he also handled some "paper" in which there was
a larger element of risk. The former went to those capitalists and
banks that invested in such things; the latter he carried himself,
naturally charging something more than the current rate of inter-
est to cover the additional risk. He was not a loan-shark, but
he took chances that the conservative capitalist would not, and he
charged for it.

Recognizing Jonathan, Gilman greeted him by name. Then,
like the cautious man he was, he ventured nothing more until his
caller had stated his business.



"You hold some of my son's notes,
I believe," said Jonathan, going
straight to the point.

"If I do," returned Gilman guard-
edly, "I assure you, Mr. Parker, I am
losing no sleep over it."

"Yet I presume you know that he
earns little and has nothing?"

"Oh, yes," replied Gilman. "But
that would not worry me in the least
—if I held any of his notes. I should
regard your son, Mr. Parker, as a good
risk—a very good risk. Jonathan
Parker's son"—significantly—"could
hardly help being a good risk."

"I get the point," Jonathan admitted
gruffly. "Perhaps that's why I'm here.
Anyhow, I prefer to own those notes
myself."

Gilman gave this quick considera-
tion. He had no doubt that the in-
debtedness would be paid, but it was
quite possible, if he antagonized Jona-
than, that he might have to wait some
time for the money, and the young
man's future business was not worth
that risk.

"You understand, Mr. Parker," he
said, tacitly admitting possession of
the notes, "that I am quite satisfied—
anticipate no trouble — am asking
nothing of you in the matter?"

"Oh, certainly," replied Jonathan.
"It's my own proposition. How much
does it all come to, with interest?"

"Not much." Gilman got the notes
and did a little figuring on a pad.
"Three hundred and eighty-five dollars
and seventy cents."

"I'll send you a check," promised
Jonathan.

Again in his office, Jonathan drew
the check, but he gave a little time to
cogitation before proceeding further.
Then he sent it by messenger to Gil-
man with a note to the following ef-
fect:

"I should like to have you continue
to hold the notes, merely sending me a

receipt. If my son should wish to take any of them up at any
time or make any payment on them, you will let him do so. If he
should wish to renew them as they fall due, you will refuse to
accept renewal notes but will agree to hold the old notes tempo-
rarily without making any effort to collect. He is not to know
that I have bought them, but you will hold them as your own,
subject to my instructions, and you will, of course, make the
usual charge for handling the matter for me."

And just before sealing the letter, Jonathan added a post-
script—which was a most unusual thing for so methodical a man
as he:

"If my son should wish to make any further loans from you,"
he wrote, "you will accommodate him in the matter, and I will
protect you as I have in this case."

Gilman read the letter twice. "Now, what's the meaning of
that?" he mused. "What's he trying to do? Well," he decided,
"the way to find out is to go along with him."

Jonathan, receiving the desired receipt, again let his grim smile
develop into something very like a grin.

"Yes," reflected Jonathan, "yes, it will be a good joke, I think
—a very good joke—a particularly jarring joke—for a prospective
bridegroom."

Percival Parker was much gratified when the Acme Company
commission was turned over to him, although he did not then
know that the commission came from that company. Nor did he
know—how could he?—that it was his father's influence that gave
the business to Griggs & Sanborn, with a stipulation that he (Per-
cival) should handle it, and that his father had to guarantee
success before he could thus arrange it. Nor, again, did he know—
how could he?—that the desired property was already in his
father's hands, although not so recorded.

All that Percival knew was that certain land was wanted by

a large manufacturing company, that the total cost must not exceed a certain figure, and that it was up to him to get it without exceeding that figure and for as much less as might be possible. But with these instructions, the matter was left entirely to him, and that was flattering—so flattering as to be almost open to suspicion.

It did not look like a particularly difficult task, although, of course, a most important one. The problem was to get it without arousing suspicion as to the magnitude and importance of the deal. If the news leaked while any part of the tract remained unpurchased, the price of that unpurchased land would immediately soar.

Scanlan was all right. He owned the largest piece of the desired land, according to Percival's information, and he was frankly anxious to sell at a price that was within the limit. If Percival had but known it, this price was just what Jonathan had paid, plus the cost of reselling. Scanlan was willing to give an option at the price too; and Percy—we may call him that in his father's absence—took the option.

Partington proved equally easy, and Percy acquired another option from him; but the other three were troublesome. Danton and Cooley would give no options, but they were willing to sell at a satisfactory price. Percy did not want to buy any of the land outright until he was sure of all of it, but neither of these would hold their land for him at any certain price for any time at all.

"Take it or leave it!" said Danton. "I may be willing to sell at the same price to-morrow, and I may not. You never can tell what may happen in a night."

Percy left it temporarily. He could do nothing else.

Cooley's reply was equally unsatisfactory.

"Options," said Cooley, "always look to me like somebody's got a hunch, and I'd hate to find myself with my hands tied when there's a big thing coming off. But I wouldn't turn my back on the ready cash if it was offered to me now."

Percy also had to leave this open temporarily.

Palford, the last of the five, was the most exasperating of all. He did not seem to know what he wanted to do. He might sell, but he wasn't sure about it; he wanted time to think it over. And his property was near the middle of the tract; failure to get it would make all the rest valueless for the purpose desired.

"It looks to me like this might be good property to hold," reasoned Palford. "It's pretty far out now, but Chicago's growin' all the time, and a man who don't need the money might make a good thing out of it by holdin' on."

Palford would not even put a price on it. In fact, he could not be pinned down to anything. At times he seemed inclined to sell, but he somehow backed away from every definite proposition. Percy gave up one Indianapolis trip because the deal was in such shape that he dared not take his attention from it for even a minute.

"I may have to sell," Palford confided to him a little later. "I may need the money for another deal. If I do, I'll give you first chance."

Percy found the situation so worrying that he finally sought advice.

"Do you think I'd be justified in closing with Danton and Cooley?" he asked, after outlining the situation to Griggs.

"Why, yes," replied Griggs, "if you're sure of Palford."

But he was not sure of Palford; and no more than this could he get out of Griggs—which was certainly strange. It was a Griggs & Sanborn deal, and Griggs & Sanborn ought to betray

some interest in it. But Griggs was amazingly indifferent. This puzzled Percy, but the deal itself gave him so much trouble that he had little time to devote to the puzzle.

He got a chance, without apparently seeking it, for a brief talk with Danton, just to assure himself that all was well in that quarter, and he found that all was not well. Danton was not sure now that he wanted to sell at the price he had originally fixed.

"It looks as if it might be pretty good property to hold," asserted Danton. "I hear rumors."

"What rumors?" demanded Percy, startled.

Danton declined to be more specific. He wasn't such a fool as to turn down real cash on a rumor, he said, but a rumor might easily make one less eager to sell.

Thereupon Percy offered to take the land at the price previously agreed upon.

"I'll think it over," returned Danton, and Percy sadly realized that he now had two uncertainties where he had had but one before.

This was so disturbing that Percy looked up Cooley, fearing to find the latter also backing away from his earlier offer; but Cooley was still of the same mind, and Percy closed with him. He then had one piece of land, two options and two uncertainties, and his face showed that he was worrying enough to satisfy even Jonathan.

"I've got him using his head, anyhow," growled Jonathan.

A day later, however, Danton decided to sell at the agreed price, and Percy took the land. The necessary money was supplied in this case, as in the other, by Griggs & Sanborn without question or comment. It was very strange; but with this success

after the previous rebuff, Percy so far recovered his usual headless optimism as to give but passing thought to the strangeness of it. Still, he did regretfully give up another Indianapolis week-end trip.

The brief options he had secured from Scanlan and Partington were expiring, and Scanlan and Partington would not renew them. Nor could he get anything definite from Palford, and he dared not press that exasperating man too hard lest it lead him to suspect the real situation. So he closed with Scanlan and Partington under his options, thus acquiring all of the needed land except that held by Palford. Then he felt easier. There was still an uncertainty that would have been desperately trying to a nervous man, but Percy seldom let his nerves bother him and never for long at a time. And word had somehow reached him that Palford needed the money. Perhaps Jonathan could have explained the origin of this encouraging bit of information.

Anyhow, Jonathan grimaced when he learned, on reaching home one Friday evening, that Percival had left for Indianapolis to be gone until Monday morning.

"He stuck it out longer than expected," commented Jonathan.

"but—here goes!"

Then Jonathan telephoned Whitaker; and Whitaker, reaching at his home, responded to the summons at once. Jonathan and Whitaker were closeted in the former's library for an hour. The Whitaker, using Jonathan's automobile, left for the home of the man Percy had found so exasperating.

"I'll see Palford to-night," he said, when leaving, "and before the newspaper end of the business in the morning."

Jonathan nodded.

"Looks to me like a good deal of fuss over a small matter," added Whitaker.

"Yes," admitted Jonathan, "it looks like that." Left alone, he repeated the admission musingly. "It looks like that," he said to himself, "but you never can tell. (Continued on page 63)



A MIRACLE or TWO

Is the last in the present splendid series of dog stories that have gone straight to the hearts of thousands

By

ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE

In this tale Lad makes what might well have been the supreme sacrifice.

OUTWARDLY, Lad was just a collie—huge of frame, deep of chest, with tiny white forepaws and a shaggily burnished coat of mahogany-and-snow. Inwardly he was a blend of *D'Artagnan*, Sir Galahad and a thousand generations of thoroughbred ancestors. The connecting points between the inner and the outer Lad were a pair of the wisest and darkest and most sorrowful eyes in all dogdom—eyes that gave the lie to folk who say no dog has a soul. Lad lived at the Place. He had always lived there. It was his kingdom—from lake-edge to forest, from highroad to boundary-fence. There, in aloofly calm majesty, he ruled the Little People—such as the lesser dogs, the peacocks, the cats and pigeons. There too he gave gladly worshipful service to his two gods, the Mistress and the Master—in the order named. Of all the Place's animals, Lad alone had access to every part of the house, even to the sacred dining-room at mealtimes. He was of the type of superdog that has never known nor needed whip or chain—the dog that understands. There are such dogs, once in a human generation.

Lad had but one tyrant in all the world. That was his dainty gold-and-white collie mate Lady—Lady, whose affections he had won in fair life-and-death battle with a younger and stronger dog, Lady, who bullied him unmercifully and teased him and did fearful things to his stately dignity, and to whom he allowed liberties that would have brought any other aggressor painfully near to death.

Lady was high-strung and capricious, a collie de luxe. Lad and she were as oddly contrasted a couple, in body and mind, as one could find in a day's journey through their North Jersey hinterland. To the Place (at intervals far too frequent to suit Lad) came human guests—for the most part people who did not understand dogs and who either drew away in causeless fear from them or else insisted on patting or hauling them about. Lad detested guests. He met their advances with cold courtesy and as soon as possible got himself out of their way. He knew the law far too well to snap or growl at a guest, but the law did not compel him to stay within patting-distance of one.

The careless caress of the Mistress or the Master—especially of the Mistress—was a de-



Lady alashed murderously at the thin little arm. Lad hurled his great bulk between his mate and his idol.

light to him. He would romp like an overgrown puppy with either of these deities, throwing dignity to the four winds. But to them alone did he unbend, to them and to his adored tyrant Lady.

To the Place, of a cold spring morning, came a guest—or two guests; Lad at first was not certain which. The visible guest was a woman. And in her arms she carried a long bundle that might have been anything at all.

Long as was the bundle, it was ridiculously light—or rather, pathetically light. For its many folds contained a child five years old—a child that ought to have weighed more than forty pounds and weighed barely twenty, a child with a wizened little old face, and with a skeleton body which was powerless from the waist down.

Six months earlier, the Baby had been as vigorous and jolly as a collie pup—until an invisible Something prowled through the land, laying its finger-tips on thousands of such jolly and vigorous youngsters, just as frost's fingers are laid on autumn flowers, and with the same hideous effect.

This particular baby had not died of the

Illustrated by
A. D. FULLER

plague, as had so many of her fellows; at least, her brain and the upper half of her body had not died. Her mother had been counseled to try mountain air for the little invalid. She had written to her distant relative, the Mistress, asking leave to spend a month at the Place.

Lad viewed the arrival of the adult guest with no interest and with less pleasure. He stood aloofly at one side of the veranda as the newcomer alighted from the car. But when the Master took the long bundle from her arms and carried it up the steps, Lad waxed curious—not only because the Master handled his burden so carefully, but because the collie's uncanny scent-power told him all at once that it was human.

Lad had never seen a human carried in this manner. It did not make sense, to him. And he stepped hesitantly forward to investigate. The Master laid the bundle tenderly on the veranda hammock-swing, and loosed the blanket-folds that swathed it. Lad came over to him and looked down into the pitiful little face.

There had been no baby at the Place for many a year; Lad had seldom seen one at such close quarters. But now the sight did something queer to his heart—the big heart that ever went out to the weak and the defenseless, the heart that made a playfully snapping puppy or a cranky little lapdog as safe from his terrible jaws as was Lady herself.

He sniffed in friendly fashion at the child's pathetically up-turned face. Into the dull baby-eyes, at sight of him, came a look of pleased interest—the first that had crossed their blankness for many a long day. Two feeble little hands reached out and buried themselves lovingly in the mass of soft ruff that circled Lad's neck.

The dog quivered all over, from nose to brush, with joy at the touch. He laid his great head down beside the drawn cheek and positively reveled in the pain the tugging fingers were inflicting on his sensitive throat. In one instant Lad had widened his narrow and hard-established circle of loved ones to include this half-dead wisp of humanity.

The child's mother came up the steps in the Master's wake. At sight of the huge dog she halted in quick alarm.

"Look out!" she shrieked. "He may attack her! Oh, do drive him away!"

"Who? Lad?" queried the Mistress. "Why, Lad wouldn't harm a hair of her head if his life depended on it! See, he adores her already. As a rule, he doesn't care for strangers. And doesn't she look brighter and happier than she has looked in months? Don't make her cry by sending him away from her."

"But," insisted the woman, "dogs are full of germs. I've read so. He might give her some terrible—"

"Lad is just as clean and germless as I am!" declared the Mistress with some warmth. "There isn't a day he doesn't swim in the lake. And there isn't a day I don't brush him. He's—"

"He's a collie, though," protested the guest, looking on in uneasy distaste, while Baby secured a tighter and more painful grip on the delighted dog's ruff. "And I've always heard collies are awfully treacherous. Don't you find them so?"

"If we did," put in the Master, who had heard that same foolish question until it sickened him, "if we found collies treacherous, we wouldn't keep them. A collie is either the best dog or the worst dog on earth. Lad is the best. We don't keep the other kind. I'll call him away, though, if it bothers you to have him so close to Baby. Come, Lad!"

Reluctantly the dog turned to obey the law, glancing back, as he went, at the adorable new idol he had acquired; then he crossed obediently to where the Master stood.

The Baby's face puckered unhappily. Her pipe-stem arms went out toward the collie. In a tired little voice, she called after him:

"Dog! Doggie! Come back here, right away! I love you, dog!"

LAD, vibrating with eagerness, glanced up at the Master for leave to answer the call. The Master, in turn, looked inquiringly at his nervous guest. Lad translated the look. And instantly he felt an unreasoning hate for the fussy woman.

The guest walked over to her weakly gesticulating daughter and explained:

"Dogs aren't nice pets for sick little girls, dear. They're rough; and besides, they bite. I'll find Dolly for you, as soon as I unpack."

"Don't want Dollie!" fretted the child. "Want the dog! He isn't rough. He won't bite. Doggie! I love you! Come here!"

Lad looked up longingly at the Master, his plumed tail awag, ears up, eyes dancing. One hand of the Master's stirred toward

the hammock, in a motion so imperceptible that none but a sharply watchful dog could have observed it.

Lad waited for no second bidding. Quietly, unobtrusively, he crossed behind the guest and stood beside his idol. The Baby fairly squealed with rapture and drew his silken head down to her face.

"Oh, well!" surrendered the guest sulkily. "If she won't be happy any other way, let him go to her. I suppose it's safe, if you people say so. And it's the first thing she's been interested in, since—no, darling!" she broke off sternly. "You shall not kiss him. I draw the line at that. Here! Let Mamma rub your lips with her handkerchief."

"Dogs aren't made to be kissed," said the Master, sharing, however, Lad's disgust at the lip-rubbing process. "But she'll come to less harm from kissing the head of a clean dog than from kissing the mouths of most humans. I'm glad she likes Lad. And I'm still gladder that he likes her. It's almost the first time he ever went to an outsider, of his own accord."

THAT was how Lad's idolatry began. And that, too, was how a miserably sick child found a new interest in life. Every day, from morning to dusk, Lad was with the Baby. Forsaking his immemorial "cave" under the music-room piano, he lay all night outside the door of her bedroom. In preference even to a romp through the forest with Lady, he would pace majestically alongside the invalid's wheel-chair as it was trundled along the walks or up and down the veranda.

Giving up his post on the floor at the left of the Master's seat, at meals—a place that had been his alone, since puppyhood—he lay always behind the Baby's table-couch—this to the vast discomfort of the maid who had to step over him in circumnavigating the board, and to the open annoyance of the child's mother.

Baby, as the days went on, lost none of her first pleasure in her shaggy playmate. To her the dog was a ceaseless novelty. She loved to twist and braid the great white ruff on his chest, to toy with his sensitive ears, to make him "speak" or to shake hands or to lie down or to stand up, at her bidding. She loved to play a myriad intricate games with him—games ranging from "Beauty and the Beast" to "Fairy Princess and Dragon."

Whether as *Beast* (to her *Beauty*) or in the more complex and exacting rôle of *Dragon*, Lad entered with his whole soul into every such game. Of course, he always played his part wrong. Equally of course, Baby always lost her temper at his stupidity and pummeled him, by way of chastisement, with her nerveless fists—a punishment Lad accepted with a grin of idiotic bliss.

Whether because of the keenly bracing mountain air or because of her outdoor days with a chum who awoke in her dormant interest in life, Baby was growing stronger and less like a fallow ghostling. And in the relief of noting this steady improvement, her mother continued to tolerate Lad's chumship with the child—although she had never lost her own unreasoning fear of the dog.

Two or three things happened to revive this foolish dread. One of them occurred about a week after the invalid's arrival at the Place. Lady, being no fonder of guests than was Lad, had given the veranda and the house itself a wide berth. But one day as Baby lay in the hammock (trying in growing irritation to teach Lad the alphabet), and as the guest sat with her back to them, writing letters, Lady trotted around the corner of the porch.

At sight of the hammock's queer occupant she paused and stood blinking inquisitively. Baby spied the graceful gold-and-white creature. Pushing Lad to one side, she called imperiously:

"Come here, new doggie. You pretty, pretty doggie!"

Lady, her vanity thus appealed to, strolled mincingly forward. Just within arm's reach, she halted again. Baby thrust out one hand and seized her by the ruff, to draw her into petting distance.

The sudden tug on Lady's fur was as nothing to the haulings and maulings in which Lad so meekly reveled. But Lad and Lady were by no means alike, as I think I have said. Boundless patience and a chivalrous love for the weak were not numbered among Lady's erratic virtues. She liked liberties as little as did Lad, and she had a far more drastic way of resenting them.

AT the first pinch of her sensitive skin, there was a flash of gleaming teeth, a nasty growl and a lightning-quick lunge of the dainty gold-white head. And the wolf slashes at a foe—and as no animals but wolf and collie know how to,—Lady slashed murderously at the thin little arm that sought to pull her along.

And Lad, in the same breath, hurled his great bulk between his mate and his idol. It was a move unbelievably swift for so huge a dog. And it served its turn.

The eyetooth slash that would have cut the little girl's arm to the bone sent a red furrow athwart Lad's massive shoulder. Before Lady could snap again, or indeed could get over her surprise at her mate's intervention, Lad was shouldering her off the edge of the veranda steps. Very gently he did this, and with no show of teeth; but he did it with much firmness. In angry amaze at such rudeness on the part of her usually subservient mate, Lady snarled ferociously and bit at him.

Just then the child's mother, roused from her letter-writing by the turmoil, came rushing to her endangered offspring's rescue.

"He growled at Baby!" she reported hysterically as the noise brought the Master out of his study and to the veranda on the run. "He growled at her. And then he and that other horrid brute got to fighting, and—"

"Pardon me," interposed the Master, calling both dogs to him, "but man is the only animal to maltreat the female of his kind. No male dog would fight with Lady. Much less would Lad—Hullo!" he broke off. "Look at his shoulder, though! That was meant for Baby. Instead of scolding Lad, you may thank him for saving her from an ugly slash. I'll keep Lady chained up, after this."

"But—"

"But with Lad beside her, Baby is in just about as much danger as she would be with a guard of forty U. S. Regulars," went on the Master. "Take my word for it. Come along, Lady. It's the kennel for you for the next few weeks, old girl. Lad, when I get back, I'll wash that shoulder for you."

With a sigh Lad went over to the hammock and lay down, heavily. For the first time since Baby's advent to the Place, he was unhappy—very, very unhappy. He had had to jostle and fend off Lady, whom he worshiped. And he knew it would be many a long day before his sensitively temperamental mate would forgive or forget. Meantime, so far as Lady was concerned, he was in Coventry. And just because he had saved from injury a baby who had meant no harm and who could not help herself! Life, all at once, seemed dismayingly complex to Lad's simple soul.

He whimpered a little, under his breath, and lifted his head toward the Baby's dangling hand for a caress that might help make things easier. But Baby had been bitterly chagrined at Lady's reception of her friendly advances. Lady could not be punished for this, but Lad could.

She slapped the lovingly upthrust muzzle with all her feeble force. For once Lad was not amused by the castigation. He sighed a second time and curled up on the floor beside the hammock, in a right miserable heap, his head between his tiny forepaws, his great sorrowful eyes abrim with bewildered grief. . . .

Spring drowsed into early summer. And with the passing days, Baby continued to look less and less like an atrophied mummy and more like a thin but normal child of five. She ate and slept as she had not done for many a month. The lower half of her body was still dead, but there was a faint glow of pink in the

flat cheeks, and the eyes were alive once more. The hands that pulled at Lad in impulsive friendliness or in punishment were stronger, too. Their fur-gripping tugs hurt worse than at first. But the hurt always gave Lad that same twinge of pleasure—a twinge that helped to ease his heart's ache over the defection of Lady.

On a hot morning in early June, when the Mistress and the Master had driven over to the village for the mail, the child's mother wheeled the invalid-chair to a tree-roofed nook down by the lake—a nook whose deep shade and lush long grass promised more coolness than the veranda. It was just the spot a city-dweller would have chosen for a nap—and just the spot through which no countryman would have cared to venture, at that dry season, without wearing high boots.

Here, not three days earlier, the Master had killed a copperhead snake. Here, every summer, during the late June mowing, the Place's scythe-wielders moved with glum caution. And seldom did their progress go unmarked by the scythe-severed body of at least one snake.

The Place, for the most part, lay on hillside and plateau, free from poisonous snakes of all kinds, and usually free from mosquitoes as well. The lawn, close-shaven, sloped down to the lake. To one side of it, in a narrow stretch of

bottom-land, a row of weeping willows pierced the loose stone lake-wall. Here the ground was seldom bone-dry. Here the grass grew rankest. Here, also, driven to water by the drought, abode eft-lizard and occasional snake, finding coolness and moisture in the long grass, and a thousand hiding-places amid the stone-cranies of the lake-wall.

If either the Mistress or the Master had been at home on this morning, the guest would have been warned against taking Baby there at all. She would have been doubly warned against the folly which she now proceeded to commit—of lifting the child from the wheel-chair and placing her on a spread rug in the grass, with her back to the low wall. The rug, on its mattress of lush grasses, was soft. The lake-breeze stirred the lower boughs of the willows. The air was pleasantly cool here, and had lost the dead hotness that brooded over the higher ground.

The guest was well pleased with her choice of a resting-place. Lad was not. The big dog was uneasy, from the time the wheel-chair approached the lake-wall. Twice he put himself in front of it, only to be ordered aside. Once the wheels hit his ribs with jarring impact. As Baby was laid upon her grassy bed, Lad barked loudly, and pulled at one end of the rug with his teeth.

The guest shook her parasol at him and ordered him back to the house. Lad obeyed no orders, save those of his deities. Instead of slinking away, he sat down beside the child, so close to her that his ruff pressed against her shoulder. He did not lie down as usual, but sat with his tulip-ears erect, dark eyes cloudy with trouble, head turning slowly from side to side, nostrils pulsing.

To a human there was nothing to see or hear or smell—other than the cool beauty of the nook, the souging of the breeze



There are two things of which the best type of thoroughbred dog is afraid. One is a mad dog; the other is a poisonous snake.



When the Master took the long bundle from her arms and carried it up the steps, Lad waxed curious—not only because the Master handled his burden so carefully, but because the collie's scent-power told him it was human.

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in the willows, the soft fragrance of a June morning. To a dog there were faint rustling sounds that were not made by the breeze. There were equally faint and elusive scents that the human nose could not register—notably, a subtle odor as of crushed cucumbers. (If ever you have killed a pit-viper, you know that smell.)

The dog was worried; he was uneasy, and his uneasiness would not let him sit still. It made him fidget and shift his position and once or twice growl a little under his breath.

Presently his eyes brightened and his brush began to thud gently on the rug-edge. For a quarter-mile above, the Place's car was turning in from the highway. In it were the Mistress and the Master, coming home with the mail. Now everything would be all right, and the onerous duties of guardianship would pass to more capable hands.

As the car rounded the corner of the house and came to a stop at the front door, the guest caught sight of it. Jumping up from her seat on the rug, she started toward it in quest of mail. So hastily did she rise that she dislodged one of the wall's smaller stones and sent it rattling down into a wide crevice between two rocks.

She did not heed the tinkle of stone on stone, nor a sharp little hiss that followed, for the falling missile smote the coils of a sleeping copperhead snake in one of the wall's lowest cavities. But Lad heard it, and he heard the slithering of scales against rock-sides as the snake angrily sought new sleeping-quarters.

The guest walked away, all ignorant of what she had done. And before she had taken three steps, a triangular grayish-ruddy head was pushed out from the bottom of the wall.

Twistingly, the copperhead glided out onto the grass at the very edge of the rug. The snake was short and thick and dirty, with a distinct and intricate pattern interwoven on its rough upper body. The head was short, flat, wedge-shaped. Between eye and nostril, on either side, was the sinister "pin-hole" that is the infallible mark of the poison-sac serpent.

(The rattlesnake swarms among some of the stony mountains of the North Jersey hinterland, though seldom, nowadays, does it venture into the valleys. But the copperhead—twin brother in deadliness to the rattler—still infests meadow and lakeside. Smaller, fatter, deadlier than the diamond-back, it gives none of the warning which redeems the latter from complete abhorrence. It is a creature as evil as its own aspect and name. Copperhead and rattlesnake are the only pit-vipers left, now, between Canada and Virginia.)

Out from its wall-cranny oozed the reptile. Along the fringe of the rug it moved for a foot or two, then paused uncertain, perhaps momentarily dazzled by the light. It stopped within a yard of the child's wizened little hand, which rested idle on the rug. Baby's other arm was around Lad, and her body was between him and the snake.

Lad, with a shiver, freed himself from the frail embrace and got nervously to his feet. There are two things—and perhaps only two things—of which the best type of thoroughbred dog is abjectly afraid, and from which he will run for his life. One is a mad dog; the other is a poisonous snake. Instinct, and the horror of death, warn him violently away from both.

At stronger scent, and then at sight, of the copperhead, Lad's stout heart failed him. Right gallantly had he attacked human marauders who had invaded the Place. More than once, in dashing fearlessness, he had fought with dogs larger than himself. With a D'Artagnan-like gaiety of zest he had tackled and deflected a bull that had charged, head down, at the Mistress. Commonly speaking, he knew no fear. Yet now he was afraid, tremulously, quakingly, sickly afraid—afraid of the deadly thing that was halting within three feet of him, with only the Baby's fragile body as a barrier between.

Left to himself, he would have taken incontinently to his heels. With the lower an-

imal's instinctive appeal to a human, in moments of danger, he even pressed closer to the helpless child at his side, as if seeking the protection of her humanness. A great wave of cowardice shook the dog from foot to head.

THE Master had alighted from the car and was coming down the hill toward his guest, with several letters in his hand. Lad cast a yearning look at him. But the Master, he knew, was too far away to be summoned in time, by even the most imperious bark. And it was then that the child's straying gaze fell on the snake.

With a gasp and a shudder, Baby shrank back against Lad—at least, the upper half of her body moved away from the peril. Her legs and feet lay inert. The motion jerked the rug's fringe an inch or two, disturbing the copperhead. The snake coiled, and drew back its three-cornered head, the forklike maroon tongue playing fitfully.

With a cry of panic-fright at her own impotence to escape, the child caught up a picture-book from the rug beside her and flung it at the serpent. The fluttering book missed its mark, but it gave the copperhead reason to believe itself attacked.

Back went the triangular head, farther than ever, and then flashed forward. The double move was made in the minutest fraction of a second.

A full third of the squat reddish body going with the blow, the copperhead struck. It struck full for the thin knee, not ten inches away from its own coiled body. The child screamed again in mortal terror.

But before the scream could leave the fear-chalked lips, Baby was knocked flat by a mighty and hairy shape that lunged across her toward her foe. And the copperhead's fangs sank deep in Lad's nose.

He gave no sign of pain, but leaped back. As he sprang, his jaws caught Baby by the shoulder. The keen teeth did not so much as bruise her soft flesh as he half dragged, half threw her into the grass behind him.

Athwart the rug, again, Lad launched himself bodily upon the coiled snake. As he charged, the swift-striking fangs found a second mark—this time in the side of his jaw.

An instant later the copperhead lay twisting and writhing and thrashing impotently among the grass-roots, its back broken and its body seared almost in two by a slash of the dog's saberlike tusk.

The fight was over. The menace was past. The child was safe. And in her rescuer's muzzle and jaw were two deposits of mortal poison.

Lad stood panting above the prostrate and crying Baby. His work was done, and instinct told him at what cost. But his idol was unhurt, and he was happy. He bent down to lick the convulsed little face, in mute plea for pardon for his needful roughness toward her.

But he was denied even this tiny consolation. Even as he leaned downward, he was knocked prone to earth by a blow that all but fractured his skull.

At the child's first terrified cry her mother had turned back. Nearsighted and easily confused, she had seen only that the dog had

knocked her sick baby flat, and was plunging across her body. Next she had seen him grip Baby's shoulder with his teeth and drag her, shrieking, along the ground.

That was enough. The primal mother-instinct (that is sometimes as strong in woman as in lioness) was aroused. Fearless of danger to herself, the guest rushed to her child's rescue. As she ran, she caught her thick parasol by the ferrule, and swung it aloft. Down came the agate handle of the sunshade on the head of the dog. The handle was as large as a woman's fist and was composed of a single stone, set in four silver claws.

As Lad staggered to his feet after the terrific blow felled him, the impromptu



weapon arose once more in air, descending this time on his broad shoulders. Lad did not cringe, did not seek to dodge or run, did not show his teeth. This mad assailant was a woman. Moreover she was a guest, and as such sacred, under the guest-law which he had mastered from puppyhood.

Had a man raised his hand against Lad,—a man other than the Master or a guest,—there would right speedily have been a case for the hospital, if not for the undertaker. But as things now were, he could not resent the beating—the first he had received in all his blameless white life.

His head and shoulders quivered under the force and the pain of the blows, but his splendid body did not cower. And the woman, wild with fear and mother-love, continued to smite with all her random strength.

Then came the rescue.

At the first blow the child had cried out in fierce protest at her pet's ill-treatment. Her cry went unheard.

"Mother!" she shrieked, her high treble cracked with anguish. "Mother! Don't! Don't! He kept the snake from eating me! He—"

The frantic woman still did not heed. Each successive blow seemed to fall upon the little onlooker's own bare heart. And Baby, under the stress, went quite mad. Scrambling to her feet, in a crazy access of zeal to protect her loved playmate, she tottered forward three steps and seized her mother by the skirt.

At the touch, the woman looked down. Then her face went yellow-white, and the parasol clattered unnoticed to the ground.

For a long instant the mother stood thus, her eyes wide and glazed, her mouth open, her cheeks ashy—staring at the swaying child who clutched her dress for support, and who was sobbing forth incoherent pleas for the dog.

The Master had broken into a run and into a flood of wordless profanity at the sight of his dog's punishment. Now he came to an abrupt halt and was glaring dazedly at the miracle before him.

The child had risen and had walked!

The child had *walked*—she whose lower motive-centers, the wise doctors had declared, were hopelessly paralyzed, she who could never hope to twitch so much as a single toe or to feel any sensation from the hips downward!

Small wonder that both guest and Master seemed to have caught, for the moment, some of the paralysis that so magically had departed from the invalid!

And yet—as a corps of learned physicians later agreed—there was no miracle, no magic, about it. Baby's was not the first, nor the thousandth case, in pathological history, in which paralyzed sensory powers had been restored to their normal functions by means of a shock. The child had had no malformation, no accident, to injure the spine or the coordination between limbs and brain. A long illness had left her powerless. Country air and new interest in life had gradually built up wasted tissues. A shock had reestablished communication between brain and lower body, a communication that had been suspended, not broken.

When at last there was room in any of the human minds for aught but blank wonder and delirious gratitude, the joyously weeping mother was made to listen to the child's story of the fight with the snake—a story corroborated by the Master's finding of the copperhead's half-severed body.

"I'll—I'll get down on my knees to that heaven-sent dog!" sobbed the guest, "and apologize to him. Oh, I wish some of you would beat me as I beat him! I'd feel so much better! Where is he?"

The question brought no answer. Lad had vanished. Nor could eager callings and searchings bring him to view. The Master, returning from a shout-punctuated hunt through the forest, made Baby tell her story all over again. Then he nodded.

"I understand," he said, feeling a ludicrously unmanly desire to cry. "I see how it was. The snake must have bitten him, at least once. Probably oftener. And he knew what that meant. Lad knows everything—*knew* everything, I mean. If he had known a little less, he'd have been human. But—if he'd been human, he probably wouldn't have thrown away his life for Baby."

"Thrown away his life?" repeated the guest. "I—I don't understand. Surely I didn't strike him hard enough to—"

"No," returned the Master. "But the snake did."

"You mean, he has—"

"I mean it is the nature of all animals to crawl away, alone, into the forest, to die. They are more considerate than we. They try to cause no further trouble to those they have loved in life. Lad received his death from (Continued on page 131)

A Complete Résumé of the Opening Chapters of "The Rider of the King-Log"

CLARE KAVANAGH had come back from her expensive finishing school to live with her doughty old lumberman father in the forests of the Great Toban. Old X. K., as Kavanagh was called, had journeyed to see her graduation, and on the school campus had shocked everyone by a quarrel with Colonel Marthorn, president of the school trustees, and also a rival lumber operator in the Great Toban.

It had been a hard day for Marthorn, for only that morning a report had come that his son, a promising young engineer, had married a young widow of dubious reputation. This report, it may be noted, was only partly true: after the ceremony, young Marthorn discovered that the lady had already a husband living, a wealthy and elderly packer in Omaha; and he had forthwith set out with her for Omaha, to straighten the matter out.

Meanwhile Clare had resumed life in the Toban, and because of her father's failing health interested herself in the details of the business. Donald Kezar, grandson of her father's old bookkeeper and treasurer, paid ardent court to her. But Donald was a young man of devious ways: he had wheedled his grandfather into embezzling money from Kavanagh which the young man used in shady business deals; when Benson Nute and old Joel the tavern-keeper renewed their ancient quarrel, it was Kezar who "egged them on" to the battle which resulted in the death of both; moreover, by means of an Indian marriage-rite, he had betrayed Lola Hébert, a beautiful half-breed girl.

Knowing that death was near, Kavanagh summoned old Abner Kezar and drew up his will. And a strange document it was; for realizing that Clare's success in carrying on his business depended largely on the good will of her friends and employees, he sought to cement that allegiance by making his funeral-ceremony a sort of love-feast.

Then it was—while Clare was away with Donald Kezar at the wedding dance of Tim Mulkern the dynamite boss—that Kavanagh had himself dressed in his old lumberman's garb as the most becoming costume in which to travel the Long Journey. Then it was, too, even as he had anticipated, that death came to him. And as he had directed, all the folk of the forest roundabout were invited to attend a three-days feast.

Now, young Kenneth Marthorn, after returning his near-wife to a forgiving husband in Omaha, had sought forgetfulness of his troubles in a return to his engineering work for the Temiscouata Company. So it happened that he was in the vicinity at the time of Kavanagh's funeral, and curiosity led him to attend. He was recognized, however, as the son of Kavanagh's enemy.

"To the river with him!" bawled a man. "On a rail!"

Other voices took up the cry, encouraged by Donald Kezar, who foresaw in Marthorn a possible rival; and only Clare's active intervention saved young Marthorn and the men with him from attack.

Sitting on the white horse she had conspicuously ridden to the funeral in compliance with her father's strange directions, she faced her men and shook her riding-crop in their faces. "Away with you, you scalawags!" she cried. And they obeyed, mumbling: "Aint it the way of him all over? They aint buryin' Kavanagh to-day. There he is with a white dress on!"

But Clare had no love for the Marthorn family: Kenneth's sister Cora had snubbed her at school, and his father had quarreled with hers. So now Clare ordered Kenneth away even while she defended him. "I am here—with my own—upon my own!" she informed him. "Take notice! I am the Kavanagh!" And with that she escorted Kenneth and his party to their canoe.

The story continues on the next page.

LET Holman Day guide you through the Big Woods in this splendid American story of love and achievement against the odds that Nature sets up in the game of life to test the players' mettle.

The RIDER of the KING-LOG

By
HOLMAN DAY

CHAPTER XV

CAME old Noel the Bear, faring through the rocky passes and along the forest's aisles.

From his hermitage on the isle of Lorus he had gazed across the flashing waters of the lake of Nahmakantah and had spied on the wooded slope of the peech-ridge a flaming leaf, a banneret which heralded the coming of the frost. That leaf, for him, was summons to begin his journey to a yearly tryst. It was near the time of the tribal Feast of the Maize. As chief, he was called to the trail which led to the place of rendezvous, the Nubble of Telos, a mount of hornblende from which generations of Indians had chipped the stone for their hatchets and their arrowheads.

In his pack he put wild honey and parched corn and sweet raisins, the dried fruit of the vines he had trained on the trellis of his camp's porch. He paddled from isle to shore and hid his canoe; his way was along the blazed trail, over the Height o' Land into the valley of the Toban. He did not need the age-leaved scars of the trees for his guidance—he went surely and rapidly, so rapidly that only the arabesque of his seamed face suggested his hundred and two years. He went soundlessly, reading the duff with moccasins. Therefore, for him, the woods were tenanted; only when one travels noisily do the woods seem empty aisles.

Ahead of him the challenging cock-partridge beat a mimic drum in diminuendo roll; fat rabbits loped lazily from his path; a surprised bear tumbled off the trail, and after the one crash escaped on padded feet with step as noiseless as that of old Noel. Mild does surveyed him, standing at attention so near the path that he could see the veins in their transparent, up-jocked ears. He himself was of the forest; he did not bring that foreign, terrorizing scent from outside; the staring dumb folk accepted him as something like themselves.

He scooped water from running streams with his bark cup, dipping where the green moss fringed a brimming bowl in the brook. He did not halt to eat; he munched raisins as he trudged on, and was not hungry nor yet fully fed.

So, journeying steadily, he came in the course of time to the slope which led down into the valley of the Toban and heard faintly the distant, mellow rumble of falling waters. It was the Hulling Machine. The Long Carry is there. They who undertake the Toban have precipitous cliffs to climb at the



Illustrated by
HAROLD BRETT

Hulling Machine, and the way up the gorge is along a ledgy and broken trail. Therefore Deadman's Strip is a rather sociable place, after all, because journeying parties linger along the trail and rest there after tussling heroically with canoes and duffel and goods. One is quite likely to meet friends there.

Noel the Bear came upon Paul Sabatis at the Hulling Machine. The young man was sitting on his overturned canoe, looking up at "Old Stone-snipe" at his work, clinking a fresh text into the wall of the gray cliff.

"Huh!" said the old Indian by way of greeting.

"Good day to you, Chief Noel," returned the young Indian, less taciturn; but he gave the old man only a somber gaze.

The Chief sat down on a lift of ledge opposite Sabatis, and they continued to stare at each other in a duel of eyes.

"Where?" demanded old Noel at last.

"Into the north."

"What do?"

Sabatis hesitated for a few moments. When he began to talk, it was with the sour air of a man who gave out information unwillingly and was talking to accomplish some secret purpose of his own.

"I am going to explore for metes and bounds. Our old treaties have been given into my hands. I have had some training in law. Our fishing and hunting privileges, our treaty-rights to go upon lands for birch-bark and basket-stuff, have been disputed, have been taken away from us. Game wardens and timber bosses of the big syndicates who never heard of the treaties are brow-beating our people. I am going into the woods; I am going for facts. I have been down country for some weeks talking with big lawyers. I have money now," he added bitterly. "I'll spend it doing some good with it, if I can."

"Much talk!" commented Noel. "School! Make even Indian talk much."

"Perhaps so."

"Too much talk!"

"It needs talk if we're going to make them listen to reason and give back the rights they have promised in treaties."

"Not mean treaties! No care! White men robbers! They take, don't give back. You waste money, waste time. No, I mean other talk you make. You don't do. Now go hide in woods. Afraid you do, eh?"

Paul flushed and looked away from the keen stare.

"Talk much. Make fool about old treaties. Run away down to city—run away up to woods! It's to fool yourself, mebbe, eh?"

"I don't know what talk you mean, Chief Noel."

"Ship-knee man pass Lorus way. Squat down on log to watch me beelining. Tell me what bad talk you make. You say you marry *Royale Lis Blanc*? No!"

"It's a lie! I never said that. A dirty dog-started that lie."

"And now you do him hurt, eh, take revenge, make excuse because of your uncle?"

"I did threaten him! His lying tongue stirred the trouble between two old men. I hardly knew what I was saying. I did mean to follow him and have my revenge."

"Too much talk!" insisted the old man.

"Yes, too much talk! I came to my senses. I had made a promise. I ran away. I'm running away again. I am keeping my promise."

"You like to kill him?"

"Not now."

"Good school! Make Indian all over," taunted the old man. "Huh! Ship-knee man tell what good reason you have. I would kill if man do such hurt to me." His shrewd stare was appraising the young man's expression. Sabatis did not reply.

"But you listen," the Chief went on sternly. "You keep hands off. It's from me. I command. I protect him."

Sabatis looked up and noted that the old hermit was absorbed by his work on the cliff. "Yes, I know why you are protecting him!" There was ugly anger as well as bitter reproach in his low tones. "Lola Hébert told me what you did. You're a wicked old fool!"

"It's the true marriage—by the law of our tribe!"

"I say it's no marriage unless the man who takes a girl in that way is honest and true and loves her and will be faithful, and makes her his wife in the eyes of the world, instead of hiding it in a hut in the woods. Oh, Noel! You have gone crazy in your old age. This is the white man's country, not the Indian's! We must obey the white man's laws. You helped that sneak to ruin Lola Hébert!"

"He swore. It was to me. I have his oath. It was law before the white man came here," old Noel insisted doggedly.

"Yes, that's the damnable thing you made her believe! She would still be a happy girl, if it hadn't been for you. He has taken everything from her—even himself, at last. He has forsaken her."

"No dare to do that! I am alive!" declared the Chief, standing up and rapping a gaunt hand on his breast.

"I tell you he has gone north into the woods—he didn't even go to her to say good-by," raged the young man. "She sent me a letter." He winced when he said it, as if the memory of that letter stung like the lash of a whip. "Her heart is broken. He is in the woods with Kavanagh's daughter—but I pray to God that Lola won't hear that! He is courting Kavanagh's daughter. He has become her field-boss."

"Mebbe. All right. He works for money. But he's Lola's husband. You're coward! School! Huh! He has sworn the oath. You talk much. You don't do. I forbid you to do. I do not talk. But I shall do."

"Oh, if you could only undo what you have done!" mourned

Paul, beating the palm of his hand against his forehead, as if his thoughts were wild things which he strove to chastise. "The renegade! The pig! The sneak! And you helped him! You promised her that I wouldn't harm him—that I would help her because she had made her choice. Hell take you and him! The oath amounts to that!" He snapped his fingers under the Chief's nose.

Paul had been studying the texts carved on the cliff, while away his rest-period. He forgot old Noel's limitations in education; he pointed to an inscription which Time had garnished with inlay of mosses. "I am not ashamed to tell you the truth about how I love her," he went on now. "Your orders to me! Bah! What says that text from the Bible?"

"No can read," grunted the Chief.

"Vengeance is mine; I will pay, saith the Lord." It's holy command to keep hands off. But it's love for Lola that's protecting rather than your commands or even that up there!" He raised his long forgetting caution.

"Obey ye the commandments of the Lord, your God," warned the hermit, turning a face of rebuke and wagging his white beard.

"Good advice, old Nick-and-Tie! It!" commented a new arrival who had come plodding up the trail. "Good advice, even for Injun! The commentator was Romeo Sabatis, chief fire-warden of the Toban. He was on his patrol. "Look here, Sabatis, did you learn anything at your school that's better'n what you is in the good old Bible?" It was clumsy satire instead of kindly inquiry.

Paul was not in the mood for joking at that time. His rage had moderated. "Shank," he said, "don't propose to stand any more sneers about my education. I worked hard to get it. It's mine."

"Hold on, boy! Hold on! I'm glad you've got an education. It's a good thing for all of us to know that there's a good education walking around up in this section. I want to use the education right this minute."

Shank's few possessions made a modest bulge in a meadow pack; he unknotted the sack, pulled out an empty tin can, rolled it slowly and read aloud with drawing enunciation of syllables "Cham-pig-nons—Par-is!" Now, what in the name of the blue gilled honky-donk, Sabatis, was ever put up in that can? I am been able to tell by the smell of it!" He took another hopeful sniff and shook his head.

"Mushrooms," stated the young man curtly.

"Toadstools?" This was plain incredulity. "Why, the woods up here are full of 'em!"

"No, mushrooms—from France!"

Mr. Shank laid down the can and pulled out a small glass of foie gras.

"A delicacy," explained Paul impatiently. "Fancy food of some sort, from France."

"Ex-actly!" cried Mr. Shank. "Now I believe your song! I takes fancy grub to fit a fancy bunch." He threw glass and can into the gorge. "I picked 'em out of the rest of the discarded grub of their last camping-place. The names set me to wondering what kind of grub it is that rich men tuck into 'em. Reckoned must be good if they'd take all the trouble to tote so much of it into the woods. Dago talk for toadstools and fancy grub. Well, as old Nubb Bodfish said, after he had dreamt about 'what I've missed is my gain.'"

He turned shrewd squint up at the hermit and hailed a busy person. "Hey, there, old Chisel-pusher, forget your duty for a little while and whack out 'Welcome to Our City' and set it 'X. K.' because old Temiscouata Marthorn himself is on his way up river, with all his dude gang—and I reckon he has come to tell Clare Kavanagh how to run her business after this." He turned to Paul. "He has been sending understrappers to me ever since old X. K. was put where he couldn't lay the flat



Kezar, from the window, watched the Chief march on toward the river.

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"You are in love, eh?" Lola returned his stare, her lips parted. Hébert lifted one fist, drove down a blow which made the tableware dance, and roared; "Tell me!"

his hand on a Temiscouata sneak. Looks like he thought he'd better come himself. Daughter is along, too—the one that went to school with Clare."

But his listeners did not appear to be interested. The hermit went on with his mallet and chisel; Paul surveyed the ground moodily; Noel the Bear, his face set as hard as the features of a stone gargoyles, looked down the trail.

"Cuss an Injun," muttered the overflowing Mr. Shank with the ire of a gossip rebuffed. "Never seems to be interested in anything that's sensible!"

Presently Fogarty, guide of the Marthorn expedition, hove into sight. Here came white man and friend!

"I've been sent on ahead with a letter to his son," reported Mr. Fogarty to the fire-warden, glad because he had an excuse to loaf for a few moments on the trail. "The old buck has changed his mind. Aint going to try to get up as far as the son is. Tells the son to come down and meet the party!" He ducked his head in the direction from which he had come.

"They'd better stay in one place and eat up about a ton of that dago grub," suggested Mr. Shank, "and then come along."

"He calls what he's doing roughing it," declared Mr. Fogarty scornfully. "Says the doctor told him to come up here into the woods and rough it. Jeemro Susskattaohop! Rough it—with a guinea cook along to fix his victuals! And do you know what I had to do? He's got an air-cushion for daytime in the canoe, and an air camp-chair to loaf in whilst they're cooking victuals for him, and an air-mattress for night. Talk about your human bellowses! It was me down on my knees about half the time, my back humped up and my mouth glued onto a nickel nipple, jamming in air till my eyes stuck out like the horns of a yearling buck. And then, in the morning, it was let all the air out so that the mattresses could be stowed. I have heard solemn sounds in my life, but the whistle of that air beat all the wails the County Kerry banshee ever wailed! I'm a guide. I'll be cussed if I'm a bicycle pump. I quit cold this morning! Started back. That's how I was picked to carry the letter up-country."

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself, hiring with the Temiscouata bunch."

"I reckon so. But we're all getting extra pay."

"Bribe-money!" declared Mr. Shanks loftily. "And how much was paid to have you guides keep your mouths shut about that deer that was shot in close time by the feller that's courting old Steve's daughter?"

"The deer wasn't shot. He fell dead! He heard old Marthorn say that the red leggings and red hat and red vest the old he one is wearing were so that nobody would mistake Marthorn for a deer; then the deer laid down, rolled over and died laughing." Mr. Fogarty rose and tapped out his pipe dottle, and Mr. Shank trod on the coals with the caution of a fire-warden.

"Just a minute!" pleaded the warden when Fogarty started away up the trail. "What talk did you hear Marthorn and his undertrappers make about the X. K.?"

"None of your business," returned Mr. Fogarty briskly. "That may be on account of that bribe-money you have just slurred about; it may be because old Marthorn knows too much to talk over important matters where ears in this section can hear; it may be because blowing up them mattresses blew all my memory out of me; or it may be because I'm loyal enough to the memory of old X. K. to give any valuable tips to his daughter with me own mouth, Mr. Shank. Take your pick of reasons! I have no word of tattle for you." He turned to Paul. "What way, boy?" It was a patronizing demand.

"Up the river."

"I have a spare canoe hidden at the deadwater. But I'll give you a hand with yours on the Carry and take bow paddle."

The young man lifted his canoe and set his shoulders under the

center thwarts. "I journey alone," he said, and went on up the trail.

"Two in a canoe make easier work than one, Shank," protested the guide. "Come on!"

But Mr. Shank thrust arm through the loop of his pack and started off at right angles to the Toban valley. "I don't expect the river to get on fire unless old Marthorn tries to come over Clare Kavanagh if he meets her up-country," he said tartly. "So I'll let the river take care of itself. Good day, Mr. Fogarty! Those dago victuals seem to have disagreed with you."

The edge of the guide's friendly spirit was not dulled. "Huh! there, old Noel! Isn't it about time for you to start into the wild country after that beaver-tail? Well, come along with me—I'm bound north."

"Huh!" remarked the old Chief, and he started along the trail by which Fogarty had come.

"Well, I *can* paddle my own canoe, and I'd rather be alone on the river than blowing up air-mattresses in the midst of the game and the proud," Mr. Fogarty assured himself. So he went on his way with a mocking good-by to the hermit.

AT the foot of the Long Carry, in the late afternoon, Noel the Bear found a small village of tents—the night home of the Marthorn expedition. The chattering chief, a hopping homunculus, was bossing his surly woodsmen helpers, chattering like an angry squirrel. Before each tent a camp fire sent up its sparks, and the lazy coils of smoke shed the incense of burning birch. The canoes, a whole flotilla, were turned upside down on the sandy beach which the river eddy had spat smooth. Men and women strolled or lounged in hammock chairs—patently metropolitan folk whose fashionable outing garb, morning real rough-and-ready clothing, seemed like a masquerade attire.

The Mellicite chief stalked straight on along the Carry trail, his eyes observing all, though he appeared to take no notice.

Miss Marthorn directed her father's attention by a touch of his arm.

"There's another Indian—an old one!"

"He may have more sense than the other fellow. Here, you! He called sharply. "Yes, I mean you!" he added when Noel halted. "Come here!"

Colonel Marthorn, roughing it in his air-chair, did not lift his head from the comfortable rest at the back. "I need an Indian to go along with my party. My daughter and her friends want to know the Indian names for places and find out about the Indian ways of camping and so forth. Go and ask for Mr. Durkee, the head guide. He will arrange for pay. Understand?"

In the Indian's sunken eyes there was a little flicker which seldom saw there. But that light did not signal resentment, or could discern, because the creases at the corners of his mouth deepened in a grim smile. The sunset was red, but the color in which Colonel Marthorn had arrayed his portly form in order to distinguish himself perfectly from any wandering deer made the sunset seem pale. Sunburn had painted on his face a flush almost as lurid as his garb. Old Noel stared steadily at the Colonel for a long time in silence, and then set his eyes on the blazing westerling sun and sighed in evident relief.

"By gad," whispered a gentleman in Colonel Marthorn's party to another guest, "of course that old buck doesn't know enough to carry out a fine job of satire like that, but for unconscious work it's very peachy."

"I say—understand?"

"No can go! No time to go!"

"The Indians up this way seem to be very busy persons," grumbled the Colonel. "A young Indian overtook me today and refused to take the job. A saucy fellow—wouldn't tell us his name! Did you meet him? Do you know him?"

There was malice in the old Indian's unaccustomed humor—mere good-natured railery was not possible with him.

"Yes—busy. He's doctor. Me doctor—cure eyes for animals in woods. Right now much to do."

He marched off down the trail.

"Confound it, that old wretch has just insulted me," exploded the Colonel after a few (Continued on page 73)



2342



A DEAR in DISGUISE

By
KENNETT HARRIS

Illustrated by
J. J. GOULD

He turned at the door for a last look at his young men preparing themselves for the Big Job, and one of his rare smiles illumined his strongly featured face. Then he sighed, and his expression became serious.

"By the God of Joab and Joshua, I'd like to be shoulder to shoulder with them," he said. . . .

Half-past five o'clock of the worst scorcher of the season, and the last lingering remnant of Irontree's wage-slaves, completing the night toilette of the stock,—smoothing it out, piling it, shrouding it in gray holland, boxing it, shelving it, tucking it away in drawers, locking it in show-cases, in safes and refrigerators, all with a desperate spurt of their almost expired energies,—thereafter trickled from lockers and lavatories down staircases and elevators and along the aisles to the breathless, muggy street and freedom. A sizzler, the day had been, a collar-wilter, a nerve-frazzler, and over on the West Side it was going to be one fierce night, if anybody should drift in from the North Pole and ask you. And those boys drilling on the roof certainly suffered for their country, if the interrogation should be pursued.

But with the superstructural shadows stretched out to the limit and a certain Lake-born freshness in the air, it was not so bad on the roof at that hour. A big difference from the street! Almost anybody with common-sense, a liking for comfort and no particular reason for rushing home would climb to the roof rather than descend to that baking and sweltering street with its hot-storage, and it seemed that two persons, at least, of the Irontree force had common-sense, a liking for comfort and no pressing engagement elsewhere. One of them was seated within the meshed wire inclosure under an awning that Mr. Irontree's paternal care had caused to be spread for such of his salesladies as might wish to eat their lunches in the open air. Mr. Irontree had green chairs and tables under that awning, and green shrubbery in green tubbery; but so far, his experiment had not been received with favor. Too much of a climb—and no shops—and ladies only permitted. Mr. Irontree is considering ways and means to overcome these objections. That is by the way, however. The present concern is with the two

persons who climbed the stairs after a busy and tiresome day for ozone and quiet self-communion.

They were both young persons. One of them, as has been mentioned, was sitting under the awning. She was wearing the skirt and blouse that Mr. Irontree thought he recognized as appertaining to the Story-telling Lady. Not the official and professional Story-telling Lady engaged for the entertainment of juvenile visitors to the store, but a promising little understudy from the Millinery, who had filled time occasionally for the regular *raconteuse*. Her hat, of her own trimming, lay beside her on the table, so that her skill and taste in that line might easily have been estimated. If she told stories as well as, or better than, she trimmed hats, she had a career before her that would be some career. She had brown eyes, brown hair, inclined to curl, an enviable complexion, a slender and graceful figure and an attrac-

FORWARD!" The weight (various) of one hundred young bodies clad in diverse shirtings shifted to the same number of right legs more or less symmetrical and muscular; a hundred left knees straightened spasmodically.

"March!" A hundred left feet shod in tan, in gun-metal, in calf, patent leather and vici moved forward as smartly as possible for approximately thirty inches and fell upon the gravel-surfaced roof of Irontree's mammoth department-store. Left, right, left, right, the devoted hundred advanced unflinching to the State Street parapet, with the apparent intention of going over the top and down three hundred feet in double-quick time to the pavement below. A providential bark from the sure-enough, uniformed sergeant wheeled them from this destruction, however, and other barks faced them about and sent them back and forth in amazing evolutions and convolutions around and between skylights, steam-pipes, ventilators and tanks, and finally brought them to parade rest with the perspiration streaming down their earnest faces.

The sergeant nodded approval to a stockily built elderly gentleman who stood a little aloof, his head thrust slightly forward and his thumbs locked behind his back as he watched the drill through very thick and very bright eyeglasses.

"They're comin' along in great shape, sir—considering," said the sergeant.

"Considering what?" asked Irontree.

"Considering everything, sir," the sergeant parried. "Some of 'em, though— There's a good man—Number Three in the front rank."

"Egan," said Irontree. "We're going to lose him next week."

"So I understand, sir. Mr. Bowles too."

"Mr. Bowles, too. Family man. Three fine children, and he ought to have claimed his exemption; but I couldn't hold him. Rotten business!"

"And the lad next to him. Keen as mustard, that one."

Irontree smiled. "Treadway. Not married yet, but he was going to be—before he took this fever. He's going too. You've got an eye, Sergeant. All three are men I had picked to push along. All three good. I'll have to close the store if this sort of thing goes on."

"You seem to be helping this sort of thing along, sir."

"Got to do something," Irontree grumbled. "Getting stars on our service-flag is better than nothing."

He moved away with his customary soft-footed glide, his thumbs still locked behind him, and coming to a gate in a high partition of meshed wire, he opened it. As the latch clicked, he heard a sudden scurry of feet and stifled giggles proceeding from the hooded door of the stairway leading from the roof. Emerging from behind an obstructing reservoir, he had a glimpse of a fluttering skirt and a feminine back in rapid descent.

"Hm-m! I guess they didn't know I was up here," Irontree murmured. "Somehow that one looked to me like the Story-telling Lady."

tive smile. Her expression, at the moment, was pensive. Her gaze was fixed afar—as far as the breakwater in the Lake, at least.

The young man was the Number Three in the front rank commended that day by the sergeant. He was now wearing—among other things—his coat and collar and necktie, and the coat fitted an uncommonly straight back and broad pair of shoulders, for an office-man. To determine his ancestry, it would not have been necessary to have been informed that his name was Egan. The map of Ireland was on his face—a slight and not unbecoming elongation of the upper lip, a rather impudent tilt to the tip of the nose and the truly Hibernian contradiction of blue eyes and black hair.

The only thing that might have caused doubt was the circumstance of an intervening fifty yards of gravel roof between him and the pretty girl in the green chair. He seemed totally unconscious of her presence—when she glanced at him. He was seated, hazardously, on the parapet of the roof, outside the pale, and he too seemed to find the distant prospect of the Lake one of engrossing interest. Only by close and continual observation could one have discovered that his interest was not altogether, entirely and absolutely engrossing. He glanced at the girl now and then, as she, occasionally, did at him. The only plausible explanation of the situation then was that these two had not been properly introduced; and that, in fact, was the case.

But he is a poor-souled, tame-spirited youth who will allow a mere social convention to bar him forever from his heart's desire. "He either fears himself too much or his desert is small," as the old cavalier put it. Egan was not afraid of himself, nor of anybody else—ordinarily; nor was he too modest in appraising his own desert—as a general thing. Why should he let a little slip of a girl no higher than his shoulder dismay and overawe him? And what harm? Was it sensible, was it polite, was it even decently civil, to behave like a dumb, unmannerly lump on a log when a lady was in his sole company? Did it not argue insult to that lady—implying that she was, in a way, repulsive, or incapable of intelligent conversation, or prim and narrow-minded to a perfectly idiotic extent? It did. And she close by—a neighbor, so to speak! Not so close, either, but that might be amended. It was only a matter of using the good legs God had given him—sauntering carelessly nearer to her and still nearer, but still looking hither and yon and not at her—a delicate approach, with stops here and there to admire the clouds or the cloud-aspiring rooms, domes and pinnacles of the surrounding scenery.

This the young man did, and at each stage of his delicate approach, when his head happened to be turned, a faint smile flickered on the young woman's lips—flickered and was gone.

And at last Egan reached the wire barrier, within tolerably easy speaking distance, and nonchalantly perching himself, bent down to look into the depths of State Street.

"Don't do that—please!" said the girl. "It makes me feel dizzy."

Egan straightened up and slid from the parapet. He raised his hat and smiled. He walked to the open gate of the inclosure and up to the green chair and delivered himself of a brazen lie.

"I beg your pardon. I didn't quite hear what you said."

"It makes me nervous to see you leaning over the edge like that."

A little touch of color tinged her cheeks as she repeated this, but her tone was cool and businesslike. Egan did not allow himself to smile again. His expression was serious, and most respectful.

"I am very sorry that I did it—Miss Berrier, isn't it? Miss Susan Berrier, I think."

"It's not a bad guess, if nobody told you," said Miss Berrier. "Only you left out Estelle. Susan Estelle Berrier. That's what I got at the baptismal font. You might as well have it all."

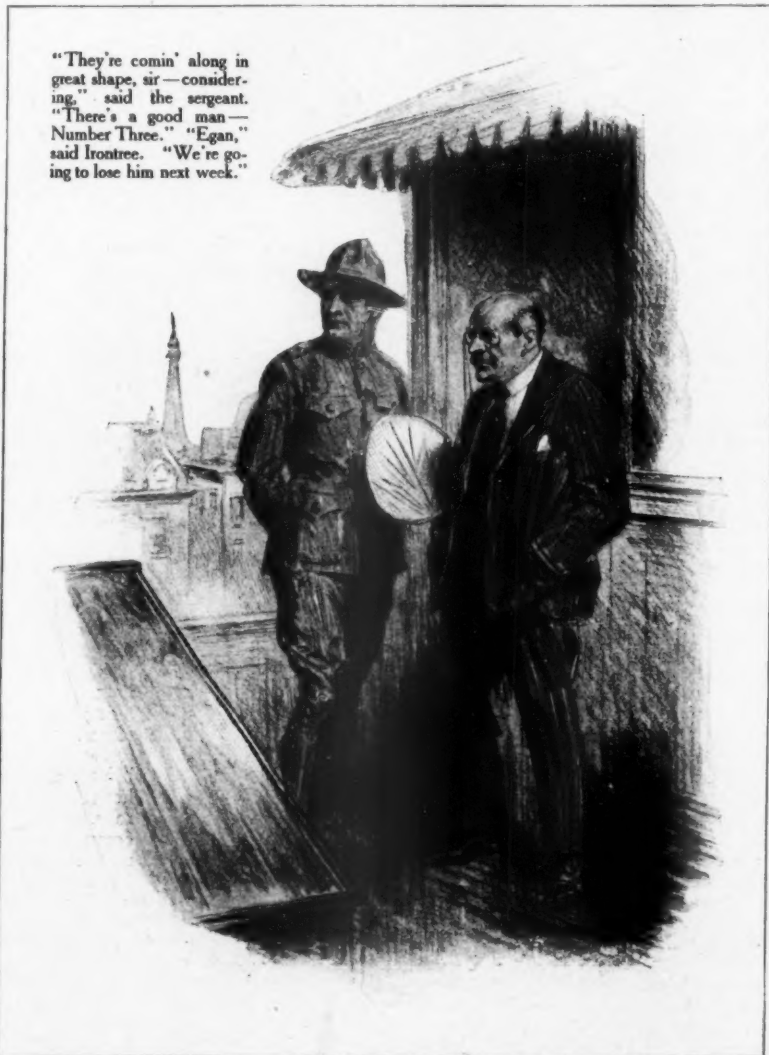
The young man bowed. "My name is Egan," he informed her gravely. "Daniel Vincent Egan is the whole of it. I'm in the office. May I sit here a moment, Miss Berrier? I thank you kindly. I mean to say that I'm in the office at certain hours—not now, of course. Just now I'm—" He was tempted to say "in the seventh heaven," but he modified that to "—where I'm glad to be," and smiled.

"It is a relief to get up here out of the world and into the quiet, completely alone for a few minutes, isn't it?"

"I wouldn't say 'completely alone,'" urged Daniel Vincent Egan. "I won't be any noisier than I can help. I've been known to say nothing whatever for as much as a few minutes. But what a little world it is to get out of! Just a trifling top-layer of asphalt and bricks and mortar and tile and steel and what not, laid above the dirt by the tiny, crawling creatures that you'll see if you peer over the edge there! A giant—did you ever hear of Fin McCool? Yes? Now, I thought you would have, and I'm pleased about it for Fin was a fine fellow in his day. Well, a husky giant like Fin might come along with a big scoop-shovel and scrape off the city and throw it into the Lake, and there would be your world gone. It's true that the Lake would be here still, dancing in the sun and rolling over on the beach, and the sky and the drifting clouds would be above, and the grass would soon grow as green as ever, but where would be our little world?"

"I believe I'll let you talk as much as you want to," said the girl, looking at him approvingly. "For the few minutes, anyway."

"I'd not have said that much if you hadn't known Fin McCool."



Coul," protested Egan, with a blush that one would hardly have expected.

"Oh, I know lots of people like him," said the girl. "Giants, and dwarfs too, and brownies and wood-elves and ogres and wicked magicians and old kings and young princes"—she looked at him abstractedly—"beautiful young princes with golden curls." She laughed.

"Yes," said Egan. "You tell the children about them, don't you? I heard of that, and many's the time I've wished myself in knickerbockers to listen to you. There's little boy enough in me to like stories, Miss Berrier."

"And to play soldier," suggested Miss Berrier.

"And to play soldier on the roof with a stick for a gun," he asserted good-naturedly. "I saw you laughing at us to-day. Most unkind it was."

"I didn't laugh at you. It was Miss Patterson who laughed, and she giggles at anything."

"Was there anybody with you?" asked Egan. "I didn't notice. Not that I'd be likely to."

"No, you wouldn't. Miss Patterson wouldn't make more than three of me, and I was peeping over her shoulder. Mr. Irontree nearly caught us."

"If he had, he'd have eaten you raw," said Egan, solemnly. "Talk about your ogres!"

"He is rather dreadful, isn't he? He seems to be everywhere and to see everything, and there's something so icily remorseless about him. I mean he looks as if he might be. But he may be a dear in disguise. He gave me my chance at the story-telling, and he needn't have paid me extra for it, because it wasn't extra time. Perhaps—just perhaps—I may leave the millinery department and story-tell right along. Wouldn't that be splendid? It's a secret, though."

"Wild horses sha'n't drag it from me," Egan promised her solemnly.

"I don't mind your telling wild horses, if they ask you, but nobody else," she cautioned.

"Because Mrs. Massinger might not go to New York."

"She's going, all right," Egan told her. "I happen to know."

"Truly?"

"Truly."

"Then I'm one of the luckiest girls ever was—and the happiest."

She looked very much as if she were, what with her shining eyes and the glow of color that the assurance of her luck excited.

"I'm glad that I happened to come up here if the news pleases you," said Egan, looking at her appreciatively.

"So am I glad that you came," said the girl, rewarding him with a brilliant smile. She lifted her charming little hat from the table beside her and pinned it on, an operation that in Egan's opinion was well worth the watching. "I'm afraid that my few minutes have been longer than I intended, though," she continued. "It's time that I was going. Good-by, Mr. Egan. Thank you very much for your news—and please don't lean over the parapet any more."

She gave him a friendly little nod, and the next moment was

lost to sight behind the big reservoir that hid the roof door from view. Egan smiled to himself—a perfectly satisfied smile—and settling comfortably in a chair, filled and lighted a well-seasoned brier pipe and apparently gave himself up to contemplation of the eastern horizon. In a few minutes he heard a light footstep behind him, and turning quickly, saw that Miss Berrier had returned and that something or another had undoubtedly happened. The young woman's expression was almost tragic.

"The door is locked!" she cried. "Somebody has shut and locked it."

"Impossible!" Egan exclaimed with almost equal concern.

"If you think it's impossible, come and look. Perhaps you can do something to open it."

"I'll try," said Egan resolutely. He accompanied her to the door. It was a more than usually massive and strong door, and its spring lock was certainly sprung. He shook it unavailingly. He pounded it with his fist, listening intently at intervals, but there was no response.

"I'm afraid Mike doesn't come as high as this when he makes his rounds," Egan said. "Mike's the night-watchman," he added.

"I suspect he's a little deaf too." He fumbled in a pocket and produced a bunch of unlikely-looking keys. One of them did enter the keyhole, but it stubbornly refused to turn.

"Could you lend me a hairpin?"

Seemingly with entire faith, she gave him one and watched with the keenest interest his attempts to pick the lock.

"I was afraid that I couldn't," he said, desisting at last. "It seemed about the only chance, though." He carefully straightened the twisted hairpin and put it into his pocket. They looked at each other blankly, and then burst into laughter that sounded as care-free and happy as anything that could be imagined.

"But *what* are we going to do?" demanded the girl, becoming serious again.

"We'll do something," Egan replied confidently. "Don't let that worry you. I'll find some way out before long!"

"But *what* way?"

"That demands some consideration. Let's go back and sit down and settle on a perfectly feasible plan."

"Light your pipe," said Miss Berrier kindly. "I understand that it stimulates thought, and I honestly like the smell of it."

"I find new things to admire in you every moment," Egan declared. "I'll take counsel of the great god, Nick o' Teen, then, knowing that you would speak nothing but the truth, even out of compassion."

He struck a match and was presently puffing away, his brows knitted and his whole aspect and attitude betokening profound cogitation. The girl watched him with exaggerated eagerness of expectation, her hands clasped and her body inclined forward.

"I observe that your suspense is breathless and your agitation pitiable," said Egan, turning on her suddenly. "I want you to be perfectly at ease and to depend upon me implicitly. I'm not in the habit of tossing bouquets at myself, but it would be

"I believe I'll let you talk as much as you want to," said the girl. "For the few minutes, anyway."



cruel to conceal from you the fact that I am a man of quick invention and of wonderfully fertile resource. To all practical intents and purposes, you are now on the street, and able to take a car in any direction that is most convenient to you. That's what you want, isn't it?"

"Yes, please," said the girl, "and I'm sure it's very kind of you, and I'm awfully fortunate to have you to depend upon implicitly—which of course I do. But I think you said quick invention."

"I'm not so slow as you might think," Egan replied. "I have already conceived half a dozen plans, all of which are good, but I'm not going to be satisfied with anything less than the best possible. For instance, I have in my pocket a knife. I could cut a hole in that door and we could creep through that hole. How does that strike you?"

"It's an inspiration of genius!" exclaimed Miss Berrier.

"Not altogether original, though, I'm afraid," Egan admitted diffidently. "I've read somewhere, of such things being done—by prisoners."

"The poor abbé in the Château d'If," suggested the girl. "And he cut his passage through stone, didn't he? And then there was *M. de Marsac*, the gentleman of France, when *Mademoiselle* was locked in the room at the head of the staircase. Of course! Let's go and do it."

"Sit down, please," said Egan. "You haven't thought it out as I have. The abbé cut through the stone wall, all right, but it took him about twenty years to do it, if you remember. Wood is easier than stone to cut, certainly, but I doubt whether I could whittle a hole big enough for us to squeeze through much before daylight to-morrow morning. And *M. de Marsac* didn't whittle his hole; he smashed in a panel of the door with a three-legged stool, and I don't see any stool around here. You see there are drawbacks to the plan. We'll keep it in reserve, though."

"The next thing that occurred to me was dropping a note down into the street, imploring rescue for two unhappy captives. Are you unhappy, Miss Berrier?"

"Not particularly."

"Downhearted?"

"No. You see I'm depending on you implicitly."

"Quite right. Something like this, then: 'To whom it may concern: The undersigned—'"

"I don't think we would better give our names, do you?"

"I'm afraid they'd find out our names, anyway. That was the objection that I foresaw. The chances are that some reporter would either pick up the note or be around when it was picked up, or the person who picked it up would notify the police or the



"But what are we going to do?" demanded the girl, becoming serious.

"We'll do something," Egan replied. "I'll find some way out before long."

fire department, and then there would be a column about us in the morning papers. Perhaps we'd better keep that plan in reserve too."

"What is the next one that your fertile brain conceived?" inquired the girl.

"Speaking of the fire department, there are the fire-escapes," replied Egan, unmoved by the sarcasm. "Would you mind climbing down the fire-escape for a few floors? It would be like stairs after the first straight-up-and-down stretch, and I might carry you down that. You aren't very big, and I think I could manage it if you could hang on to me and leave my arms free."

"It would be thrilling, but I don't believe I would care to try it," opined the girl quite decidedly. "I appreciate the offer, though."

"I might go down myself," said Egan thoughtfully. "I could get to one of the landings and break in a window and then come up and open the door—I suppose. I don't really think that I'd get dizzy or lose my nerve. I never did any climbing at a great height, but I guess I'll be all right. If I did fall, I'd probably land on my feet. I'll try it."

He got up, knocked the ashes from his pipe and walked toward a fire-escape that curved over the roof.

"Oh, come back!" cried the girl. "Don't, please, Mr. Egan."

Mr. Egan stopped and half turned. "I think I can do it," he called cheerfully, and walked on. Miss Berrier sprang to her feet and, overtaking him with incredible swiftness, caught him by the arm.

"Don't you dare!" she commanded, her eyes wide with alarm. "You sha'n't; do you hear!" Her clasp on his arm tightened as he smilingly and very gently tried to release himself. "Let me try it," he begged.

"No! Absurd! Why, you are trembling now. I can feel your heart."

"I'm not," Egan denied. But he was. He felt pretty dizzy too, although he was not thinking of the descent—not the least in the world. Yes, he was light-headed just then, and very light of heart.

"Oh, well," he said resignedly, when he had prolonged his resistance and her detaining touch to the limit of decency, "if you don't want me to, I won't, of course."

Perhaps the little Story-telling Lady had her suspicions, for when they were again seated in the green chairs, she asked him if he really would have done that foolish thing.

"If it was to serve you I'd jump right off at a word," he answered, and he put such fervor into the declaration that she blushed, and her laugh sounded a little forced.

"King Francis was a royal king and (Continued on page 77)

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on page 10

A SIMPLE MORAL ISSUE

By
WALTER
PRICHARD
EATON

Illustrated by
ORSON LOWELL



She sank out of his arms to the ground. "Don't weep because you love me!" he protested.

HAMLINTON said it was immoral, and when Hamlington said anything or anybody was immoral, it took a brave—or a rash—man to dispute the statement, for the voice of Hamlington was the voice of its wives. The nine hundred undergraduates made a great deal of noise, especially at football games, and the professors lectured copiously day in and day out; but when it came to moral issues, the wives of Hamlington delivered the final word.

"And," said old Professor Drake to young Alpheus Hardy, Associate Professor of Psychology, "after all, it is, you know. What business has young Hopkins philandering with Rainbow Forbes' daughter, when he's got a perfectly good wife of his own?"

"It's bad economics, whether it's bad morals or not," the other said.

"What on earth do you mean—bad economics? What have economics got to do with morality?"

The young man laughed. He belonged to a newer generation. "Everything, sometimes," he answered. "What I mean in this case, though, is that if Hardy doesn't get his thesis on 'The Middle English Penitential Lyric,' or 'Why Shakespeare Put Scene 2 of Act I of 'Hamlet' Before Scene

5 of Act III of "Macbeth," or some other such up-to-the-minute subject, finished in time to win his doctor's degree, Hamlington can never, never, never promote him to an associate professorship of English, with the corresponding munificent raise in salary; and then his little wife can't have the motorcar or the baby she doubtless desires—maybe it's both. She's getting thin trying to keep up appearances on his present stipend; and he—he's spending time elsewhere instead of in his study. Yes sir, bad economics!"

"You find bad economics harder to forgive than bad morals?" the older man asked.

"I find them easier to understand," the other answered. "I can estimate another man's income, but not his instincts."

"Please don't be clever—I'm an old man," Prof. Drake smiled. "After all, this is a simple moral issue, and you know it. What I can't understand is Marjory Forbes' letting—"

Alpheus Hardy flushed at the name. "You admit, then, some suspension of judgment," he broke in. "That is quite a triumph in Hamlington! Well, I must toddle along for my constitutional. I find no moral problems in the fields and woods. Birds are astonishingly monogamous, you know."

He left the Drake house, on Professors' Row, and crossed the elm-shaded campus. Not far beyond the campus he entered on a country road which led down a slope to the old canal, and by rapid strides overtook a woman whom he spied walking ahead of him.

"Can it be that I am going to have the pleasure of a walk with you?" he asked, striding up behind her.

Marjory Forbes turned her head and smiled. It was a fine head, finely poised, and a deep, comfortable smile. The stranger, seeing her, could hardly have guessed she was the girl accused of an outrageous flirtation with the young married instructor in English. Alpheus Hardy was thinking something of the sort as he regarded her—her big, honest blue eyes, her well-poised carriage, her deep, engaging, friendly smile.

"As far as the canal," she answered.

"But that's only a quarter of a mile."

"You are such a tremendous walker, I couldn't keep up with you any farther," she laughed.

"You did—once," said he.

The girl avoided his eyes, and walked at his side for a long moment in silence. Finally she spoke.

"I am going to tell you something," she said slowly. "I can tell you because you will make a promise, and keep it, not to tell anybody else. I—I am writing a novel."

Hardy reflected before he spoke. "Do you mean just that—that *you* are writing a novel?" he finally said.

"I hadn't thought I should have to explain—to you," she answered.

The man inclined his head. "Are you sure you can afford the time?" he asked. "Your doctorate—"

"I am sure I can afford the time for nothing else!" she broke out. "Oh, these moldy old Ph. D.'s! As if to create something alive and real for the present, when you can, wasn't ten thousand times more important! Anybody can be a Ph. D."

"Yes—I'm one," Hardy smiled. "I have no wife, though."

The girl shot a quick look at him.

"Why not?" she asked irrelevantly.

He let his eyes rest a second on hers for answer, and she flushed and averted her face.

"Hamlington is a horrid place," she said, again with apparent irrelevance.

"It is," he answered. "It is much like other places. Couldn't you tell Hamlington that you are writing a novel?"

She shook her head. "No," she answered. "If I did, there would be so much gossip about wasted time and—and domestic ructions, and the—the inspiration would take wing. We artists are very temperamental, Alph."

"Yes, I know you are," he smiled back at her. "At least, I've suspected as much. But you've told me the secret. Why is that, I wonder?"

They were nearly at the old canal now, where it wound through the peaceful fields, overhung with trees, tranquil and sleepy. The girl paused, and for the briefest instant let her eyes rest on his.

"Because I wanted you to know the truth," she answered, and then walked on.

"But I am the only one who would never have believed the false," he persisted.

She refused to look at him, or answer, but at the towpath she smiled once more, and rested her hand a second in his before she turned down the path toward where he could see the red bow of a canoe under the bank.

He strode across the bridge and out into the country.

"I wonder if I ever shall know the truth," he muttered. His heart was pounding happily. Then, "There is a certain satisfaction in getting the moral issue straightened," he said aloud, with a reminiscent grin.

Meanwhile Marjory Forbes had walked down the long-drawn and now grassy towpath, and drawn near the red canoe. As she approached, a young man sprang up and stepped out to greet her.



"Hello!" she said cheerfully. "How's it gone?"

He was of the thin, nervous type so characteristic of American intellectual circles, with blue eyes behind owl-like shell-rimmed spectacles, and a square chin. He was less than thirty, but there were two convergent furrows between his eyebrows, and his whole manner showed the traces of hard work and mental restlessness.

and irritability. When Marjory drew near, however, he smiled, and a kind of relieving gladness seemed to illuminate his face. If she noted this, she did not betray the fact.

"Hello," she said cheerfully. "How's it gone?"

Hopkins handed her into the canoe, took his seat and pushed off. "Rotten!" he answered finally as they moved upstream. "Mar-

jory, there's only one way I'll ever get this blooming novel done—and that's to get off somewhere, far off, and finish it. I try to

work late at night, when I'm tired, with my unfinished doctor's thesis staring at me from one side of the desk, and a pile of

grocery- and meat-bills from the other, with a stack of undergraduate daily themes on the floor, uncorrected, and Alice waking

up and asking when I'm coming to bed, or why I'm not in bed, or what I'm doing. I've either got to tell her or quit the job."

"And if you tell her, you'll quit the job," said Marjory quietly.

"Yes, that's true," he answered. "Oh, why isn't she like you, so she could understand how much this novel means to me!"

"She will understand, after it is published," said the girl. "What she sees now is the immediate need of that magic Ph. D.

She sees the grocery-bills. You must realize, Arthur, how natural that is, especially in a professor's daughter."

"But *you* are a professor's daughter," he cried, "and *you* see how much more the novel means—or can mean!"

"But we don't love each other, and we are not living together," she smiled.

"I don't see that," said he. "The woman that loves you ought to have the most faith in you, the most understanding of you."

"For a novelist, you know very little about women," Marjory replied. "Alice thinks of you as a part of that mystic thing, a

family, a home—which includes tile bathrooms, nice table-linen, a new hat, pretty afternoon-tea things, a handsome husband with-

out any worry-wrinkles in his forehead, and—and—well, many other things. Unless you comprehend that, you shouldn't put

women into your novel. Women are natural pragmatists, too. They see and feel the present more intensely than men. When

you've shown Alice that the novel means a new tea-set and maybe a runabout, she'll guard your workroom door with the

tenacity of Cerberus at the gates of Hades."

"I feel like a beast to be talking of my wife this way," the man said slowly, "to be hearing somebody else defend her. I feel like

a beast to meet her reproachful looks when she knows I've been out with you. I feel like a beast whenever I think what the whole

infernal pack of tame academic tabbies are saying about *you*. Yet you've launched me on this job, and it's got hold of

me now, and I can't quit."

"Of course you can't." She smiled at him as she watched his square jaw set.

He dug in his paddle viciously, and the canoe gave a spring forward. "Why did you do it?" he demanded. "Why did you

listen to my theme for a novel, and show me how to relate it to our American life, and give me the sudden enthusiasm to go home

and begin? Why have you made the whole town call you a flirt and a husband-stealer, just for the sake of a story that may turn

out a dismal failure? What's the magic in you, anyhow?"

Marjory's calm, deep smile did not waver; nor did her eyes leave his.

"You know why I did it," she answered. "I did it because nobody else had the courage to, including yourself. I did it be-

cause I think it's more important for you to be an artist than a doctor of philosophy, and much more important than for me

to keep a spotless reputation before anybody but my Maker. As for the magic, here it is, Arthur: you have no will-power, and I

have. I've given it to you—that's all."

"You're making me feel like a baby as well as a boulder to-day," he complained. "But I don't believe you—not entirely. There's some other magic. Some day I'll tell *you* what it is."

His paddle slacked by the stern, and he sought her eyes.

"Arthur," she said sharply, "move along. We've an afternoon's work to do."

They soon reached a little feeder to the canal, and turned up this into woods. Here they left the canoe; the man handed Mar-

jory the sheaf of manuscript he had completed since their last conference, and himself retired some distance and sat down with

his pad on his knee, to write. Marjory read the manuscript, her face flushing a little now and then; and when it was done, she laid

it down beside her, glanced at Hopkins, who was pulling at a dry pipe and writing at full speed, and then gazed out over the

little feeder into the fields beyond, guarding his quiet and keeping watch on the time.

After almost three hours she called to him. "Time's up!" she cried.

"I don't believe you," he answered.

But he came. "I get more done on a Sunday afternoon than all the rest of the week put together," said he. He was buoyant

and cheerful, exhibiting a fistful of closely written pages ripped from the pad.

"Of course," she smiled, "you have no unfinished doctor's thesis on the pine-needles beside you."

"And I have some one near by to give me—will-power," he answered.

She avoided his eyes, with a frown. "About these last two chapters—" she said. "Is—is it necessary to have your hero so—so emotionally polygamous? You

seem to imply that a man can love two women."

"Two? A dozen!" Hopkins laughed expansively. "Please—I'm not joking," Marjory said.



He sat beside her. "You take my book so much more seriously than I do, you dear girl," he smiled.

"No, I think I take life more seriously than you do," she replied. "I want you to explain what you mean. It—it's a little blot on the book to me."

"Alas, you too are a professor's daughter!" he sighed. "Of course, the marriage-service says you can love only one woman; but nature sometimes makes the marriage-service a liar, and to two sides of a man's nature two women may call."

"Surely, not if he really loves one of them?"

"Yes, if he really does, and at times he would hurt either of them, to please the other."

"No," she answered. "No—not to please the other: to please himself."

"To fulfill himself, perhaps," said Hopkins. "Love is a selfish tyrant, and does as it likes with a man. I wonder why old Hardy doesn't study it in his psychological laboratory, instead of all his sight- and touch- and hearing-tests."

At mention of this name, a dull flush came over Marjory's face, which she hastily averted.

"Nevertheless," she said in a low voice, "one love *must* be deeper than the other—far, far deeper; or neither is love. Your book must make that plain, or it won't reach to the hearts of people—it won't be a success. I—I couldn't bear its not being a success!"

The man looked at her quickly. "Why, Marjory, I never guessed you cared so much!" he cried. "Of course it will be a success. Isn't it really *your* book? The proper love shall triumph in the end, never fear! I wouldn't shock the sensitive souls of the dear public for worlds."

She looked at him sharply. "You are joking again," she said.

"Not at all. The book will finish as you wish—as it ought. But a book isn't nature. God knows how *that* would finish it!"

His eyes rested on her face, and he put out his hand to take hers. She drew it quickly away.

"Arthur!" she cried. "Please!"

He rose slowly, and in silence helped her into the canoe. They spoke little on the way back, and parted at the bridge.

The next evening the President had one of his receptions. Alpheus Hardy had a strong instinct to seek out Alice Hopkins and be nice to her. She was a young woman; indeed, she had seemed hardly more than a girl when Hopkins married her, with a slender prettiness and big eyes. Hardy had often admired her girlish throat, and had loved to hear her soft, musical laugh. But this night he noted the dull shadow of the cords on that slender neck, and in her laugh he caught a forced note that hurt him. He turned away from the group where she was, without a word, and there were two furrows between his brows.

Presently Marjory came in, with her father. From his corner Hardy sensed the raised eyebrows, and caught the dull flush which spread on Mrs. Hopkins' face, and heard again her new, forced laugh. It was all painful to him; it seemed cruel and needless. *Wasn't* it needless? Would even Hamlington object if it knew Marjory and Hopkins were working on a novel together?

Could even these academic tabbies be so silly, so nasty, as to keep up their attitude? Why should Hopkins be willing to let his wife suffer so, or Marjory be willing, unless—

The Associate Professor of Psychology stopped with that "unless," or tried to stop. He felt a cold clutching at his heart, then a hot rush of emotion, and his eyes followed Marjory's progress past the President and the President's wife, and the Dean and the Dean's wife, and in among a group of undergraduates—followed her with hunger and with trouble in them.

Presently he saw Marjory join a little group of the Hamilton wives, and he noted how their chatter ceased, and one by one they scattered and left Marjory pointedly alone. Her face flushed, and she stood a second with angry eyes before Hardy reached her side.

"I heard them meow," he said.

"Take me out to the dining-room, Alph," she answered, making a quick, grateful smile at him. "This—this novel-writing hard work."

"You couldn't tell about it yet?"

"After that? Not in a thousand years!" she broke out. "I wouldn't give them the satisfaction."

He grinned. "But it would give some of the rest of us satisfaction, too," he said softly.

She barely touched his arm. "I have told *you*," she said, and in her tone was something that once again made his heart beat faster—a fact that as a psychologist he carefully noted, quite unconsciously.

"And when the novel is done, shall you write another?" he asked.

"I could—myself—about the writing of the first," she murmured.

"I shouldn't mind *that*," he laughed.

"Why should you mind now? You think as I do about talent."

"Hang our talent, Marjory!" Alpheus Hardy whispered quite unacademically into her ear.

"You mustn't swear—in the President's house," she smiled.

"Please get me an ice."

Their eyes met as he handed it to her.

"This is a curious planet," he remarked.

"One of the queerest," she readily agreed.

"You haven't yet told me whether you are going to write another novel. This one must be almost done."

"Yes, I'm typing the first half now. Professional stenographers are too expensive—and communicate."

"And my question?"

"It all depends," she said, looking away.

The novel was finished in two more weeks, and then Hopkins wished to take it back and rewrite it, Marjory would not let him.

"There's a rush and fuss about it now you'd better spoil if you rewrite it," she said. "You'd be thinking of Walter Pater all the time, with Henry James, and pursue your story into a luxurious jargon of style. Besides, you can't afford it. You're not writing this as a luxury, you know. You've got to send it to the publisher, and get to work on your thesis."

"Yes'm," Hopkins grinned. "But in the autumn I'll come back with a new story plot."

out, and then we'll get to work again."

Marjory said nothing. She took the last of the manuscript home to copy, and presently she departed for New York, with a letter to her father's publishers. It may be suspected that Professor Forbes also had been told.

The novel was accepted, and rushed through for autumn publication, though no public announcement was made till after Hamlington had closed for the long vacation. Marjory and her father had gone to Glacier Park; for he, being the author



"Why do you tell me about it? Why don't you tell Marjory?" was his wife's comment.

successful text-books, had money to travel on. Alpheus Hardy was spending the summer in the White Mountains, chiefly on foot over the north peaks. But Hopkins, too poor to travel, and under the spell of reaction following his long and secret labors, remained in Hamlington and worked feverishly on his thesis. He was convinced now that the novel would not be a success. The news of the novel did not, as he had perhaps hoped it would, restore the old relations between his wife and him. Alice listened in grave silence to his explanation of why secrecy had been necessary.

"What you are really trying to tell me," she said, "is that I couldn't inspire you to write a novel, to be a creative artist, as you call it."

"Let's drop that silly word inspire," he retorted. "I'm trying to tell you that Marjory Forbes was the only person who even suggested to me that it was more worth while writing a contemporary story than a thesis on Restoration Drama, and pumped me full of the courage to do it. And it took some courage, Alice, to deceive you, and meet day after day your silent reproaches, to have you think I was a philanderer and no longer loved you."

"Did it?" she answered, moving away from him as he drew near.

"Good Lord!" he cried out. "Are you trying to make me love Marjory Forbes?"

"No, Arthur," she answered, giving him a look that hurt. "I am simply realizing that you and I have been thinking and dreaming of—of different things, all these three years. Your novel meant more to you than my happiness and self-respect. I—I can't understand that."

Her big eyes grew wet, and she left him, while he stared, vexed and moody, at his hated thesis.

It seemed better that she should have a change, and so he sent her to her parents' summer cottage on the shore, and lived on alone the rest of the summer, getting his meals with a woman who kept a student boarding-house when college was open. He wrote to Marjory, but got no further replies than an occasional souvenir post-card. With his wife he exchanged perfunctory letters, neither of them coming close to the subject that lay between them. He worked daily on his thesis, corrected the proofs for his novel, and suddenly, in the very midst of his loneliness and depression, found the theme of a second story walking into his head, and in spite of himself began working it out, filling copious notebooks with scenes and character-sketches and dialogue.

This fact he communicated at length to Marjory, and received in reply a picture of Going-to-the-Sun Mountain, with "Tell Alice

about it," written across the clouds, the whole inclosed in an envelope.

Alice returned in a few days, her pride demanding that she should be with him before the professors and their wives got back to town; and he was glad to see her, and did tell her, getting out his notebooks enthusiastically.

"Why do you tell me about it? Why don't you tell Marjory?" was his wife's comment.

Hopkins flung out of the room, muttering.

Marjory did not return till two days before college opened, and thereafter made herself very difficult of access. Hopkins tried to get her alone, but vainly, for two or three weeks. Finally he cornered her at a freshman reception, and demanded to know when they could begin work on the new book.

"Have you told Alice?" she asked.

"Yes—and all she said was: 'Why don't you tell Marjory?'"

Marjory bit her lip.

"Arthur," she said, "if you don't write this book all yourself, without anybody's helping you, then you aren't worth helping."

"Is that an ultimatum?"

She inclined her head, and left him.

But he did no more work on his story, nevertheless. He

lived in the dingy little house with his wife, a wordless restraint and unspoken reproach constantly between them, irritating his nerves and troubling his conscience. Again and again he tried to break down this barrier, but ever the thought of Marjory's help and counsel interposed and robbed the impulse of that unclouded affection toward the woman beside him which he knew it must have to be persuasive. He too grew older-looking, and his face haunted Alice even as her corded throat-line haunted him. They were a miserable pair.

Then the novel came out. All Hamlington read it—with mixed reactions. More to the point, a great many other people read it. In a few weeks it was listed as a "best-seller"—nobody could explain why, least of all Arthur Hopkins. The mystery of what makes a best-seller is something any publisher would stake his soul to solve! But such was the indisputable fact. A note from his publisher made him realize that his royalties six months later would be at least treble his annual salary, and probably even more. There would be "second serial" returns later, after the book-sale, and probably returns from a cheap edition. He held the letter, bewildered, in his hand, and then ran home with it.

"Alice!" he called. "Alice! New curtains, a Persian rug, that set of dinner dishes! Go hire a maid!" And he waved the letter before her.

She read it slowly, and then looked at his face. It was boyish, elated; his eyes were shining into hers. She moved to him with a little cry, and put up her lips. It was her old Arthur again! He had thought of the things she wanted so much, and hadn't mentioned now for nearly a year!

But even as he kissed her, he thought how it was really Marjory's advice that had inspired his words. The strength of the other woman got between them. As his lips met his wife's lips, his brain was making comparisons! He went into his study presently, feeling suddenly depressed and weary. What sort of tangle was he in, anyhow?

And the second novel progressed no farther. Here came an offer now from a magazine for the (Continued on page 94)

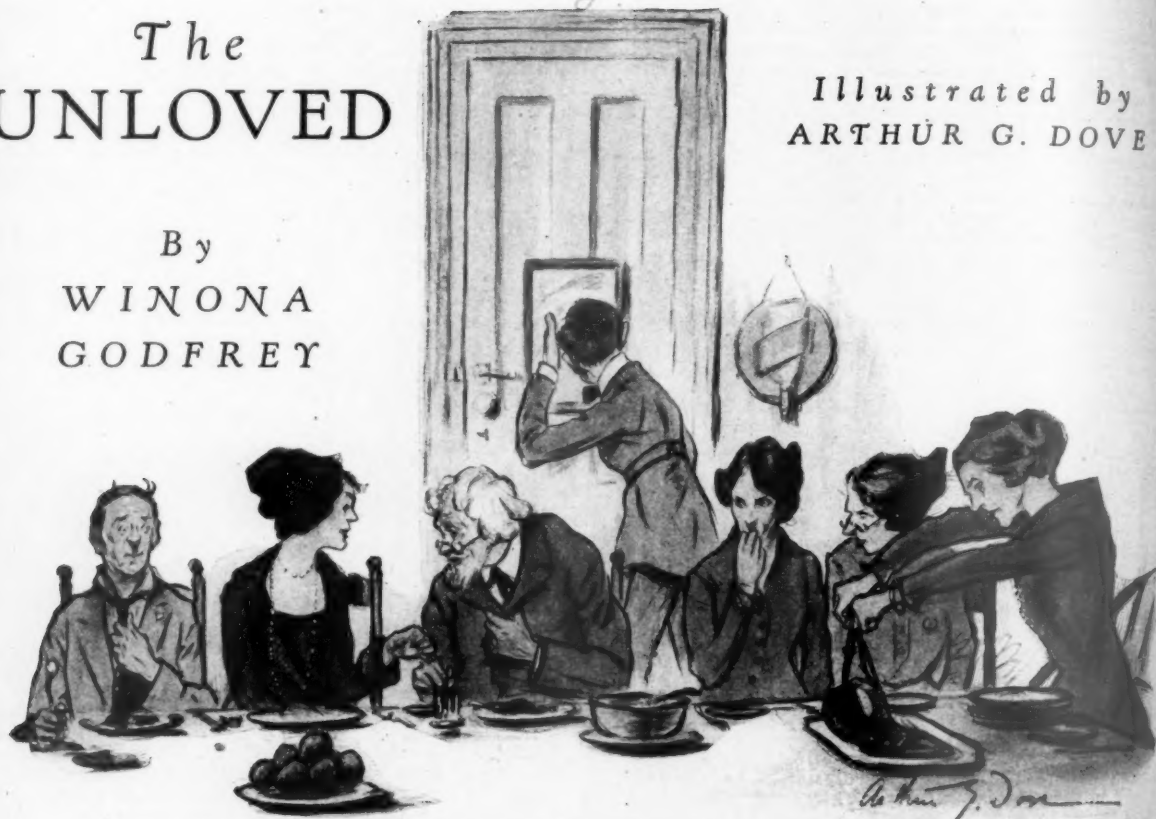


Hopkins flung out of the room, muttering.

The UNLOVED

By
WINONA
GODFREY

Illustrated by
ARTHUR G. DOVE



The boarding-house table seemed to Mrs. Guest's ex-protégée like a scene out of a play. Only humpbacked Mr. Higginson, who sat next to her, spoke pleasantly.

"LORRAINE! Lor-raine! Are you under that porch again? Drat that child!" The sharp-voiced call, punctuated by the slam of the screen-door, seemed to slap the shrinking ears of the little girl who lay on her back in a queer lair under the side porch. The cobwebs had been carefully brushed away from the rough boards decorated with pictures cut from magazines, each dangling insecurely from a single pin. Over her head was her favorite—that one of Parrish's of the boy blowing bubbles from which the rising castles hint all the dreams of youth.

Lorraine Tower was so different from the rest of her family that in ancient times she would have been considered a changeling. They were poor, selfish, shiftless, discontented, ill-poised people. Lorraine was the last child, and most unwelcome. They couldn't afford another child; and besides, surely they all had enough to contend with without having another baby to look after and do for. By the time she was six years old, neglected and whined at, she had contrived that lair under the porch, to which she fled when the family wrangling became too strenuous.

Lorraine always did what she was told, and so she immediately obeyed her mother's summons.

"I'd think you'd be ashamed of yourself, Lorraine Tower," said her mother, "—a great big girl like you, crawlin' under that dirty porch!"

Mrs. Tower pressed a cup into Lorraine's hand. "Run over to Mrs. Murphy's and ask her to let me have a cup of sugar. And don't fool along about it, either."

Mrs. Murphy lent the sugar, but it never helped sweeten any Tower. Perhaps Lorraine's attention was too closely fixed upon its safety, for she stepped off the sidewalk into the path of an oncoming automobile. She was sent sprawling, and as neatly sprinkled with sugar as a doughnut. But her only injury was a tiny cut on the chin, and her whole dismay was for the spilled sugar.

Now, in this machine rode a wealthy and capricious old woman, Mrs. Hargrave Guest. Possibly Mrs. Guest was in an unusually discerning mood that day, for it occurred to her that this was an interesting child, and that the situation held dramatic possi-

bilities. She took the girl home, interviewed the family and found that they were quite willing to part with the "baby" if Mrs. Guest would pledge herself to adopt Lorraine and give the Towers a little cash present to soothe the anguish of their loss.

Lorraine watched them all with her puzzled, tragic eyes, fingering the little cut on her chin, saying nothing. She wondered, not at the disposition to sell her, but at the novelty of anyone's wanting to buy. Vague, thrilling hopes stirred her at the perfunctory kisses of her family, at Mrs. Guest's air of possession, at all the glory of her future promised in the novel splendor of Mrs. Guest's amazing mode of life.

But alas, after the society page had ceased to feature this philanthropic event, Mrs. Guest discovered that it was rather more tiresome than otherwise to have a young person under your feet all the time, a young person who was mostly eyes and who fell over the rugs and whose methods with forks were uncertain and primitive. After all the advertising, it would never do to dismiss her, of course; and so she shipped the protégée off to a boarding-school forthwith, and for the most part forgot all about her.

There is nothing, not ugliness nor stupidity, that so surely shuts one away from his fellows like being "different." Lorraine had been shut off from her family by being of finer stuff, and nothing could have been more cruel than to plump this shy, bewildered child into a colony of assured young people from our best families in the Beauchamp School for Young Ladies.

She was put into a room with Miss Patricia Reddington Merriam, who showed a talent for inquisition amounting to genius.

"Oh, you're not any relation to Mrs. Guest, then?"

"No, I—"

"Adopted?"

"Yes, I—I guess so."

"I should think you'd be called Guest, then, instead of Tower," said Miss Merriam, and by her assurance, and convinced that for some reason she must owe Miss Merriam an explanation. She offered her story hesitantly, not thinking to, and indeed knowing no reason why she should suppress the detail of the cup of sugar.

Miss Merriam showed much interest and some amusement, asked some more questions, and then abruptly left the room. She had not returned when a maid informed Lorraine that Miss Beauchamp had instructed her to remove Miss Tower's things to another room.

Unsuspecting Lorraine helped as well as she could. She was installed in a much smaller and less cheerful room, which she was to have to herself. After the maid had gone, Lorraine missed some trifle and went back downstairs to get it. Voices and laughter made her hesitate outside the door; she did not wish to enter to all those curious eyes. Then came the little Merriam's cultured accents:

"Oh, yes, her clothes are lovely, but you can see she's not used to them. Just a little nobody! You wouldn't think Miss Beauchamp would accept anybody like that, would you, even if Mrs. Guest is rich. I thought this school was supposed to be exclusive. I said: 'Really, I don't see how you can expect me to put up with her crude ways, Miss Beauchamp, or any of the girls.' Wasn't that killing about the cup of sugar! Imagine borrowing a cup of sugar from Mrs. Murphy!" They all laughed, and half a dozen girlish voices made flippant comment.

Lorraine stood motionless, frozen with what seemed to her final proof of her unloved and lonely destiny. She was with these girls, but not of them, and never again should they have a chance

to laugh at or to snub her. She could, however, be like them in those outward graces they rated so highly, and to this end she devoted herself with an undivided allegiance.

For five years Lorraine went her aloof way. Vacations were usually spent with one of the teachers at Mrs. Guest's well-paid request. It was characteristic that she never questioned Mrs. Guest's authority. Long after the little Merriam and her set had gone, Lorraine stayed on, unconsciously unapproachable to all the newcomers in her cool, self-contained, impersonal graciousness, and known to everybody as "the Icicle." She had a lithe body, fair hair, eyes of a very dark blue, a cleft chin, a delicately carved mouth, red and a little wistful. And these are not signs of a temperamental frigidity.

She could not, however, stay there forever; and Mrs. Guest at last, on her way home from New York, stopped to inspect her protégée and deliver judgment. Miss Beauchamp delivered the finished product with a pride that inferred: "Think of what you brought us, and behold what we are returning to you!"

Mrs. Guest eyed her through a lorgnon, was pleased with what she saw, and bestowed a peck on her smooth cheek. Indeed, Lorraine's appearance was so *Clara-Vere-de-Vere*-ish that Mrs. Guest, who had been wondering how to rid herself of an incubus, decided to retain her as an example of her own discernment. Besides, she needed a social secretary.



Mrs. Guest took the girl home, interviewed the family and found that they were quite willing to part with the "baby." Lorraine watched them all with her puzzled, tragic eyes.

Back in Gardenwood, Lorraine went to see her own family, perfunctorily, for she had long ago drilled herself out of all expectation. They received her in an offhand manner. They resented her accent and her poise. Her brother Larry tried to borrow a little money from her, and was frankly incredulous when told she had none.

Life went on a few months in a bleak routine, and then a very unpleasant thing happened. Mrs. Guest had a chauffeur named Charles Pryne, a good-looking and well-mannered young man, who always drove Lorraine on the numerous errands connected with Mrs. Guest's clubs and charities and such. One morning Lorraine had sent for Charles to give him instructions about some matter. When he had received them, he did not go but remained standing before her.

"You may go, Charles."

"Not for a minute," said Charles with low-voiced vehemence. "I got something to say to you, and I can't keep it another day. What do you stay here for, for that old cat to walk on? Lorraine, you been seeing every day that I love you. Marry me, honey. I'll make you happy. Money's not everything—" He seized her in his arms.

Her lifted hand kept his lips from hers just as she glimpsed the entrance of Mrs. Guest. That lady's caustic "Really!" broke the fatuous Charles' embrace, and one stinging sentence dismissed him from the room and from Mrs. Guest's employ. And after one look at Lorraine, as if he expected her to speak in his behalf, Charles departed with not a little dignity.

Lorraine, lifting her eyes at that moment, saw a young man at the door stand aside to let Charles pass. Evidently he had been at Mrs. Guest's shoulder and had doubtless witnessed with her the little scene's climax. Mrs. Guest presented Mr. Delbridge to Miss Tower, and requested her to bring out the accounts of a certain charity. Lorraine obeyed, explained them in a cool, even voice and offered her iciest armor to the young man's curious eyes. Something in Mrs. Guest's manner warned Lorraine that she was suspected of having indulged Charles' infatuation. She could have borne that if she had not feared that Delbridge thought so too.

In that torturing half-hour something even more serious had happened to Lorraine—alas for Lorraine the unloved, that she should love one to whom the love of women was an oft-looked tale. Kenyon Delbridge, lately become Mrs. Guest's man of affairs, was one of the most sought-after young men of the town—well-born, handsome, rich, and therefore the object of much feminine strategy and the target aimed at by many a scheming mamma.

A month after the episode of Charles, Mrs. Guest suddenly fell ill, and before anyone had so much as suspected the possibility, she died. The day after the funeral, Lorraine, looking slenderer and paler than ever in her black dress, her eyes bluer and her hair more golden, received Delbridge in the library, the room where he had seen her first—in the arms of Charles the chauffeur.

"It has been such a short time since I have had charge of Mrs. Guest's affairs," he began, "and of course, her death was so unexpected. I am very sorry to tell you that she left no will."

Lorraine looked at him a moment before she asked: "Just what does that mean?"

"You were never legally adopted by Mrs. Guest?" He made it a question, though he knew the answer. She shook her head. "Mrs. Guest has made no provision for you in any way. Her estate is rather less than was supposed; but it must all go to her direct heir—who is, I believe, a younger brother, Arthur Hallowell, living in England. It isn't fair to you, of course."

"It was my fault, I suppose," said Lorraine slowly. "If she had cared enough for me—"

Delbridge explained that the ready cash of the estate was so low that the house would have to be closed, though he offered to make an appeal to Hallowell in Miss Tower's behalf. Lorraine would not permit that. "I have no claim," she said.

When the Towers had finally understood that Lorraine had neither money nor patronage to pass on to them, they had ceased to bother about her; but Mrs. Guest's death had revived their hopes. Furious when they learned her failure to provide for Lorraine, they tried to persuade the girl to fight this Arthur Hallowell to the limit.

The last servant was gone; Lorraine's trunks were packed, and she stood in the library listening wearily to Jim Tower's ultimatum.

"It wouldn't hurt you to make a fight, would it? I know a smart lawyer that'll take the case and split half and half with me."

"I don't want to fight."

"You're a fool. What're you afraid of?"

"I'm not afraid."

"You always were a regular rabbit. If anybody looked crossways at you, you'd run off and crawl under the porch."

"I don't think it was because I was afraid," said Lorraine. "Mrs. Guest gave me a home and educated me. If she didn't care to do more, that was for her to decide."

"Why didn't you get on the good side of her, then? You had

every chance in the world. I don't know where you got that frozen face of yours. I can't understand how a girl of mine ever came to have so little spirit. Can't fight or love or hate or do anything but stand around like an ice image—" Jim Tower was full of words; railing was the best thing he did. Perhaps it was because a blow came back that he finally paused. "Well, what are you going to do, then? Thinking of coming home?"

"No."

"It's just as well. You'll have to sleep with Lucy and she—"

"I'm not going home."

"Oh, very well." He ran with an injured air. She'd better take good advice when she got it. You think she'd want to take any chance to do something for her own people . . . At last he was gone.

Lorraine was alone in the great house that was her home no longer. She possessed the exact sum of fifteen dollars and sixty-five cents. Mrs. Guest had done her irreparable injury—not in that she had now failed to provide for Lorraine, but that she had prevented her from knowing

ing to provide for herself. She had been taught to sing and play and ride and swim and dance, and all the ways of spending money. She had not been taught one way in which it can be made.

The doorbell rang. There was no one to answer it but Lorraine, and she did not wish to see anyone. After a moment she heard the door open and close, and heard some one walking toward the room in which she sat. (Continued on page 86)



"Oh, you're not any relation to Mrs. Guest, then? Adopted?" Lorraine looked at her helplessly.



"I'm riveting firm and true
With a durable frame in view.
Just rivet your mind on a Campbell kind
And you'll be a builder, too."



"Building up"

*First, choose the right materials
to build with*

The old-fashioned idea of a heavy meat diet as the best way to build health and strength was like some old stone buildings you've seen—with more weight than strength. Architects know better now, so do dieticians. Modern hygiene shows that you must have an abundance of good vegetables to build a vigorous constitution.

You are using the best kind of "building up" material when you eat

Campbell's Vegetable Soup

It combines the invigorating meat juices of selected beef with the nourishing properties of choice vegetables, fine herbs, strength-giving cereals. And all these are in the most digestible form.

This is not only a tempting and appetizing meal course but it supplies in a substantial measure the vital elements necessary to correct the blood,

regulate the body processes and create active energy.

All authorities agree that good soup eaten every day is one of the surest means of keeping in prime physical condition. And at this time of year when the system is inclined to be sluggish, you realize especially the need and the value of this wholesome and delicious soup.

Now is the time to order it by the dozen or more.

And always serve it steaming hot.

21 kinds

12c a can

Campbell's SOUPS

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL



Kenyon Delbridge walked in. "Miss Tower! I beg your pardon. Dilley brought me the keys, and I supposed you had gone."

"I was just going," murmured Lorraine. He was looking at her in a queer way. He must be wondering—

"My car's outside. I'll be glad to take you. It's a shame for you to have to leave the house, but—"

"Thank you so much," came in her cool, low tones. "But my trunks—"

"Oh, you're waiting for the expressman. I'll wait with you, if I may?"

What could she do but thank him, and sink back upon the divan from which she had started up at his entrance? He spoke of the weather, his eyes always coming back to her face. She was wondering why she could not sparkle at him as she had seen girls do—gay smiles and arch glances, magnetizing the atmosphere between them. How amused he would be if he knew how sweet his mere presence was to her, that she had dreamed of him last night, dreamed of walking in a garden with him toward the rainbow's end!

A little chill began to creep into the big room. Delbridge looked at his watch. "Your expressman's late. Shall I call up about it?"

"Don't let me keep you," said Lorraine.

He got up, hurt and a little huffed. Confounded the girl, he wasn't used to this!

"Please don't be offended, Mr. Delbridge. The truth is, I don't know yet just where I am going; and so—of course, I'm not waiting for an expressman—"

"Miss Tower, if you could be frank with me—"

"I'm afraid I'm not a very frank person, Mr. Delbridge. I know I should have made up my mind about such an important thing before the last minute."

"But I supposed you were going home to your own people!"

She smiled faintly. "I thought of that but—reconsidered."

He could not ask why. "Some nice boarding-house, then," he suggested. "Er—temporarily."

She did not see why temporarily, but agreed with the main proposition. He had an evening paper, and they picked out two or three "homelike" places, "rates reasonable." He insisted on driving her to inspect them. She decided to stay at the first place in spite of Delbridge's only half-concealed dismay at it. It was a dull little room, but it was cheap; and if they looked further and she balked at a higher price, he would wonder.

He carried up Lorraine's bags, and lingered a moment. "Miss Tower, I've been wondering—please don't think me impertinent. You—you have money, of course?"

"Of course. Thank you."

"I could advance you some. I'm sure Mr. Hallowell—"

"You're very kind, but it isn't at all necessary."

He hoped she would be comfortable—if he could be of any assistance in any way. She thanked him, but there was nothing at all—good-by.

She stood staring at the door he closed behind him. Why couldn't she have acted like a normal, friendly girl with him?

The boarding-house table seemed to Mrs. Guest's ex-protégée like a scene out of a play. And alas for poor Lorraine, her blond beauty, her fashionable dress, her high-bred manners, her cool self-possession, quite shook the morale of the regulars. They became unpleasantly aware of careless ties, of crumpled waists, of

spoons in their cups, of food gobbled from awkward forks. Only humpbacked Mr. Higginson, a little man with a mop of wild white hair, who sat next to her, spoke pleasantly of the weather and offered to pass the salt.

Afterward the dingy little room seemed to stifle her, and she snatched her hat and hurried out in a sort of panic. She began to be afraid of something—of life, perhaps. She was alone in a new and strange world.

She had come several blocks to a business street, and here in front of a queer little bookshop she saw the Mr. Higginson of the boarding-house dinner. He bowed and smiled, and as she hesitated, invited her in with a courtly gesture. His clerk had just

left him, he explained, as he showed her the little shop, and it was very hard to get another—that is, one that suited him, for of course he could not pay so much.

"Would I asked Lorraine quietly.

"You!" He was amazed. Such a young lady as this! He could not imagine her working; he knew she had never had work.

"No, but I must get on. I would try to be hard."

Oh, there was no doubt she could do it. And how pleased the customers would be! professors, they were, and bookish men—they be waited on with such intelligence! For the pay, it was a little.

"How much?"

"Ten dollars a week." He had been paying Lily Smith eight.

"I'll come to work in the morning, if I may." So it was arranged.

When Lorraine came down to breakfast next morning, a chair that had been vacant at dinner was filled—with Charles Pryne, chauffeur. He spoke with such amazed eagerness, so much respectful reverence in his eyes, that she could not but speak to him. She would have forgotten him if he had not been given importance by Delbridge's presence that day.

And so Lorraine was dropped back into the world from which Mrs. Guest had lifted her. At first the novelty and her tiredness at night kept her from appraising it. Delbridge telephoned, asking if she found her boarding-place satisfactory, if she could do anything for her. And she had answered in that sweet, noncommittal way of hers, and knew when she hung up the receiver that she would never hear from him again. So what did it matter how life went?

Pryne brought her flowers and candy, although she asked him not to, and almost every night he appeared at the shop and walked home with her in spite of her coolness. He was not to be discouraged by her refusal to accept his invitations, and his impatient confidence was disconcerting. He was manager of a game now, and Lorraine was back in his world. He saw no obstacle that was not to be overcome.

Delbridge appeared at the shop one sultry afternoon. He called at the house, he said, and they had told him where to find her. She could see that he wanted to ask her how she came to be in this dark little shop, and she wanted to tell him; but that long inhibition of hers locked her lips and kept the light out of her eyes. Conversation soon languished between them. He did not break through the wall of her reserve, and she was a prisoner behind it. A customer came in, and she was obliged to leave to sell a bottle of ink.

When he had gone, she was desolate, not only for the moment



"Well, then," Lorraine explained, "I am trying to escape from Charles Pryne. . . . He has made up his mind to marry me."



TRY THIS FAMOUS TREATMENT

Every girl can have a soft, clear skin—free from blackheads or blemishes

BLACKHEADS are a confession. Think how constantly your face is exposed to dust and dirt. Every day irritating dust carries bacteria and parasites into the skin, causing blackheads and other blemishes. Such blemishes are a confession that you are using the wrong method of cleansing for your type of skin.

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Send for sample cake of soap

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If constant exposure to dust and dirt is coarsening your skin, a special Woodbury treatment will make it

fine again. Full directions in the booklet wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.



but for the whole future that must be lived without him. To love and be unloved—that pain made her think of Charles Pryne. Poor Charles, then! So when he appeared that night, she tried to be a little kinder, and that precipitated the inevitable.

"Lorraine, marry me now. What's the use waiting?"

"I can't marry you, Charles."

"Oh, yes, you will." He was tenderly confident. "You can't go on working in that shop forever for ten a week, you know."

"I don't intend to."

"You're not the kind of girl that gets on in business," he told her. "You've been raised wrong for that. And you haven't any taste for that sort of thing. What's the use giving yourself a lot of hard times? I'm getting on. I'll take good care of you."

"I'm sorry." Why not give up, be secure at least, be taken care of? Perhaps it would cure this gnawing at her heart. And then his eager face brought back that other day when he had been looking at her so. She could almost feel again his arm about her waist, almost lifted her hand again between his lips and hers. "No. I'm sorry, but you mustn't think I'm ever going to."

His face set obstinately. "You are. I get what I want. There'll be nothing else for you. I'm the only one that sees behind that ice of yours. I'll make you love me."

Bitterly, to herself, she wished him luck; it would simplify things so.

CHARLES laid siege in earnest now. Nothing she could do or say affected him in the least, and finally he informed her that he was furnishing a flat for their future home!

That night Lorraine packed a bag and stole from the house. It was no use to go openly. In a quiet little hotel she tried to plan a way to get her trunks without her dogged lover's tracing them and her. Perhaps she could pawn their contents for enough to take her from the city, beyond Charles Pryne's pursuit. There was but one person she could appeal to safely—Delbridge. He had wanted to help her, and if she was never to see him again, what harm to go to him this once?

And so to Delbridge's office Lorraine the unloved went to ask help to escape a lover!

He did not conceal his surprise. "Miss Tower! I am delighted to see you again."

You would not have known that Lorraine's errand embarrassed her. "I have come to ask you to help me, if you will be so kind."

"In any way I can."

"I was obliged to leave Mrs. Diggs'—suddenly. My trunks are still there. I want to get them without anyone's there knowing where I've gone." At his blank look, she hastened to explain: "Oh, she's not holding them for my board. But—I want to leave the city. I—" She broke off, not knowing how to make the thing sound less absurd without telling him the truth.

"You are leaving the city?"

"I'm trying to," she said with a faint smile.

"Miss Tower, do you remember my asking you once to be frank with me? I don't know, I'm sure, why you don't trust me."

"But I do trust you," she put in gently.

"Then," he said, leaning toward her, "tell me all about this."

She met his eyes. "I will. Do you by any chance remember Charles Pryne, Mrs. Guest's chauffeur?"

"I remember him very well." And she knew he was recalling a certain scene very vivid in her own memory.

"Well, then," Lorraine explained, "I am trying to escape from Charles Pryne."

"Escape!"

"Escape. He has made up his mind to—marry me. Nothing I can do or say has the slightest effect on him." She made a little gesture of helplessness.

"Mr. Pryne must be a very persistent person," said Delbridge with a queer intonation.

"I know it sounds comic," murmured Lorraine.

"I don't think it sounds comic, but it hardly seems necessary for you to run away. If you really wish to be rid of him—"

"Do you doubt it?" It was the first time he had ever seen her show any emotion. There was fire behind the ice of that question.

It seemed to stir Delbridge. "Well, Pryne can hardly marry you against your will."

"I wonder!" said Lorraine quietly.

He stared. "What do you mean? That it is possible? Has he magic of some kind, perhaps?"

"I suppose it has never occurred to you, Mr. Delbridge, that a great many women are married against their wills. I am running away from Charles Pryne, not because I am afraid of him, but because I am afraid of myself. I am afraid of that day when nothing will seem to matter, when I shall be too tired to fight, when I shall have ceased to care what becomes of me. That is the day he is waiting for." It was the first time Lorraine had ever spoken her heart. She had not meant to; she had not known that she could.

"But why should a girl like you ever feel like that?" he cried. "You are young and strong and beautiful. The world should be your oyster."

SHE shook her head. "I'm flawed somewhere. I'm an outsider. At home I was merely in the house, not one of them. At school I was not a girl among girls. I didn't belong. Even after I had become like them outwardly, there was something that held me apart. And Mrs. Guest—I wanted to love her, but she wouldn't let me. I can't pretend to love my family; they detest me. And so you see—" She sighed. "I don't know why I can tell you this."

"You poor child!" said Delbridge. "I couldn't make you out before. Now I understand. Some day you will be tired, and he will be there—"

"Yes," said Lorraine simply.

"Does it all depend just on that? You—are you never going to love—"

"Suppose I did. I am a woman without any of woman's weapons."

"You mean you can't or won't use them."

"Should I say thank you?" There was a pause. "You asked me to be frank, and I have been very frank, haven't I?"

"You didn't ask me to be frank, but I'm going to be," he answered. "I want to tell you about a fellow who had a good deal of money, and so a lot of women used all their weapons on him until he was in danger of becoming a fool or a cynic. One day he met a girl who didn't seem to be impressed by him. She didn't give him any smiles or any glances. When he spoke to her, she seemed cool and offish. For the first time in his life he failed to be a hit. He was surprised and shocked. Here was a girl who didn't seem to think of him at all. Whenever he saw her again, she was cold as ice, and he couldn't find how to thaw her out. And Lorraine, he wanted to, more than anything in the world. He thought he knew all about women, but before this one girl he was shy and helpless."

Lorraine sat motionless. She knew she was dreaming the old dream that by some magic he should come to love her. She would wake up to find herself in the dining room at Mrs. Diggs'. Perhaps it was all a dream—Mrs. Guest, the fashionable boarding-school, Charles Pryne, the little bookshop—perhaps she would open her eyes upon the cobwebbed ceiling of her childish lair under the side porch. How many afternoons she had dreamed away there of a fairy godmother who was to transform Lorraine the unloved into the radiant bride of *Prince Charming*—"Lorraine! Are you under that porch again? Drat that child—"

"Lorraine, don't you hear me? I'm telling you—I love you."

"I—wasn't sure I heard you," said Lorraine.

"I know you don't love me," he sighed. "You strange, cold little fairy princess! But Pryne sha'n't have you. Marry me, Lorraine, and let me take all your problems. I'll try hard to make you happy, and maybe some day—" He took her unresisting hands. "Lorraine, isn't there any way to woo you—" She let him see her eyes then, and what he saw there drew his arms around her and his lips to hers.

LATE that afternoon Delbridge paid a hurried visit to his office, as he was leaving town on an extended trip. Some one, his secretary told him, had been trying to get him on the telephone all the afternoon, and had just been calling again.

"Mr. Delbridge? This is Charles Pryne. Say, Miss Tower disappeared this morning. I've looked all over for her. I wondered if you'd have any idea where she's gone?"

"Miss Tower," returned Delbridge blithely, "has disappeared forever. She became Mrs. Delbridge at high noon today."

There was a pause. Delbridge felt a little pang—he might, perhaps, have been kinder.

Then, "I hope she'll be happy," said Charles Pryne slowly in a changed voice. "You make her happy, you trifling lawyer, or I'll break your neck!"



HOW TO CHOOSE SUMMER FABRICS

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“WHAT has come over you! It's wicked to buy such delicate and filmy material. That bit of cobweb will go to pieces the moment you start to launder it.”

“Nonsense. I have washed it. It was a remnant and so shopworn and grimy that I dipped it in delicate Lux suds the moment I got it home.”

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Whisk a tablespoonful of Lux into a thick lather in half a bowlful of very hot water. Add cold water to make the suds lukewarm. Dip the article up and down in the pure lather. Squeeze the suds through it—**Do not rub**. Rinse three times in clear lukewarm water. Roll in a towel to dry partially. While still damp, press with a warm iron—never a hot one.

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WHEN THE LION FED

(Continued from
page 42)

taunted. Then Tarzan stepped in and rapped him smartly on the head with the shaft of his spear. Numa reared upon his hind feet and struck at the Ape-man, and in return received a cuff on one ear that sent him reeling sideways. When he returned to the attack, he was again sent sprawling. After the fourth effort it appeared to dawn upon the king of beasts that he had met his master; his head and tail drooped, and when Tarzan advanced upon him, he backed away, though still growling.

Leaving Numa tied to the tree, Tarzan entered the tunnel and removed the barricade from the opposite end; then he returned to the gulch and strode straight for the tree. Numa lay in his path, and as Tarzan approached, growled menacingly. The Ape-man cuffed him aside and unfastened the rope from the tree. Then ensued a half-hour of stubbornly fought battle while Tarzan endeavored to drive Numa through the tunnel ahead of him, and Numa persistently refused to be driven. At last, however, by dint of the unrestricted use of his spear-point, the Ape-man succeeded in forcing the lion to move ahead of him and eventually guided him into the passageway. Once inside, the problem became simpler, for Tarzan followed close behind, his sharp spear-point an unremitting incentive to forward movement on the part of the lion. And so they passed through the tunnel and emerged into the jungle.

Numa had now learned the rudiments of being driven; Tarzan now urged him forward—and there began as strange a journey as the unrecorded history of the jungle contains. The rest of that day was eventful both for Tarzan and for Numa. From open rebellion at first the lion passed through stages of stubborn resistance and grudging obedience, to final surrender. He was a very tired, hungry and thirsty lion when night overtook them; but there was to be no food for him that day nor the next; Tarzan did not dare risk removing the head-bag, though he did cut another hole in the nose that permitted Numa to quench his thirst shortly after dark. Then he tied the lion to a tree, sought food for himself and stretched out among the branches above his captive for a few hours' sleep.

Early the following morning they resumed their journey, winding over the low foothills south of Kilimanjaro, toward the east. The beasts of the jungle who saw them took one look and fled. The scent-spoor of Numa alone might have been enough to provoke flight in many of the lesser animals, but the sight of this strange apparition—which smelled like a lion but looked like nothing they had ever seen before—led through the jungles by a giant Tarmangani was too much for even the more formidable denizens of the wild.

BUT Sabor the lioness, recognizing from a distance the scent of her lord and master intermingled with that of a Tarmangani and the hide of Horta the boar,

trotted through the aisles of the forest to investigate. Tarzan and Numa heard her coming, for she voiced a plaintive and questioning whine as the baffling mixture of odors aroused her curiosity and her fears; for lions, however terrible they may appear, are often timid animals; and Sabor was habitually inquisitive as well.

Tarzan unslung his spear, for he knew it was likely that he would now have to fight to retain his prize. Numa halted and turned his outraged head in the direction of the coming she. He voiced a throaty growl that was almost a purr. Tarzan was upon the point of prodding him on again, when Sabor broke into view—and behind her the Ape-man saw that which gave him instant pause: four full-grown lions trailing the lioness.

To goad Numa into active resistance might have brought the whole herd down upon him; and so Tarzan first waited to learn what their attitude would be. He had no idea of relinquishing his lion without a battle.

The lioness was young and sleek, and the four males were in their prime—as handsome lions as he had ever seen. Three of the males were scantily maned; but one, the foremost, carried a splendid black mane that rippled in the breeze as he trotted majestically forward. The lioness halted a hundred feet from Tarzan, while the lions came on past her and stopped a few feet nearer. Their ears were upstanding and their eyes filled with curiosity. Tarzan could not even guess what they might do. The lion at his side faced them fully, standing silent now.

Suddenly the lioness gave vent to another little whine; and at that Tarzan's lion voiced a terrific roar and leaped straight toward the beast of the black mane. The sight of this awesome creature with the strange face, dragging Tarzan after him, was too much for the black mane, and with a growl that lion turned and fled, followed by his companions and the she.

Numa attempted to follow them; but Tarzan held him in leash, and when he turned upon Tarzan in rage, the Ape-man beat him unmercifully across the head with his spear.

Shaking his head and growling, the lion at last moved off again in the direction they had been traveling; but it was an hour before he ceased to sulk. He was very hungry, half-famished, in fact, and consequently of an ugly temper; yet he was so thoroughly subdued by Tarzan's heroic methods of lion-taming that he was presently pacing along at the Ape-man's side like some huge St. Bernard.

IT was dark when, after a slight delay because of a German patrol it had been necessary to elude, the two approached the British right. A short distance from the outer British line of sentinels Tarzan tied Numa to a tree and continued on alone. He evaded a sentinel, passed the out-guard and support and by devious ways came again to Colonel Capell's headquarters, where, like a disembodied spirit

materializing out of thin air, he appeared before the assembled officers.

When they saw who it was that came thus unannounced, they smiled, and the Colonel scratched his head in perplexity. "Some one should be shot for this," he said. "I might just as well not establish an outpost if a man can filter through whenever he pleases."

Tarzan smiled. "Do not blame them," he said, "for I am not a man. I am a Tarmangani. Any Mangani who wished to could enter your camp almost at will; but if you had them for sentinels, no one could enter without their knowledge."

"What are the Mangani?" asked the Colonel. "Perhaps we might enlist a bunch of the beggars."

Tarzan shook his head. "They are the great apes," he explained, "—my people; but you could not use them. They cannot concentrate long enough upon a single idea."

"You call them Mangani, and yourself Tarmangani—what is the difference?" asked Major Preswick.

"Tar means *white*," replied Tarzan, "and *Mangani* means *great ape*. My name—the name they gave me in the tribe of Kerchak—means *White-lion*. When I was a little balu, my skin, I presume, looked very white indeed against the beautiful black coat of Kala, my foster-mother; and so they called me Tarzan the Tarmangani. They call you too Tarmangani," he concluded, smiling.

Capell smiled. "It is no reproach, Greystoke," he said. "And by Jove, it would be a mark of distinction if a fellow could act the part. And now how about your plan? Do you still think you can empty the trench opposite our sector?"

"Is it still held by Gomangani?" asked Tarzan.

"What are Gomangani?" inquired the Colonel. "It is still held by native troops, if that is what you mean."

"Yes," replied the Ape-man. "The Gomangani are the negroes."

"What do you intend doing, and what do you want us to do?" asked Capell.

Tarzan approached the table and placed a finger on the map. "Here is a listening-post," he said. "They have a machine-gun in it. A tunnel connects it with this trench at this point." His finger moved from place to place on the map as he talked. "Give me a bomb, and when you hear it burst in this listening-post, let your men start across No Man's Land slowly. Presently they will hear a commotion in the enemy trench, but they need not hurry, and whatever they do, have them come quietly. You might also warn them that I may be in the trench, and that I do not care to be shot as a bayoneted."

"And that is all?" queried Capell after directing an aide to give Tarzan a hand-grenade. "You will empty the trench alone?"

"Not exactly alone," replied Tarzan with a grim smile, "but I shall empty it—and by the way, your men may come through the tunnel from the listening-post."



These Windy Days

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if you prefer. In about half an hour, Colonel!" And he turned and left them.

AS Tarzan passed through the camp, there flashed suddenly upon the screen of recollection, conjured there by some reminder of his previous visit to headquarters, the image of the officer he had passed as he quit the Colonel that other time, and simultaneously recognition of the face that had been revealed by the light from the fire. He shook his head dubiously. No, it could not be; and yet the features of the young officer were identical with those of Fräulein Kircher, the German spy he had seen at German headquarters the night he took Major Schneider from under the nose of the Hun general and his staff.

Beyond the last line of sentinels, Tarzan moved quickly in the direction of Numa the lion. The beast was lying down as Tarzan approached, but he rose when the Ape-man reached his side. A low whine escaped his muzzled lips. Tarzan smiled, for he recognized in the new note almost a supplication—it was more like the whine of a hungry dog begging for food than the voice of the proud king of beasts.

"Soon you will kill—and feed," he murmured in the vernacular of the great apes.

He unfastened the rope from about the tree, and with Numa close at his side, slunk into No Man's Land. There was little rifle-fire, and only an occasional shell vouched for the presence of artillery behind the opposing lines. As the shells from both sides were falling well back of the trenches, they constituted no menace to Tarzan; but the noise of them and that of the rifle-fire had a marked effect upon Numa, who crouched trembling close to the Tarangani as if for protection.

Cautiously the two beasts moved forward toward the listening-post of the Germans. In one hand Tarzan carried the bomb the English had given him; in the other was the coiled rope attached to the lion. At last Tarzan could see the position a few yards ahead. His keen eyes picked out the head and shoulders of the sentinel on watch. The Ape-man grasped the bomb firmly in his right hand and withdrew the pin with his teeth. He measured the distance with his eye, and gathered his feet beneath him; then in a single motion he rose and threw the missile, immediately flattening himself prone upon the ground.

Five seconds later there was a terrific explosion in the center of the listening-post. Numa gave a nervous start and attempted to break away; but Tarzan held him, and leaping to his feet, ran forward, dragging Numa after him. At the edge of the post he saw below him but slight evidence that the position had been occupied at all, for only a few shreds of torn flesh remained. About the only thing that had not been demolished was a machine-gun which had been protected by sand-bags.

There was not an instant to lose. Already a relief might be crawling through the communication-tunnel, for it must have been evident to the sentinels in the Hun trenches that the listening-post had been demolished. Numa hesitated to follow Tarzan into the excavation; but the

Ape-man, who was in no mood to temporize, jerked him roughly to the bottom. Before them lay the mouth of the tunnel that led back from No Man's Land to the German trenches. Tarzan pushed Numa forward until his head was almost in the aperture; then, as though it was an after-thought, he turned quickly and taking the machine-gun from the parapet, placed it in the bottom of the hole close at hand. Next he turned again to Numa, and with his knife quickly cut the garters that held the bags upon his front-paws. Before the lion could know that a part of his formidable armament was again released for action, Tarzan had cut the rope from his neck and the head-bag from his face, and grabbing the lion from the rear had thrust him partly into the mouth of the tunnel.

Then Numa balked, only to feel the sharp prick of Tarzan's knife-point in his hind-quarters. Goading him on, the Ape-man finally succeeded in getting the lion sufficiently far into the tunnel so that there was no chance of his escaping other than by going forward or deliberately backing into the sharp blade at his rear. Then Tarzan cut the bags from the great hind feet, placed his shoulder and his knife-point against Numa's haunch, dug his toes into the loose earth that had been broken up by the explosion of the bomb—and shoved.

Inch by inch, at first, Numa advanced. He was growling now, and presently he commenced to roar. Suddenly he leaped forward, and Tarzan knew that he had caught the scent of meat ahead. Dragging the machine-gun beside him, the Ape-man followed quickly after the lion, whose roars he could plainly hear ahead, mingled with the unmistakable screams of frightened men. Once again a grim smile touched the lips of this man-beast.

"They murdered my Waziri," he muttered. "They crucified Wasimbu!"

WHEN Tarzan reached the trench and emerged into it, there was no one in sight in that particular bay, nor in the next nor the next, as he hurried forward in the direction of the German center. But in the fourth bay Tarzan saw a dozen men jammed in the angle of the traverse at the end, while leaping upon them and rending with talons and fangs was Numa, a terrific incarnation of ferocity and ravenous hunger.

Whatever held the men at last gave way as they fought madly with one another in their efforts to escape this dread creature that from their infancy had filled them with terror, and again they were retreating. Some clambered over the parados, and some even over the parapet, preferring the dangers of No Man's Land to this other soul-searing menace.

As the British advanced slowly toward the German trenches, they first met terrified blacks who ran into their arms only too willing to surrender. That pandemonium had broken loose in the Hun trench was apparent to the Rhodesians, not only from the appearance of the deserters, but from the sounds of screaming, cursing men; but there was one sound that baffled them, for it resembled nothing more closely than the infuriated growling of an angry lion.

And when at last they reached the

trench, those farthest on the left of the advancing Britishers heard a machine-gun sputter suddenly before them, and saw a huge lion leap over the German parados with the body of a screaming Hun soldier between his jaws, and vanish into the shadows of the night—while squatting upon a traverse to their left was Tarzan of the Apes working a machine-gun with which he was raking the length of the German trenches.

The foremost Rhodesians saw something else; they saw a huge German officer emerge from a dugout just in rear of the Ape-man. They saw him snatch up a discarded rifle with bayonet fixed and creep upon the apparently unconscious Tarzan. They ran forward, shouting warnings; but above the pandemonium of the trenches and the machine-gun their voices could not reach him. The German leaped upon the parapet behind him; the fat hands raised the rifle-butt aloft for the cowardly downward thrust into the nape back—and then, as moves Ara the lightning, moved Tarzan of the Apes.

It was no man that leaped forward upon that boche officer, striking aside the sharp bayonet as one might strike aside a straw in a baby's hand; it was a wild beast, and the roar of a wild beast was upon those savage lips, for as that strange sense that Tarzan owned in common with the other jungle-bred creatures warned him of the presence behind him, and he had whirled to meet the attack, his eyes had seen the corps and regimental insignia upon the other's blouse: they were the same as those worn by the murderers of his wife and his people, by the spoilers of his home and his happiness.

It was a wild beast whose teeth fastened upon the shoulder of the Hun; it was a wild beast whose talons sought the fat neck. And then the boys of the Rhodesian Regiment saw that which will live forever in their memories. They saw the giant Ape-man pick the heavy German from the ground and shake him as a terrier might shake a rat—as Sabor the lioness sometimes shakes her prey. They saw the eyes of the Hun bulge in horror as he vainly struck with his futile hands against the massive chest and head of his assailant. They saw Tarzan suddenly spin the man about, and placing a knee in the middle of his back and an arm about his neck, bend his shoulders slowly backward. The German's knees gave, and he sank upon them; but still that irresistible force bent him further and further. He screamed in agony for a moment; then something snapped, and Tarzan cast him aside, a limp and lifeless thing—its back broken.

The Rhodesians started forward, a cheer upon their lips—a cheer that was never uttered, a cheer that froze in their throats for at that moment Tarzan placed a foot upon the carcass of his kill, and raising his face to the heavens, gave voice to the weird and terrifying victory-cry of the bull ape.

Unterleutnant von Goss was dead. Without a backward glance at the stricken soldiers, Tarzan leaped the trench and was gone.

"The Golden Locket," another story of Tarzan the Untamed, will appear in the next, the May, issue of The Red Book Magazine.

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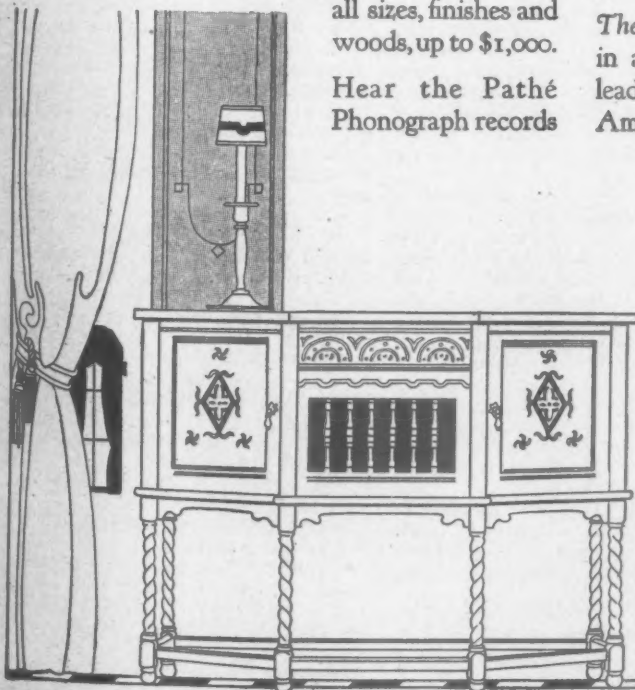
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A SIMPLE MORAL ISSUE

(Continued from
page 81)

serial rights to his next story, naming a figure that made him gasp—the equivalent of the reward for almost five years of instructing undergraduates in English! He *must* accept; he *must* get the new story going again—he *must* see Marjory!

She consented at last to meet him at the canal, and they sought their old haunt. As he sat beside her on the pine-needles and started to tell her the scheme of the new story, the mere habit of her presence, of the familiar place, seemed to release his ideas (here was a problem in psychology for Alpheus Hardy!) and the story grew as he talked, almost as if he had no conscious control over the process, far beyond the point it had reached previously in his mind.

"But why can't you write it?" the girl demanded. "With all the incentives you have now, with your thesis out of the way and you not caring whether it gets you a Ph.D. or not, I should think nothing could keep you from writing it. I'm sure nothing could keep me, if editors were sitting begging on my doorstep, and just pleading to give me thousands of dollars!"

"Never mind why; I can't—that's all," he answered. "God knows I've tried. I could work this summer, before Alice came back, but now I can't. I've got to have you. I've got to see you, and talk to you about it, and feel you near me."

Marjory shook her head.

"Why?" he demanded. "If it was worth while making me write the first one, isn't it worth while helping me write the second? Where is the difference?"

"Oh, Arthur, can't you see you mustn't be dependent on me this way?" she cried. "Can't you see how—how petty it makes you, and how cruel it is to Alice, and how unfair to me?"

"Yes, it is a mess," he answered. "But all I can see clearly is that—that—that I've got to have you, Marjory. I—I love you."

"Don't you ever say that again!" she exclaimed, growing rigid, her face flushed.

"I will say it again," he cried. "I'll say it over and over, now it's out. You're strong, and you're beautiful, and the strength flows out of you like electricity—and you've wrought a magic and a riot in my heart, and I'm going to love you, and you're going to love me—you are—you are!"

"Arthur, stop raving!" she said, her voice low and pleading and yet angry.

SHE rose to her feet. Instantly he was beside her.

"Tell me," he said, seizing her hands, "when you did so much for me, all last winter and spring, didn't you care for me, as *me*, not as a writing machine, just a little? You did—you know you did!"

"I won't answer you," she said, trying to draw her hands away.

"You will answer me. You'll look me in the face, too, when you do it!"

He took her chin almost roughly in his hand, and turned her face up to his.

"Now, why did you do it?" he demanded again. "Was it only for love of adding one more novel to the world's

overstock? Or did you feel a little of what I feel? Didn't you like, just a tiny bit, to be near me, as I throb and tingle to be near you?"

"I'll tell you nothing till you let me go!" she answered.

"I can wait," he whispered, suddenly drawing her to his heart and kissing her on the mouth.

She tried to beat him back for a moment, and then lay passive in his embrace.

Still holding her fast, he whispered in her ear: "Oh, Marjory, kiss me, just once, please, *please!* For the memory of our book, of our long hours together. Give me that proof it wasn't merely as a machine you regarded me. Give me that kiss at any rate, to remember all my days. Don't let me believe there wasn't something deep and dear between us!"

And suddenly she kissed him, and let her hands hold his arm and her bosom rest on his. They stood so for a long moment while the woods seemed to swim about them, and then she sank out of his arms to the ground, and he found himself beside her, watching her tears.

"Don't weep because you love me!" he protested.

She wiped her eyes and looked into his face. "It's because I don't love you," she answered, "nor you me. Do you think I'd weep if I really loved you, and knew you loved me? How little you understand!"

"Then why—why—"

"It is because I love some one else, Arthur, and because you love some one else. There has been something sweet and dear, as you call it, between us—yes. But I never knew till now it could be so treacherous. I—I never knew what you meant about loving two people. It—it's horrible!"

"It's natural, Marjory," he answered.

"Yes, it's natural. But it will never happen again. The first thing you are going to do, Arthur, is to resign your job, and take Alice with you to New York or Pinehurst, or any place a long way from here, and write your new book and bring the happiness back into her laugh. When you hear it again, you'll be your true self. If you can't get enough advance, I'll lend you the money. I have some. What is it Alice wants most in the world—besides, of course, to feel that she has you back?"

The man bowed his head.

"A baby," he answered in a low voice.

"Of course it is," Marjory said, touching his sleeve. "And can you imagine having a little child with anyone but Alice for its mother?"

Hopkins shook his head slowly. "No. We—we used to dream of it."

"And that's what the thesis meant to Alice."

Again he hung his head in silence.

"But what you have now is better than the thesis—it's a rich present and a prosperous future," Marjory went on. "That's what I meant when I told you once the success of the novel meant so much to me. I had to have faith to do what I

did. But now you must do it all for yourself. You must have the faith, and you must go back to those dear home dreams and find Alice where she was then, and lead her with you—and forget to-day."

"No, I shall not forget to-day!" he exclaimed. "I am glad to-day happened. I am glad I held you in my arms—for now I have the memory of it, and no longer the desire. We are funny creatures, Marjory. I—I don't want to kiss you any more."

"I'm glad of that," she smiled. "Now take me back. I shall come to see Alice before you go away. I want to talk to her."

Then she laughed at his troubled face.

"Cheer up—Alice won't regard me as a hated rival by that time; you'll have it fixed. She'll regard me with pity."

THE next day Alpheus Hardy received a note which brought him to Professor Forbes' house at the earliest opportunity. Marjory was in the big library, alone. She came forward to greet him with extended hand, and her eyes were bright.

"It was good of you to come," she said.

Professor Hardy smiled. "Surely not good—it was so easy."

"That remark doesn't sound like you," said she.

"Nor yours like you," he answered.

They paused to laugh a little into each other's faces before the girl led the way to the recessed window-seat where one looked out upon a big bed of *Peter Pan* chrysanthemums.

"What did you think of my novel?" She broke the silence.

"A rattling good narrative, some flashes of insight and subtlety, and no real background."

"But was it worth doing?" she urged. He regarded her judiciously.

"Will my answer have any weight in determining whether you write another?"

"That's not fair."

"Everything's fair in—in war," he smiled.

She turned away and regarded the *Peter Pans* beneath the window.

"I'm not going to write another," she said, and he saw a flush steal over the turn of her cheek. He restrained his voice with some difficulty.

"Since that is the case, I needn't answer at all," said he.

"Why?" She faced him again.

"Because it is none of my business," he replied. "You and he alone know whether it was worth while—you and he and his wife with the shadows now on her little virginal throat. If you mean, was the novel enough of a masterpiece to justify anything, to transcend mere individual happiness—no. Frankly, it's not a masterpiece, and it doesn't hold any particular promise of future masterpieces. I was rather disappointed."

There was a little frown between Marjory's brows. "I hoped you'd like it more than that—just a bit more," she

said. "At least, it was better than a doctor's thesis on Restoration Drama."

"Much better—and I fancy more remunerative," he smiled. "I didn't say it was bad."

"But if it should make Alice permanently unhappy, you'd think I never should have meddled?" she said. "It's funny to hear you taking the simple moral attitude of all Hamlington."

"Good Lord!" cried Alpheus Hardy with a gasp. "Am I? Marjory, the book justifies anything! I hope it was conceived in wickedness and brought forth in guilt. Still, I—I—well, I would like to hear Alice laugh the way she used to."

"So should I. Oh, so should I!" the girl answered, her big eyes on his. "I—I want to tell you something. When I first persuaded him to write the book, I did it because I thought his abilities were being wasted, and it seemed a God-given chance to hurl defiance through him at this stupid academic fetish of ours, and make a real person of him, too. I never thought of Alice. Then he got to depending on me, more and more, and—well, you know the talk, the scandal; you can imagine his home. But I couldn't go back—and I wouldn't go back. There—there was a fascination about being the will to a brilliant man, for he is brilliant in a way. I was his will, and because I was, well, he leaned on me too heavily. He—finally he thought he loved me, and I—I—I didn't think I loved him, but being near him so much, and giving out so much to him brought us together once—just once—yesterday. He—he kissed me—and I let him. Oh, Alph, I don't want to be the will to anybody! I want not to have any will! I want Alice to laugh again, too. I want to laugh—and I can't—I can't!"

She bowed her head in her hands, and for the first time in his life Alpheus Hardy saw her weep.

He put out his hand gently and laid it on her hair.

"I'm glad you let him kiss you," he said.

"Glad?" she whispered.

"Yes," he said, bowing near her ear.

"Glad because he won't want to do it again—he will be a little ashamed. And glad because if there hadn't been something like that between you, it would mean a richness lacking in both your natures. He will find Alice again, and the new book will be a better book. Don't—don't you think it would help if you and I were to be married?"

"You would marry me to make another woman happy?" she whispered.

She heard his soft laugh above her. "Of course, I should feel even more philanthropic if I made two women happy," he answered.

Marjory raised her head, her eyes shining, and put her hands in his.

"I have never loved anybody but you, dear," she said with great earnestness. "You mustn't think it was love. It—it was wickedness."

He bent over her hands and kissed them softly.

"I'd prefer to think of it as love, if you don't mind," he answered, "—not any of the love that belongs to me, but some of the overflow we all have in our hearts."

"Please, dear, I don't want you to have

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any overflow," she smiled at him as her fingers caressed his sleeve.

"Ah, but I have!" he answered,—"for Alice. I adore her little white neck."

"And I have kissed her husband. This is a queer betrothal dialogue, isn't it?"

She laughed, close to tears. Then he took her in his arms, and laid his lips softly, reverently to hers.

"In that kiss forget all the past," he whispered. "We are each other's now, forever."

She lay a long time happily, silently, in his arms, but finally raised her face.

"But I must see Alice before she goes away," she said. "I couldn't have her go thinking the worst of me, even if she goes in the new motor he's going to buy her if he sells the motion-picture rights."

"Who is the Hamlington moralist now?"

her lover smiled, drawing his arm still tighter about her waist.

"That's not morality—it's justice," she insisted.

"Which is exactly what morality should be," he said,—"tempered with a little love. Usually it's convention, distempered with fear."

"I'd rather have you kiss me than make epigrams," she whispered, blushing. "At any rate, that remark's not—not conventional." And she hid her face on his shoulder. "It's so good, so good, to give yourself to a stronger will, not a weaker, dearest!" she finished. "To come at last to the man you love, without secrets, without fear, and know he will always understand, and always be gentle and strong and—and good. Oh, Alph, the man who loves just you is best, and it is

simple, and Hamlington is right, and I'm a wretched creature, and please kiss me!"

She clung to him passionately, her eyes closed, and he was abashed before the mystery—and happy beyond all speech.

At the same moment, had they but known, Alice Hopkins was laughing. Arthur had just read her the opening chapter of his novel, written that morning, after he had spent most of the night rearranging the scheme. This chapter was based on a little secret comedy connected with their first meeting. It was told with such tenderness and whimsicality that Alice's eyes grew dim—and then she laughed, her old-time, soft and musical laugh. No artist can simulate the note of sincerity well enough to deceive his wife. The note was there.

Hamlington should have been satisfied.

JONATHAN'S JOKE

(Continued from page 62)

Percival is about to learn a few things, I think."

PERCY, awaiting breakfast in the dining-car of a Chicago-bound train Monday morning, was in excellent spirits. His delayed Indianapolis trip had been altogether satisfactory. Perhaps it had been the more satisfactory because of the delay. At any rate, because of that delay, he was able to plan with Myrtle Stone for the future as he could not have planned earlier.

This factory-site deal was going to put him on his business feet. There would be a good bit of money in it, but more important than that, it would give him a better-paying and more certain position with Griggs & Sanborn. A man who could handle so important a deal satisfactorily would command a real salary. So he informed Myrtle, and she believed him, naturally. Jonathan's attitude, while annoying, was no longer of any great consequence. Besides, Jonathan would unquestionably relent when he learned of Percival's business success and independence.

Both being confident of this, the young people had given much time and thought during the two days to plans for an early wedding; and Percy was still dreaming along this line as he idly skimmed a morning paper while awaiting his breakfast.

Suddenly, however, a news-item flashed up at him that gave him a shock. It was not under a scare head; it lacked even an ordinary display head; and it was not on the first page—but it dwarfed all the other news in the paper for him. It informed the reader that the Acme Manufacturing Company intended to build a new and larger plant in a new location, and the description of this new site showed only too clearly that it was the land that he (Percy) had been commissioned to buy.

"The -Acme Company!" murmured Percy. "Of course it had to be some company that Dad's interested in, so he'll hear all about it."

Percy next querulously inquired of himself why he had let himself get out of touch with the situation for even a minute. He could not see that his pres-

ence in the city would have helped matters, but he might possibly have had an opportunity either to purchase the Palford property or head off the premature publication of that item if he had been on the ground Saturday. As it was, he had been caught off watch at the critical moment, and he knew well enough that neither his father nor Griggs & Sanborn would see anything else in it.

"Nice outlook for a prospective bridegroom!" he muttered ruefully. "A fellow couldn't reach Palford's price with a balloon after he reads that lovely little story. Wonder if he's seen it yet!"

There was a chance that he had not, but the chance that he would not before Percy could reach him was too slim to permit even an optimistic young man to base any great hope upon it. Still, there was a chance, and Percy raced for a taxi the moment the train pulled into the station.

His haste was fruitless, however. Palford had seen and fully digested that troublesome item before Percy reached him. Palford apparently realized that what other land the company needed was already secured, which made his land absolutely necessary for the consummation of its plans. He was now ready to sell, but he wanted a price far in excess of what Percy was authorized to pay.

"That's what you get for not takin' me up," he said.

"Taking you up!" repeated Percy in bewilderment.

"Sure," returned Palford. "I give you a chance Saturday, didn't I?"

A chance Saturday! Percy's knees grew wobbly. A chance Saturday! Then he could have concluded the deal if he had remained in town.

AT the office Percy found a letter from Palford. It had been lying on his desk since Saturday morning. In it Palford said he had pressing need of cash and would sell if the deal could be put through at once. He named a price that was satisfactory, but stipulated that immediate acceptance alone would get the land at that price.

"And I wasn't here!" groaned Percy.

One of the clerks informed him that his mother had tried to get him on the

telephone that morning, and he called her up. She merely wished to tell him that a strange man had come to the house to see him Sunday with regard to a matter that he said was of great importance, so she thought it might be well to let him know. The man's name was Palford.

"And I wasn't there!" mourned Percy.

He got out of the office as soon as possible. He was afraid Griggs or Sanborn might question him, and he wanted time to think. Yet there was little satisfaction in thinking, for his mind dwelt persistently upon the fact that Opportunity had knocked twice at his door and found him not at home. And there were the notes held by Gilman, too! He had expected to pay them out of his commission on this deal; and he recalled, with increasing anxiety, that Gilman, although not pressing him, had refused to renew them.

All in all, the situation was so very bad that it became almost farcical. It happens that way sometimes. You are so bumped and slammed and banged about by Fate that you become calloused and find yourself smiling—ruefully, of course, but still smiling—at the absurdity of your predicament. Percy, weary of berating himself, became whimsical, as was his habit. He replied whimsically when Jonathan asked that evening how he was getting along.

"Good nerve!" commented Jonathan to himself. "I'll say that for the boy; he stands up to his punishment when it comes."

Percy, meanwhile, was wondering why his father had asked that question at that time. It was the first inquiry of that nature he had made since the change from freight-handling to real estate, and the fact that he was a heavy stockholder in the Acme Company suddenly assumed new significance.

"Wonder if he could be trying me out?" mused Percy.

With that thought there came to mind many other puzzling things that had been dismissed without much consideration before—his absolute freedom in a deal of such importance, the surprising difficulty in getting land for which there was an active demand, the unquestioning way that money was provided, Griggs' refusal



In this big, fast growing corporation, a wonderful spirit of progress prevails. 37 ambitious men have gone into training to help make the business bigger and better—to insure the success of their own careers from every point of view.



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L. M. Lamb, Treasurer of the Company, emphasizes this need and substantiates Mr. Payne's remarks by writing us as follows:

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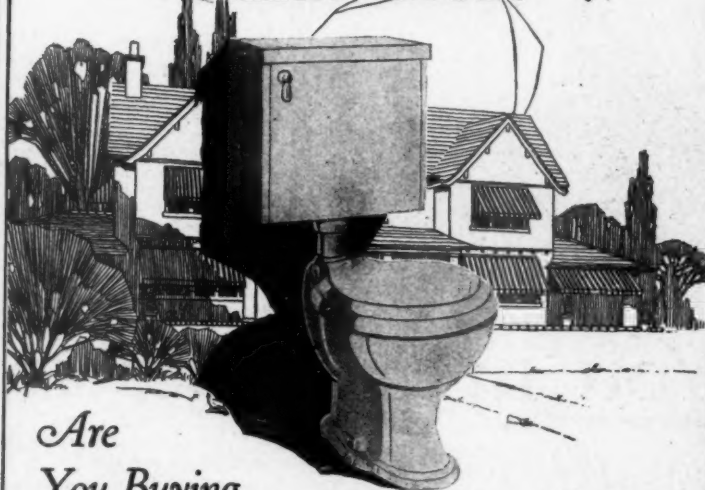
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to advise, Palford's erratic course. Even the premature publicity given the plan, which should have disquieted everybody interested, had brought no inquiry from his employers. He was left to act wholly upon his own judgment.

PERCY had a very good head when he chose to use it, the great trouble being that he seldom used it.

"If Dad's in this anywhere," he reasoned, "it would be through Whitaker and Billy Simpson could find out what Whitaker's doing."

Billy, he recalled, had a very close friend in Whitaker's office, and Billy, being his good friend as well. Billy, being approached, was disposed to be accommodating. It was not much that Percy wanted, anyway.

"I think," explained Percy, "that I am trying to put something over on my boy, and we sons have got to stand together when our dads get gay."

"We have," agreed Billy.

"I just want to find out," pursued Percy, "whether Dad's interested in a certain piece of real estate! It would not be recorded, I suspect, but the deal would be handled through Whitaker."

"I'll find out," promised Billy.

He found out much more than he expected, but he did not realize the importance of all that he did find out. His friend, when lured into talking alone, talked freely.

"Whitaker," Billy reported, "not only owns the land you're curious about, but he also owns all the adjoining land."

"No, he doesn't," rejoined Percy promptly. "I bought the adjoining land myself."

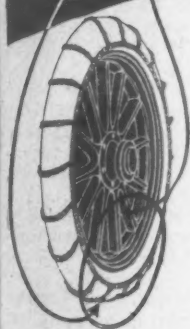
"Well, Whitaker bought it first," insisted Billy. "Perhaps he deeded it back for transfer to you, but he certainly bought it—paid good money for it. Of course, he didn't buy it for himself, but Dan couldn't learn whether the man behind was your dad or not."

"It was!" declared Percy. "No one else would be doing that. And just look at all the trouble he's taking to make a fool of his boy!"

"Well, what are you going to do about it?" demanded Billy.

"Make some more good resolutions, I guess," answered Percy gloomily. "I'm the handiest boy with good resolutions after I get in trouble that you ever saw, but you bet I'll keep them this time! Why, Billy, if I could only get out of this without having to knuckle down to Dad and confess that I'm the same happy-go-lucky idiot that I've always been, I'd just fairly hug business for the rest of my life! I'd think about it by day and dream about it by night."

"I've suffered, Billy," he went on, really deep feeling underlying his whimsical air. "You didn't think a prosaic matter of business could make Percy suffer, did you? But it can. Oh, yes, it can! I've been through more hell since I saw this measly little item in the paper than in all the rest of my life put together. And the worst is yet to come, for I've got to face Dad and admit that I let the deal get away from me—that it came and camped right on my doorstep and I wasn't home. And I've got to explain to Mom. It's horrible! And Dad has such a good



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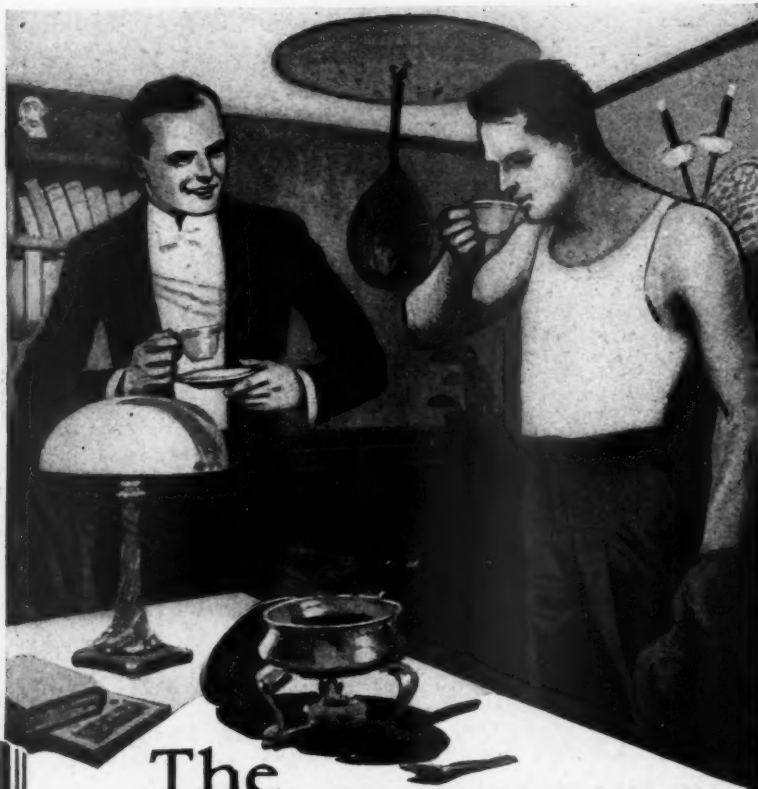
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verted sense of humor! Why, Billy, I can almost see him lolling back with a grin on his face as he watches Percy struggle—holding everybody off and letting his boy run in circles!"

"Oh, well," put in Billy consolingly, "when you've got to face a father, it's always a good plan to hold off until you can catch him in good humor; and your dad, Percy, is going to be in fine humor before very long. Dan tells me there's a man trying to hold him up—a fellow named Baxter who's got an option on some land—"

"What land?" interrupted Percy.

Billy gave the location.

"Yes," reflected Percy, "Dad would want that land. He's got some sort of a building-plan, I think."

"And Baxter can't swing the deal," pursued Billy. "They're all laughing at his antics at Whitaker's; he's fairly standing on his head. His option's expiring, and he can't raise the cash to make good. He's got a good thing, but he's helpless. So your dad's sitting back with a second option—"

"By George!" exclaimed Percy suddenly. "By George! If I only could—But I can't," he concluded dismally. "I have to have a bunch of money to do anything."

"What's your idea?" asked Billy.

"Oh, nothing," was the disconsolate reply. "It looked good for a minute, but—"

"Your financial friend Gilman can usually be relied upon to take a chance on anything that looks good," suggested Billy.

Percy shook his head. "He's holding notes of mine now," he said, "and they run to about the limit that he'd risk on me or any deal of mine. My business judgment isn't considered exactly first class, you know."

"But you never can tell," insisted Billy. "Anything that looks good is worth trying, especially when a fellow's backing his dad."

"Oh, well," reasoned Percy, "I suppose I might as well keep going until I bang into the wall. I wish you'd find out just what the Baxter option is and what he wants for it, Billy. It ought to be cheap now, but he'd think I was representing Dad and ask the limit price if I went to him."

JONATHAN PARKER received the shock of his business life. The Baxter option had only one more day to run, and Baxter had been utterly unable to convince anybody with the necessary cash that he really had a good thing. Business men did not have implicit confidence in Baxter. So in just one more day Jonathan was expected to acquire the property under his second option. And then—Jonathan read Whitaker's letter with his usual outward imperturbability, but it really disturbed him greatly.

"Baxter has taken the Clover Street property under his option," Whitaker wrote. "I don't know where or how he raised the money, but he has taken the property at the option price of six thousand dollars—paid four thousand down and mortgaged it for the balance. His price to us now is fifteen thousand. His mind dwelt on that but he didn't

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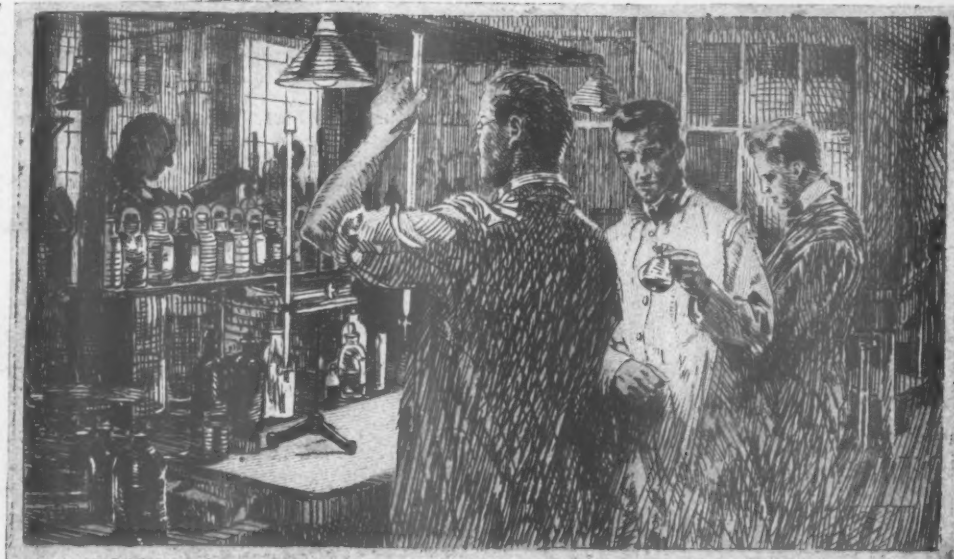
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At Waltham, instead of being formed or bent by hand as a separate operation, the entire completed hairspring is formed at one and the same time, after which it is hardened and tempered in form—the invention of John Logan, American watchmaker, a genius who was a part of Waltham leadership in watchmaking. Indeed, Waltham is the only watchmaker that claims this perfect method of making the Breguet hairspring.

The foreign, imported watch movement has a hairspring that is first formed in the flat, then hardened and tempered in the flat. Then the outer coil is bent to form the Breguet over-coil, which, if the flat spring were as hard as the Waltham, and properly tempered like the Waltham hairspring, it could not be bent to correct form, and would be liable to break in the attempt.

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however, for there was another shock in the next letter he opened. It was from Gilman. Jonathan was about ready to have Gilman begin worrying Percival, and now he found himself doing the worrying.

"Pursuant to your instructions," wrote Gilman, "I have to-day let your son Percival have five thousand dollars."

"Pursuant to my instructions!" exploded Jonathan. "Pursuant to my instructions! What the devil—" And then he recalled the postscript he had added when writing Gilman.

Reference to his letter-book verified his memory. He had promised to protect Gilman in any loans that he might make to Percival. That was a part of the preparation for his little jarring joke.

"But the infernal scoundrel knew I never meant to let that crazy boy go to any such extreme!" he raged.

Nevertheless he had fixed no limit in his letter.

He turned then to another puzzle. What did Percival want of so large a sum of money? And why did he say nothing of his failure in the Acme Company deal? Jonathan wished to compel Percival to open that subject himself, but he would not. At least, he had not opened it, as yet. On the contrary, he seemed to be strangely cheerful and contented now, and Jonathan found this mystifying.

"I'll have to put the screws on," he decided after brief reflection, and he telephoned Gilman, saying nothing of the new loan, but instructing that tricky gentleman to take immediate action in the matter of the overdue notes. That would compel Percival to disclose his position.

But there were no overdue notes now.

"He took those up when he got the five thousand," explained Gilman. "I credited the amount to your account and debited the new loan."

Jonathan was more puzzled than ever. "What's the meaning of that?" he asked himself, and he could not answer the question. "I set out to make the boy walk the floor a bit by way of a lesson, and I find myself doing the walking. What's the meaning of it? There's a suggestion of cleverness in it that doesn't seem like Percival."

Nevertheless, Percival appeared to be the only one who could solve the riddle, and Jonathan finally felt it necessary to put the question up to him. But Percival now proved unexpectedly hard to reach. He was seldom at home except to sleep, and he seemed to be as care-free as in his old school-days. Several evenings passed before Jonathan found a chance to talk with him.

"How are you coming on with that Acme deal, Percival?" he then asked with his usual directness.

"Oh, you know about that, do you?" returned Percival carelessly.

"I'm on the board of directors," Jonathan reminded him.

"Well, it's coming on all right," said Percival.

"Oh, it is!" Jonathan found this confidence exasperating.

"Looks that way to me."

"Didn't you let something get away from you in that deal?" asked Jonathan pointedly.

"Why, yes, I did," confessed Percival.

"If it will do you any good to know it,

Dad, I'll own up to a few days when a cozy berth in a hot corner of the infernal regions would have seemed comfortable by comparison. I lost about ten hours' sleep out of a possible eight every night, and I was standing on my head most of the time that I was awake. It was terrible, Dad! No one will ever catch me that way again."

Jonathan was gratified but still puzzled. "That has a genuine ring to it," he approved.

"Oh, it's genuine enough!" asserted Percival. "Of course it's all over now—"

"All over!" exclaimed Jonathan, startled by the careless confidence of the tone. "How is it all over? Have you got all the land you need?"

"No-o-o," admitted Percival, "not yet. There's a fellow trying to hold me up for one little tract, but he'll be reasonable, I think."

"Oh, he will!"

"I think so. You see, I've got something that he wants a great deal more than he wants that measly bit of land that I'm after; and when he finds that out—"

"Percival," interrupted Jonathan accusingly, "are you deep or merely foolish?"

"That's what I'm trying to find out," replied Percival.

"Do you know who this man is?"

"Oh, yes," answered Percival indifferently. "He's the man who wants a certain lot on Clover Street that I happen to own, and of course he can't expect to get what I have on reasonable terms unless he is willing to let me have what I want on reasonable terms."

Jonathan, who had been lolling in an armchair when the interview began, was sitting up very straight now. "How much did you pay Baxter for his option?" he demanded.

"Nothing at all for the option," answered Percival, "but I paid him a commission for handling the deal, so that I wouldn't have to appear in it. I caught him close to his finish, you know, and he had to take what he could get or go without anything."

Jonathan seemed relieved. Nevertheless he got up and paced the floor. "You smashed a deal that I had all tied up," he growled.

"Yes," admitted Percival, "I had to."

"And you did it with my own money!" pursued Jonathan.

"Lacking money of my own," explained Percival. "I had to."

Jonathan frowned at his son; then his face relaxed in a smile that presently became a gratified grin. The fact that a joke was on himself did not dull his sense of humor.

"Come to the office to-morrow morning, Percival," he instructed, "and perhaps we can get together. I have about decided that it is cheaper to have you inside than outside."

Percival, instead of replying, sprang to the telephone.

"Here! Here!" cried Jonathan. "What's the matter now?"

"Gimme Long Distance!" ordered Percival. Then he waved his father away. "Get out, Dad, get out!" he urged. "It might sound silly if you listened in. I'm calling Indianapolis."

And Jonathan discreetly withdrew.

UNLIMITED mileage—not built like a depth bomb to explode at a given point.



KEEP
SMILING
WITH
KELLYS

Lotta Miles

THE PLAYMATE OF BOBBLES PRENTISS

(Continued from
page 58)

this girl, whom he could mentally describe as "majestic," he grew embarrassed as Constance continued to look him through and through.

"All right, Bobbles! We'll correspond. I had to come in and see." It was an anticlimax, and Constance laughed and turned to her brother.

"Wally," she said, "I learned over the phone from Bob that you were coming in to see him, so I just came along from Nortonville. It's only forty miles, and I'd have been here twenty minutes ago, except for a summons at Weston for tomorrow morning's court at half-past eight, and something the matter with the engine."

Wally turned to Bob, and made a curious uplifting gesture of the eyebrows. "You see now for yourself," it implied.

Wally addressed Bob. "You're coming out to stay with us to-night, of course?" Bob shook his head mournfully. He couldn't keep his eyes from Constance. If he had wanted her before he saw her, now no power in the world was going to get her away from him. He said, however, sepulchraly:

"I've just had orders to be in camp at midnight, to-night. We're moving in the early morning."

"Well, then, Wally," spoke up Constance instantly, "suppose you find some of that political business of yours till a quarter past eleven. Then come back, and we'll run Bob out to camp. Meanwhile, Bobbles, please conduct me to the restaurant. I'm in need of food and drink, after that sprint into town."

Thus did Bobbles and Constance, playmates of yore, repair to the dining-room and sit off to one side, where the music was least loud. People looked at the couple, and continued to look. The rarebits ordered, and the waiter gone, the former playfellows sat and looked at each other, smiling.

"Constance, this means the world to me just now!"

"Only just now?" asked Constance gently. Then she shook back her head, with that same gesture of childhood.

"Bobbles, I had a real purpose in driving in here to see you to-night—several purposes. You aren't so simple and vain as to suppose that I'm just a silly girl, with my head turned by a captain's uniform, or by the chance for a lark with Bobbles Prentiss, of early recollection? Not at all!"

"I do like you, Bobbles, and all that, of course. But there are other reasons for my coming. You called on me for help this evening. A man called to a woman. Women are doing much to-day, and we haven't stopped with the armistice and the coming of peace. Not only in the Red Cross, in the big industrial plants, and in work here and overseas, in the motor corps, in the fields as farmettes—but we're necessary also as an integral part of the machinery to establish and hold up the morale of the Army and Navy."

Bob opened his eyes and gave a mental gasp! He was distinctly uncomfort-

able! He was being elevated in his morale by Constance! Because it was a part of her war-duty, like handing out doughnuts to doughboys! No, it didn't listen very well! But he had to.

"We women have the greatest chance women ever had. We've had the finest army in the world. We've had the finest machinery in fighting this war that ever existed. There's a place for every woman. I'm driving this car of mine, and paying fines when necessary to get to town to see Bobbles Prentiss. So much for the abstract!"

BOB breathed more freely, now. He didn't want to be an abstract. He was hoping for something more concrete. He wanted to talk about Constance, and to enjoy the sight and ways of her.

"Bobbles," said Constance, "I want to show you some things, but first I am going to tell you something. You know, you were just the darlinest boy ever—as a little boy!" She looked at Bob, and smiled. "You said to-night that you still have that scar on your arm. I do remember that I jumped into that little scrimmage. You see, I always felt a sort of duty to protect you, as well as to play with you. I was a bit taller, and there were other reasons."

"I was old for my age. Of course, I never told you this, but when you and I were about fifteen years old, your mother one day opened her heart to me, for somehow she got into the way of talking things over with me. She told me that she was doing you an injustice, in holding you so tightly in her arms, as she expressed it, but that you were all she had. 'And,' she said to me, 'I'll probably do it right along. Perhaps,' she said, 'so much protection, and so much love, isn't going to be the really fortifying thing for him in the end, but he's all I have, and I just can't help it. So, Constance, because you'll live after I'm through, sometime, somewhere the boy may need you, and he's liable to feel dependent on good women. Help him then!'"

Poor Bob! He was being battered back and forth by this woman who sat opposite him. He didn't at all like the turn that things had taken. He wanted no charitable assistance. He began to feel that Constance was living in too rarefied an atmosphere for him to enter.

They ate their rarebits almost in silence; Bob was doing a lot of thinking. Now and then he glanced at Constance; twice he caught her eyes on him with a curious look, almost quizzical. Hardly had he been inducted into his earthly paradise when he had to pack up and march out, quietly but firmly.

"Constance," said Bob, "I sit very humbly at your feet. Women have a wonderful work. It is the age of women. I would hate to learn that you weren't in the midst of it. I appreciate your maternal and charitable sympathy. But I've outgrown that stage, frankly. I've had one mother, and no one can be a second one. I don't even want a god-

mother. I'm hungry for a chum, and for chumship. I turned to you. But I see that it can't be had, in an hour. I'm coming after it, somehow or other, when I get it thought through."

"Oh, Bobbles, what a lovely speech!" Bob looked up suddenly. "That's just what I wanted you to say! If you had accepted the godmother business, I'd have gone back to Nortonville to-morrow and cried myself sick. I don't want to be a godmother. I'm your old chum, Bobbles, really, and I've hoped for a long time that we'd come together again. Look!"

Out of a capacious pocket in her skirt she drew a little paper box, such as one carries jewelry in. Out from the box she drew some papers, and unfolded them, one by one, before Bob's eyes, upon the table.

The first one was in boyish handwriting:

To Constance Shepherd:

The rose is red,
The violet blue,
The pink is sweet,
And so are you!

ROBERT PRENTISS.

"The universal pledge of boy to girl," remarked Constance. "Here is another document:

Jim Purington:

If you don't leave
Constance Shepherd alone, I'll
Smash you. She's my girl.

Bob.

"That led to the fight, Bobbles. Virile, isn't it! And then this one, to close with:

Dear Constance:

I have never loved any girl but you.
I never will love any girl but you.
Madge I went home with from the C. E. because she stuck round, and made me. I don't like her like I like you. Will you go to the church social with me Wed.? Can I walk over to school with you to-morrow?

Jim.

"And here, Bob, is the last thing I have to show you." She unwrapped a bit of paper and exhibited a tiny locket. She opened the locket. Inside, upon the gold face, was engraved: "To my dear Constance, from E. R. P."

"That was my mother," said Bob. "I didn't remember that!"

"There were lots of things you haven't remembered. I'm going to give you this locket. It was your mother's till she gave it to me. I'm giving it to you, partly for what you did at Bellau Wood."

The waiter came in with the check. Almost simultaneously Wally appeared in the doorway.

Pr-r-r-r! The telephone, in a booth near by. Bob started a bit, involuntarily, then laughed. "Not for me, bless old man Bell!"

Then Constance whispered, "Bobbles, the war's over. We're entering the period of readjustments in this country. We don't know how long that period will be, but—"

"Here's hoping!" said Bobbles.



When a Cigarette Tastes Sweetest

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When you think of your boyhood days
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to eat—brook trout—and mother's
rhubarb pie—then a cigarette's aroma
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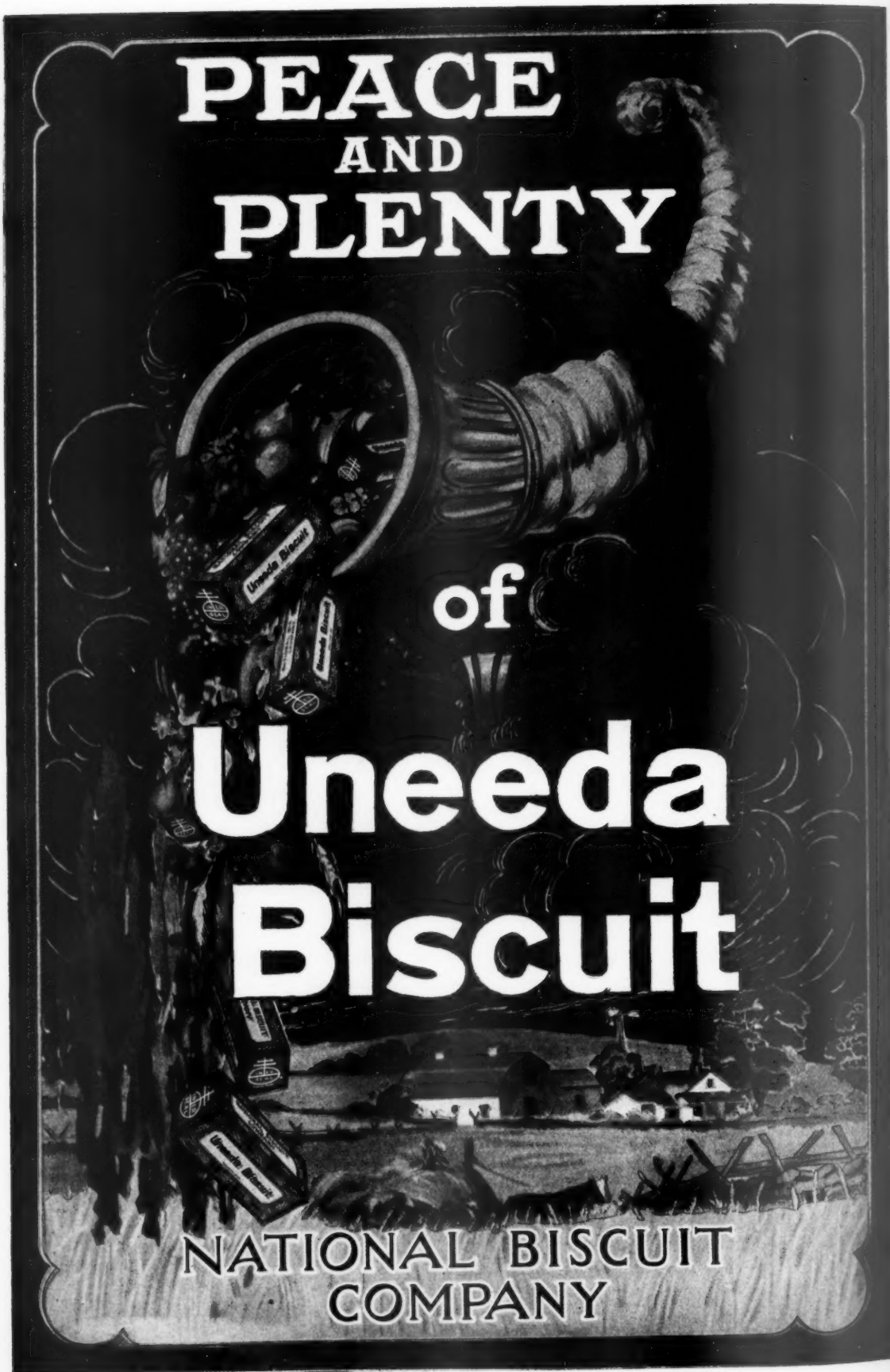
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It is a plain dish of Strawberry Jell-O, made and served without sugar or cream—but perfectly delicious.

Substantial dishes that are good to eat and generally made without any trimmings or garnishments, are very popular just now. Probably the Bavarian creams made as follows are the most satisfactory:

Dissolve a package of Lemon Jell-O in half a pint of boiling water and add half a pint of the juice from a can of pineapple. When cold and still liquid whip to consistency of whipped cream and add a cup of shredded or chopped pineapple.

Either fresh or canned fruit of almost any other kind can be used in making these Bavarian creams. Canned peaches and peach juice are particularly good.

The whipped Jell-O takes the place of whipped cream in these dishes, and no eggs are used in them. Anybody can make them.

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New York City.

In Canada, Jonteel prices slightly higher.

Perfumed with the Costly New Odor of 26 Flowers

THE SURVIVOR

(Continued from
page 48)

over and over again, as though stricken mortally. "What does it mean? What have I done?" This last was no more than a whisper.

"I just got here this minute, Jim—I didn't stop for anything—didn't even telegraph. Why, don't you know? They found me there—some native sheep men—and got me down to a Mission house there at the seaboard on Magdalena side. It was a near squeak—it took a long time to get me pieced together so I could travel. And there was no way to send word. But—you've been a good messenger, Jim, I'm sure," went on Dan Harrod hurriedly. "You told her—that I was dead! Well, I'm not. I've come now as my own messenger. Why, what's wrong, Jim?"

HE was looking steadily now into Brentwood's pale, distorted face. He heard half-whispered words once more upon his friend's lips: "What have I done?"

The girl knew what impended. "Dan," said she quickly, "Dan—wait! Let's be just."

"Just? What do you mean? What have I to do with being just? Am I not alive—don't you love me, my dear? Oh, I beg your pardon!" He flushed even beneath the dark tinge of his skin. "I ought not to say that here."

But now the strange silence of these others began to irk him. He blazed out forthright.

"Tell me," said he. "Didn't you take my message? Tell me, man—didn't you do what I told you to—what I told you to do even then?" His thinned, burned face flamed dark red; his eyes glittered hotly.

"Wait!" commanded Allyn, stepping between them. "Wait—we must be just."

"How often have you been here, Jim?" said Harrod quietly, facing the other man.

"No one has a right to ask that," said Brentwood suddenly, his own jealous anger rising in swift tide. "I'll not answer any question like that."

"Often?" Harrod turned to Allyn, and she nodded.

"Oh, yes, often. And yes, Dan,—why should I deny it?—he has asked me to marry him. That's the truth. I thought you were dead, but I've not listened to him, the living. Dan—Dan, can't you understand? Couldn't you try to understand, for me?"

"So that was what was going on here between you two!" said Dan Harrod coldly now. "I've got the right to ask how far it's gone, and I'm going to know. I'm not dead now. I'm a long way from it."

"Don't, Dan," said she simply. "This is very hard. I'm in trouble now."

"Don't you love me?" He turned to her savagely.

She would not answer this question, burning through all conventions, but flushed faintly instead. Her flush deepened as another thought, forgotten till just now, came into her mind.

"Then why did you slight me, Dan?" said she. "You gave away my picture.

You boasted about me, didn't you—to him?"

"That's a lie, Allyn. Did Jim say that to you?"

"Yes, I did," broke in Brentwood. "The cards are down now. Let her choose. Why—you? You've lost—that's all. Some one had to lose."

"Very well," said Harrod quietly. "She's got to say, when it comes to that. God help her choose the right man. —Judge, then, Allyn."

"I must," said she, white. "That other time, I did not have to judge. It was easy. I knew. I told you—yes. Two years, it was, and you said you were poor, and we must wait."

"You wish to marry him?" said Dan Harrod gently. "If you do, I'll not say anything more against him. Would you have married him if I hadn't come?"

"I ought to tell the truth, Dan," said Allyn Denslow piteously. "This is the truth: I couldn't ever feel to any man in all the world as I did to you—that was love. I can't ever take that back, even if you did laugh at me for loving you so much. I was foolish, I suppose, but—I'd cared so much, you see. I think that's the best kind of marriage a girl can ever have. But it isn't the only kind, is it? I don't know—I really don't know. I can't tell what a woman will do—what she might do if a man slighted her after she'd loved him. This is a hard place for me. I don't want to lie to either of you. I don't want you to fight over me. All I want is to do what's right. And it must be one—yes, of course, it must be one of you."

"I'll make it easy for you," said Harrod simply. "If you love him at all after what you ought to know, I'll go—and I'll curse God when I do come to die."

He turned to Brentwood savagely now. "Do you love her more than you do yourself—do you love her more than you do your own life itself?"

"You're not my judge," said Brentwood with equal savagery now. "The cards are on the table. Let her decide. I'm not going to stand here arguing with you, for you don't deserve it. Let her choose between us."

"Tell me more, Dan," said Allyn. "How did you get out—Jim said he left you dead."

"An Indian herder found me. That was the next day, I suppose," said Harrod. He brought others. They got me down to some Mexicans, and they made a litter for the burros, and fetched me down to the sea at last. I was there in the Mission house for weeks. They were very kind. They fixed up my leg and healed my wound."

"Wound?" She was looking at him strangely.

"Didn't he tell you?" said Harrod. "Where I was shot—don't you know?"

"Shot? Jim didn't tell me. I didn't know of that."

"Ask him, then," said Dan Harrod grimly, his own face set and hard. "Didn't you tell her any of the truth, man?"

A STRANGE change seemed to come over James Brentwood. His clothing no longer seemed to fit him, but to hang on him. Within the moment he seemed disintegrating as though some mysterious, powerful acid was dissolving him grotesquely. His voice cracked like that of an old man.

"Why should I tell her more than the needful truth, man?" he struggled on. "I told her you were dead, and so you were, so far as I knew. It was as you wished. I only did what you told me to do, and you know that's true. Tell her that it's true—you may now. But why should I harrow up a woman's feelings?"

"Then I'll tell her," said Harrod. "Listen, Allyn. When I thought I couldn't live, I made this man take what water there was left in the water-bag. I told him he must get out so he could tell you what had happened to me. I gave him my own gun. It's true, what he says. He shot me. He did that deliberately. But—wait now!—he did it under my own orders. I made him do it. It's true; he wasn't willing. It was my act, not his. You mustn't blame him for it. You've got to be fair. I had to beg him to do it. That's quite true."

She was so pale, so smitten by sheer terror at this thought, that she sank limply upon the seat, her hands at her cheeks, staring at one and the other of these two.

"It's a terrible thing," said Dan Harrod coldly, "for a man to learn what happens after he's dead! That never was meant to be; that's too cruel for any man to endure. Yes, you'll have to decide very soon. You both thought I was dead—yes, that's true. But what I want to say to you is that the last thing I remembered before I died was you, not myself."

Brentwood felt the challenge in this and answered it savagely. "Fine, isn't it? Well, she knows about how much you'd valued her. Don't talk rot. How about me? I rather fancy I'm concerned in this a little, myself. How about me?"

THE girl turned to Harrod quickly.

"All right," said he curtly. "How about him? How do you feel about what he did?"

She answered with great effort. "Why, it was a horrible thing, what you've told me—it can't be true! I never dreamed of that at all. What any woman would think about it would depend. You said there wasn't any hope? You said you told him to do that? He didn't want to do it? It must have been a horrible thought to him—thank God he didn't do it altogether. He must be very glad he didn't. Aren't you glad?" She turned toward Brentwood, but he only looked away, flinging out his arms.

"That's true," said Harrod. "If it was an act of mercy, he's pardonable, and you may pardon him. Listen, Allyn: I say, if it was an act of mercy, there was no crime about it. But if he touched the trigger of my gun in any act except that of mercy—how about it then? What was in his mind when he shot me under my

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own orders? He'd seen your picture even then. Glad I'm alive! Does he look glad! He'd kill me now, if he dared."

"Where's my gun?" he demanded suddenly of Brentwood.

"I threw the gun away," Brentwood explained. "It was heavy. I didn't want to carry it. What's that got to do with us all here and now? That's past and gone."

"I found it, all right," said Harrod. "I found the water-bag, too. You hadn't left much in it by that time, had you? It was close to where you left me. I'm not so sure you had made a fair divide of the water, after all. I wanted to give you more than a fair divide; I wanted you to get out; I wanted you to see Allyn again soon—yes. But do you suppose I thought it would be for this?"

"I didn't need those things," broke out Brentwood. "After the sheep-herders found me, I didn't need them any more."

"You didn't send anyone back to see about me, did you?" asked Dan Harrod horribly, advancing again into the deadly duel.

"Why should I?" rejoined Brentwood, on the defensive more and more. "It was life I had to think about by that time."

"I fought them all that day when I came to my senses," said Dan Harrod simply. "The birds—the large and black ones. No, it's true; it couldn't have been much use if I was dead. But still, why didn't you send back, why didn't you come back? I know you never told them a word—they told me you hadn't; they didn't know of any dead man left behind."

"I was crazed—I didn't know what I was doing," said Brentwood, agonized. "Do you think it was easy?"

"But when it comes to that," he added, in sudden wrath, "what right have you to catechise me?"

HARROD paid no attention to the rising anger in his tone, but steadily pushed back into his attack. "If it was done in mercy, Allyn," said he, "it was no fault. If not, it was a crime, as bad as any man could have committed. What do you think?"

Harrod no longer touched even her hand, but stood aloof, his eyes on the other man. He reached back of him as if he would have seated himself at the window, at last, and his hand touched something. He brought out the old broad-brimmed felt hat which in fault of better, he had worn when he called.

"I'm shabby!" said he, smiling grimly. "This is your hat, Jim—you threw that away too. As I hadn't any better, I took it. But tell me, how did you happen to leave that too, along with the gun and the water-bag?"

The sneering look on James Brentwood's face had now quite disappeared. He suddenly went pale.

"It's your hat, Jim," said Harrod yet again. "Look, man! Here's the hole the bullet made. See here where the powder blackened the cloth. What made you do that—what made you fire through your hat, anyhow, Jim? Didn't you have nerve enough to make sure—if it was an act of mercy?"

Under great effort James Brentwood undertook to turn his face to his accuser.

"But how could I bear to look?" said

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THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE

he. "Was it an easy thing to do? You were my friend."

"I am your friend no longer, Jim!" said Dan Harrod. "We are enemies now. We're rivals to the end."

"Tell me, Allyn," Harrod said, his eyes not on hers but still after his enemy's, "tell me now which of us is the survivor."

THERE was silence in the great room. An ormolu clock seemed to tick frantically loud. Not one of the three could have told how much time it marked before at last Dan Harrod began to sum up his case.

"Now, listen!" He turned to Allyn. "He must have been in a panic, in a terror. There must have been something in his mind that *wasn't* mercy! He didn't come back for any last offices for his dead friend. He didn't send anyone back. He didn't tell anyone I was dead. He didn't put up a desert cross for me; he didn't even roll a half-dozen stones beside my face to take care of me when I was dead. When I awoke to life, I saw I'd not been valued, not mourned, not cared for—we do care for the dead. That's a bit hard to see. Oh—don't let me harrow you up, Allyn, but these things are true, and you've got to hear them and got to weigh them, now. He ran away from me. Something was in his mind. He needed this hat, but he threw it away. He needed that gun, but he threw it away. He didn't throw away the water-bag until it was empty—and he had emptied it that night; he never insisted overmuch on my taking a drink from the bag, after all. I was welcome to the cactus. It was dry. Oh, I remember things now."

"You must have got help pretty soon, Jim," he went on mercilessly to the shrunken man before him. "You couldn't have gone very far. If you hadn't been in a panic,—a panic of guilt,—you'd have seen what I saw later, suffering as I was. Man, maybe I've found the Madre D'Ona for all I know—all I'll ever need, surely I've located it. Do you think I'll share it with you now? There are some things a man will share with another man. There are mighty few things a real man will share with a coward or a traitor or a liar or a thief!"

The savagery of his tone had in it more than the ancient wrath of man contending for woman. It held also contempt, resentment, grief, for the man who had been a false friend.

The sting of it all was too much for the trapped man who opposed him. Brentwood sprang forward, half across the room. But the worn barrel of the old weapon this time was looking with its somber single eye into his, and he gave back.

"It's the truth, Allyn, that you've heard," said Dan Harrod at last. "It's the truth that you can see."

"Oh, was it like this!" Allyn broke off now, her face toward James Brentwood accusing. "Have I been in such risk like such a case as that—was a chance like that offered to me? It *wasn't* mercy—you'd let him die there alone? What would you have done to me if I *was* were in trouble? Fled from me? Looked this hole—why it's the mark of the crucifixion of every sacred thing in all the

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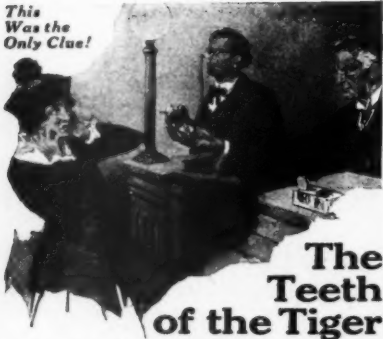
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world! And you've asked me to decide. And I thought this needed a decision—I thought there was something to weigh here, to balance, to consider. God forgive me if I ever really did believe a word, if I ever really did doubt. There was no reason to ponder or wait. It's no decision—it's a deliverance, that's what it is!

"Look at it," she said, her own rage and scorn rising, and shook the hat before him. "He asked you to survive! He did send his love across the very grave! And what you were trying to do was to dig a grave for love itself. You'd have buried me in it sometime. Go on away—you coward!"

They hardly saw Brentwood cower, his hands flung up to keep something out of his sight as he edged out through the door. But he was gone.

The ormolu clock had wholly altered

its beat now. Its measure all at once was slow and solemn, surely not warning, surely not unjoyous now. But neither Allyn nor Dan knew how long it was before they came together, her arms upon his shoulders.

"Oh, Dan, Dan! It's love survives!" said she. "Oh, tell me that it does! Hold me tight, Dan, and tell me that that's the very truth—that love can't be deceived, that love's always the very survivor! Why, Dan, poor boy, I'm sorry! Oh, I'm so sorry. But I'll make it all up for you. I love you, Dan. I've loved you all along."

"I'll make it all up for you, Dan," she repeated, her voice low as she bent her head on his shoulder. And he held her tight and close, before he raised her face to look long and deep into her eyes.

"I couldn't have died," said he simply.

"It wouldn't have been right."

THE LITTLE MOMENT OF HAPPINESS

(Continued from page 37)

Kendall saw one stocky poilu attempt to turn around. It was amazing! The man ricocheted off a camion against a stone-pile, off the stone-pile into a donkey-cart, off the donkey-cart into the arms of a troop of his marching comrades, scattering them like chickens; thence, through the poilus in zigzag, to a ditch from which he presently rebounded, facing in the direction in which he had originally traveled. He did not turn. He had had enough of turning. Now he would keep on his way without meddling with Providence, doubtless intending to reach his destination by circumnavigating the globe.

Now Ken was passing long mule-teams driven by American boys whose faces were so incrustated in dust as to give them the appearance of figures carved out of ghastly rock. Ken could see the dust in drifts on their eyebrows, and their eyelashes had a strange albino-look. Again his car edged over to give space to a truck carrying to the rear the remnants of a destroyed German *avion*. This moved by to disclose a long column of Italian troops, armed not with rifles, but with picks and shovels—each man wearing on his cap a vivid red star. Not a hundred yards beyond was visible the gray rump of an observation balloon, kneeling on the ground in the midst of a cluster of trees like some unbelievably monstrous elephant, its back incrustated with something that might have been the green moss of great age. This was the camouflage to make it indistinguishable from the foliage of the trees.

An hour's drive brought them to Montreuil, and Kendall's car descended the steep and crooked road that led into the valley where the tiny village, teeming with American soldiers, lay in all its morning charm. It was not quiet. There sounded, every minute or so, the sharp crack of the marvelous little seventy-five, sending its word of defiance to the German army which crouched behind the hills making ready for another leap at the throat of France.

There was no stopping here. On they went, along roads with wooded sides that concealed American artillerymen and artillery. Here was the edge of the front.

Now Kendall's driver turned off the main road, and shortly another hamlet lay before them—the remnants of the place that had been Dompnin. Here a military policeman halted them, demanded credentials and destination.

"You walk from here," he said. "No cars pass over this road by day."

"You know the way?" Ken asked his driver.

"Yes."

THEY alighted and trudged along the road. Ken observed many little craters by the roadside and in the fields, and without asking, knew they had been caused by hostile shells. It was very noisy—or so Kendall fancied. Artillery was at work on all sides of him, but it was only the desultory fire of the quiet day. Though the voices of the guns were audible, neither guns nor the men who served them were to be seen. Kendall's pulse increased; he felt in the pit of his stomach that electric sensation which always came to him while he stood waiting for the referee's whistle at the start of a football-game.

* They walked on. Even here, where the affairs of war were unmistakable, there was that exotic sense of peace. The woods were still green, the bushes thick and covered with foliage, the crops, almost ready for the reaper, waving and undulating as the breezes crossed the fields. No human being was visible. Yet here—ahead, to the right and to the left—was the locale of one of the most savage struggles of the war.

"Here we are," said Kendall's driver, pointing to a gray rectangular mass of buildings just ahead. "Paris Farm! Regimental headquarters of the Ninth Infantry."

They entered the gates past the saluting sentry and found themselves in a square courtyard surrounded by barns and farm buildings, with the old farmhouse at the opposite end. Groups of men in khaki sat close to the walls. None were in the middle of the courtyard, and Kendall's driver, instead of leading him up the path that ran directly to the door, conducted him in a roundabout way, his



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shoulder rubbing the wall. In the air above was the intermittent throb of a German airplane reconnoitering, and it was the duty as well as the desire of all men to remain invisible.

A benevolent surprise awaited Kendall inside the door of the ancient farmhouse. It was of not the least importance in the scheme of the universe, and would not modify Kendall's life by the breadth of a hair; yet it was potent to overshadow everything else in his mind for hours, and to make him feel that he had been singled out by the powers for especial grace.

THERE was a broad hallway, cluttered with bedding-rolls and occupied by a group of lounging soldiers. At the right was a room occupied as the office of the adjutant, which Kendall entered a trifle diffidently as a stranger, wondering what manner of men he would be required to have dealings with. And then—

"Ken Ware!" shouted a voice and a young second lieutenant with the most pitiable of mustaches—a yellow and yearning mustache—leaped from a desk at his right to greet him. "Where did you rain down from, and where did you get all those bars on your shoulders?"

It was Jimmy Martin whom Kendall had last known as a newspaper man in Detroit, with whom he had been familiar in those affairs of young manhood which make for friendships to be looked back upon with longing and regret when the days and the affairs of young manhood have been engulfed in the past.

"What are you doing? What are you doing here?" Jimmy demanded.

"I'm in the Intelligence; and you?"

"Intelligence officer of this regiment. And only a second lieutenant! Ought to be a captain. Doing a captain's work. Say,"—he was a sudden young man,— "how about seeing the sights? How long are you here?"

"Bring on your sights," said Kendall. "While you are exhibiting, I can get from you what I came for."

As they passed out and through the barn into the woods, Kendall explained his errand, and the conversation became technical. Whatever else he might have been, Jimmy Martin was engrossed in his particular job, and apparently was admirably efficient. The greater part of the data Kendall wanted was at Jimmy's tongue's end; the rest would be readily obtainable from available records of Martin's work.

By this time they had traversed a plainly marked road which led along the end of a field bordering the woods, and Jimmy complained bitterly of its evidence. "We've made that road since we came here. It'll show up plain in their photographs and show a lot of circulation here. You can see they've been droppin' shells on it now."

They entered the denseness of the woods, and found it teeming with American soldiery, who occupied the quiet of the day in enlarging and making more comfortable the makeshift dugouts they inhabited. These were not such dugouts as Kendall had seen described in books about the war; they were such affairs as he had made himself when he was a boy and called "coojees," where he had played robber and baked potatoes.

They were hastily dug and as hastily covered with a mat of boughs and a layer of earth—flimsy sanctuaries, able to shelter from spraying shrapnel but of no effect whatever against explosive shell.

Suddenly an invisible seventy-five was discharged almost at Kendall's elbow, and Jimmy laughed to see his friend's reaction to the unexpected sound. They parted the bushes and examined the beautiful little gun—that weapon which one may almost say has been the salvation of France!

So this was war at last! He was experiencing the thing he had come to France hoping to experience. And yet it was difficult to feel the fact. He had fancied the line of battle to be a constant tumult, horrible with tremendous showers of bursting shells, and glorious with charges and defenses. In its stark actuality it was quite different. Affairs were gone about nonchalantly and methodically. Even the artillerymen who sent shell now and then at some target they could not see, served their guns in a bored manner.

And the infantrymen! Scattered through the woods about their rabbit-warren of dugouts, they looked and acted like boys on a holiday, on some camping excursion. They chatted and frolicked, and grumbled about the food and because they were not relieved and sent to rest billets, and because the enemy did not try to advance, and because they themselves were not sent against the enemy. Kendall absorbed a feeling that they rather liked the whole thing, that it was just the life they were born to and were fitted to live—and that they *knew* it.

It was a picture, there in the *bois*, a picture that touched the imagination of that young man from the peaceful Middle West and would not soon be erased from his memory. The trees grew closely, admitting only patches of sunlight here and there, with an effect of peaceful, lazy, restful shade. One saw dimly. The scene was soothing to the eyes, alive as it was with movement. The brown of uniforms blended with the yellow-green of the foliage and with the red-yellow of the upturned soil where it had been broken by hundreds of shovels in the fashioning of shelters.

There had been no fire from the enemy. Since the dawn their guns had been silent; but now, without warning, the air was filled with a threat, with a sound which Kendall had never heard before, but which he recognized by the instinct of self-preservation which resided in him. It was the rushing, shrieking, rending, express-train rush of a big shell—not of a shell going, but of one *coming*.

"It was about time for them to start," said Martin. "We'd better get back to headquarters. I may be wanted."

They walked back hurriedly, while shell after shell screamed down at them as it rushed over their heads. Ken was silent. He was thinking: "I'm under fire. I'm really under fire. The enemy is shooting at me. They are trying to kill me." It was not easy to convince his mind.

AS they entered the farmhouse, the shells were coming in rapid succession and exploding in the vicinity with tremendous detonations. Young Martin

cocked his ear and hazarded an opinion as to their caliber. A jagged fragment, hurtled from an explosion a hundred feet away, crashed through the roof and came to rest on the second floor. Young Martin was delighted; he rushed upstairs after the bit, carrying it down gingerly wrapped in a cloth, for it was still hot, and then with joy applied gauges and calipers to it so that he might identify it exactly. He was happy. The gauge was as he had named it.

The adjutant entered. "General's here. Come to mess. He and the colonel are coming downstairs now. All in."

All filed into the mess-room. The younger officers had been full of boyish spirits and pranks, but decorum settled on them as they entered the door. They seemed suddenly to grow up and to acquire the demeanor of maturity, and stood erect in stately manner while Kendall was presented to the general and the colonel. And then the meal proceeded. Kendall wondered where the food came from, but asked no embarrassing questions about the source of supplies. There was chicken, there were potatoes, there was fresh asparagus, there was custard pudding, there were cheese and coffee and cherries—and then cigars.

"Don't get the idea we pass cigars at every mess," whispered a daring lieutenant in Kendall's ear. "Just throwin' ourselves in honor of the general."

The bombardment had increased in violence during the meal, had increased to such a degree that Kendall thought rather more of falling shells than of food. There was absolutely no protection. A shell might crash down upon them through the frail structure at will. But nobody appeared to mind.

DARKNESS was falling without, and with the darkness came a multiplication of the shells designed by the enemy for the discomfort of the regiment. Kendall, to his surprise, was growing accustomed to the shells. He was conscious of them, but had lost something of his consciousness of the danger that was in them. He was interested. It was an interesting spot and an interesting moment, and he sat quiet and wide of eye, to miss no thrill that might be there for him. Telephones were busy with messages coming and going, messages camouflaged by strange words and code-numbers and weird names.

Everybody had his job, and everybody seemed to believe his especial piece of work to be the most important in the army. A lieutenant came in with a scowl of tremendous ferocity.

"Colonel," he said, "we've got a damn bad situation. It's that doctor. He refuses to give some of my wounded men wound chevrons. Says they aren't wounded enough! How bad has a man got to be shot before he's wounded, anyhow?"

"My understanding," said the lieutenant colonel, "is that any man who is hurt enough to require medical attention is entitled to a chevron. It doesn't make any difference if he's hurt by high explosive or hooked by a bull."

The din was now terrific. French and American artillery had opened fire all along the line. So quickly did report follow explosion, and explosion report, that

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the whole mingled into one continuous and mighty sound. And during it all the young intelligence officer quarreled with a sergeant who was his draughtsman, as they tried to reconcile maps drawn from observers' sketches with photographs taken from airplanes.

"Aw, hell," growled the draughtsman, "this guy's made a conventionalized design! What we're lookin' for is what's on the ground, not some guy's pretty ideas. You want me to make a map to send up to the general, and what the devil have I got to make it from? There haint no woods like that."

"Here," declared Jimmy, indicating on maps and photographs, "this woods is supposed to be that woods, and this trench is supposed to be that trench."

"Supposed!"

"Yes."

"Expect me to send a map to the general and label it 'Supposed'? That map's pretty, all right, but it haint worth a hoot in Hoboken. Call him up and ask him what the blazes."

Kendall laughed, and was surprised to discover that he could laugh, that anything would seem humor in this place with death showering down on all sides.

Now the attentions of the enemy seemed to take on the aspect of a serious effort, for the officers of experience began to gather and hold consultations and to listen with marked interest.

"Gas!" somebody said. "Listen! Hear it!"

Kendall listened, but could not distinguish the bursting of the gas-shell, so easily to be identified by the practiced ear.

"Gas masks at alerte," was the order.

THERE was a moment of comparative inactivity; then the telephone again. "Mustard gas to the right," was reported, and after a few moments a call from a certain company of infantry which had become unhappy in its position: "Say, we want a retaliatory barrage. We're getting everything here—big, little and gas."

"They want a barrage," reported Jimmy.

"Where do they want it?" asked the lieutenant colonel.

"I don't know. Wake George up—that's his business. Say, let's notify the gas-officer; we're beginning to get it pretty close here."

Jimmy called the person designated as George: "Hey," he said irreverently, "get your pants on and come down. The adjutant wants you."

It was very chilly. Ken shivered with the cold, and was rather thankful it was cold, because it gave him honest reason for shivering. He was keyed to a high pitch, nerves taut, imagination straining its leash, but he was enjoying himself after a strange fashion, reveling in this experience, in the sensations of peril, in the fact that he was at the very center of things. The artillery activity continued to increase, and the ear-shattering, sweeping, rolling gusts of infernal clamor seemed to reach a very climax of sound. Again and again he could feel upon his own body the shock of adjacent explosions. It required but a few feet of difference in the fall of one of those shells

to mean all that stood between life and death for him. And yet he was not afraid. He was not conscious of fear, only of that queer electric sensation, and of an elevation of spirits due to intense excitement.

The telephone insisted with a new insistence each moment. "Gas reported to the right. Gas reported to the left."

"What shall we do about it?" Jimmy asked the lieutenant colonel.

"How about a little interdiction?" They spoke casually, as one would say, "The road is dusty," and the other reply: "It might be well to sprinkle it."

"It'll be all right if we can get enough. I'll call up and ask for it."

Then: "Hello—hello. Is this Hoboken? They're giving us more gas than we like. . . . At right and left and in front. . . . Yes—been coming twenty minutes. Is it worth while to retaliate? . . . Orders to use gas have to come from you."

"We're in for *beaucoup* casualties," somebody said out of a moment's pause.

"Say, you were too mild with Hoboken. I'd 'a' told him we was gettin' gas to beat the devil, and we *had* to have some doin's of our own. Them birds don't worry about what we're gettin' unless we holler loud." This from the draughtsman-sergeant.

"There!" The adjutant looked up at the ceiling. "Listen—a boche airplane. I've heard it quite a spell. Directing their fire by the flash of our batteries. Cawd, why don't we get more airplanes of our own!"

The telephone again, and Jimmy reported with what Kendall conceived to be relief: "He says he'll have the hundred and fifty-fives and gas going in ten minutes."

"Say," somebody complained, "that boche airplane must be mired in a cloud. It sounds like it was standing still in one spot."

"Stuck or not, she's up there without any friendly intentions. Say, we ought to go over to the States and shoot them peace-talkin' pups." It was the sergeant speaking again. "Anybody that wants to make peace with the boche! They haint got no right pollutin' the atmosphere."

THERE came a pause while all waited hopefully for the "big stuff" that had been promised them—and presently it came. Kendall had believed the ultimate in sound had been achieved before, but this—this was impossible. Such an extreme from silence could not be. It was cosmic; it was awful. He seemed to be standing in the very center of such an upheaval as might have created worlds. It appeared to a very ultimate climax of sound, to a single note made up of a multitude of gigantic sub-tones. It was amazing, it was terrifying, it was gratifying.

"Fritz is gettin' his good," said the sergeant with profound satisfaction.

This continued an hour, and then gradually subsided. The German fire had become desultory—and then ceased. They had drawn upon themselves more than they liked by their evening's strafing. The silence that ensued was startlingly loud; one could hear it.

"I'm for some grub if we can rustle it," said a rawboned lieutenant.

The lieutenant colonel yawned and stretched his arms high over his head. "Oh-hum! Darn these quiet nights," he said with sincerity. "I thought for a while there was going to be something stirring."

Kendall looked at his watch. It was half-past-two in the morning. Quiet nights! He wondered if they were making game of him, but as he looked back on the conduct of these young men during that night, he was persuaded of their sincerity. And he—he had fancied himself present at the unloosing of inferno.

Presently he was lying on a bundle of hay on a stone floor, wrapped in his blankets. A sentence, a scrap from the talk of the night, repeated itself to him: "We're in for casualties." He pondered it. Casualties—that meant wounded and dead—men mangled and men in the horrible agonies that follow the breathing of mustard gas. Some of those boys he had seen a few hours ago down in the woods—only a few hundred feet away—were dead. *Dead!* He had been near to death—had sat for hours where death might reach out and touch him upon the shoulder. So this was war—this was how the thing was done!

It seemed so futile. What had been accomplished by this night's slaughter? Neither side had advanced a foot; nothing had been won or lost. But hundreds of lives had been wasted, hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of munitions had been expended—and why? For nothing that he could see, for no purpose except the desire of each side to make the other side uncomfortable. That night could have been erased from the history of the war, and its absence would never have been noticed. Its activities had no more effect upon the course of the war than the barking of a dog would have had—and yet hundreds of bodies were tenantless, and hundreds of mothers would mourn their sons.

"War is scientific waste," he said to himself, and repeated the phrase. He hated war because it was waste. He wondered how many men had given their lives on just such futile nights as this during the years since August, 1914. Thousands upon thousands, doubtless. How many of those girls he had seen in Paris had been deprived of husbands—of the men who would some day have been their husbands—in just such affairs? It was wrong—*wrong*. War was a horrid disease—or was it the German nation which was a horrid disease? He could not think clearly. He had thought little of mankind in the mass, but now he considered it, and his sympathy attached to it. It was futile to pity an individual, any individual, but one's heart might bleed for mankind. And most of all it might bleed for that portion of mankind whose duty it is to be the mothers of forthcoming generations—who were deprived by war of the right to fulfill that duty.

Then he found himself repeating over and over a phrase: "Little moments of happiness—little moments of happiness." If men were to be wasted as they had been wasted this night, and if God could sit quiescent in his heaven tolerating such wastage, then could that God deny to women their little moments of happiness as a partial, an infinitesimal balm for the

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agony He permitted? Could He frown upon those little moments, or decree them to be evil? He wondered how God stood on this question of morals. In a moment came an answer, but Kendall could not assert it to be a true answer. It was this: "God demands another generation of mankind."

CHAPTER XI

KENDALL awoke refreshed, but with those sensations which a man experiences after an exceedingly circumstantial and vivid dream. The reality of last night's events had vanished, to be remembered only as something lived through in that subconscious land of dreams. The morning was bright, cheerful, and he breakfasted with enthusiasm. Directly afterward Jimmy was summoned to brigade headquarters, and Kendall, having finished his work at that point, set out with his chauffeur to walk back to Domp-tin.

On the way they paused on the road to watch the shelling out of a corner of the woods by a German battery. The high-explosive shells fell with beautiful precision, and at regular intervals of about a minute. The scream of the shells could be heard during an interval in which one could count up to six slowly, and then would come the explosion. By counting so, and keeping his eyes on that wooded angle, Kendall could watch the work of the shells with exact timing of his vision. Somehow the processes of the explosion reminded him of an enormously powerful man heaving upward a weight with his shoulders. First would come a small surge of smoke as if the giant were testing his load, and then an uprush of black smoke and debris in geyser form, regular until it had spent its force, then breaking into irregular billows at the top and dissipating through the air. Shell after shell dropped precisely, neatly, not varying in their placing by more than a couple of score of feet. About the corner was no sign of life, no hurrying figures stumbling headlong away from the peril, and Kendall wondered if life were present there—if life had been there, or if it had wholly ceased to exist.

They walked on down the road to their car and returned to Montreuil, where Kendall had business with the assistant provost marshal, who occupied a house on the edge of town, midway down the winding hill. As Ken's car drew up at the house, a gray camion stopped at an adjoining cottage, and Kendall saw a girl leap briskly down from the seat and run up the bank. She wore the uniform of the Y. M. C. A. He recognized Maude Knox.

His first impulse was to hasten to her, for he was as much delighted as astonished to see her in such a place, but something stopped him—call it curiosity. He was conscious of wanting to see how she acted, what she was doing, how she did it. An American girl alone in a French hamlet deserted by its civil population! A girl alone with an army! Here was indeed a situation; here was romance; here was something to excite the imagination! Kendall leaned forward eagerly and watched.

She entered the open door of the little

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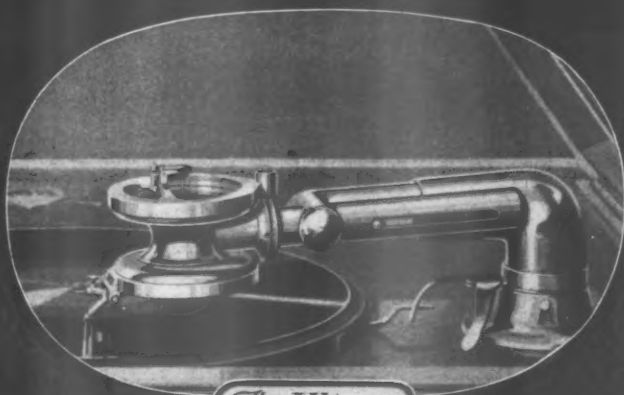
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cottage and looked within; then she turned about in the most matter-of-fact way and called something to the man who drove the truck. He dismounted and began unloading cases and crates—and a cook-stove. These he carried up the bank and placed in the house. Maude shook hands with the man; he climbed upon his camion again, and drove away. She was alone! She, an American girl, had been set down casually in a matter-of-course manner here within range of hostile guns, and abandoned to her own devices! She seemed not in the least excited or disturbed. It was amazing. This sort of thing might have been happening to her every day or so for years—and yet Kendall knew she had never, probably, spent a night alone in a house before in her life. And here she was more than alone in a house. There was not another woman within miles.

Kendall saw her attempting to fasten a sign to the wall beside the door, and failing, turn and look about her for the first time. Seventy-fives were being discharged every few minutes from points not a quarter of a mile away from her. He saw that she was gazing toward the sound. He shook his head, for the thing was beyond his comprehension. Did American girls do this sort of thing? Was this expected of them? Were they all capable of such adaptations of themselves, or was Maude Knox a remarkable exception? He wondered.

There was nothing more to be seen. Maude had gone inside, and Kendall stepped from his car and walked up to her door, on the threshold of which he paused, not speaking, and peered inside. She was standing in the middle of a rubbish-littered room, looking about her, not with bewilderment nor with uncertainty, but calculatingly. She seemed the embodiment of capability. She nodded her head as much as to say, "This will do nicely," and reached for a broom that was among the boxes that had accompanied her.

"Good morning!" said Kendall as he entered.

SHE turned and looked at him, smiling even before she recognized him, and then exclaimed: "Kendall Ware, of all people!"

"Of all people indeed! How about yourself? I presume that you consider yourself a natural and normal part of the scenery."

She nodded. "Of course. This is what I came to France to do."

"To—to be set down on a pile of filth like this!" His arm swept the room. "Alone—in the middle of an army—within a couple of miles of No Man's Land?"

"Of course. Why not?"

"Aren't you—afraid?"

She was actually surprised; there was no pretense about it. "Of what?" she asked.

He shrugged his shoulders. "I'll bet you never slept alone in a house before in your life."

"Never."

"You wouldn't do it at home."

"I suppose not."

He wagged his head. "You'd have been afraid to stay alone in a house in a



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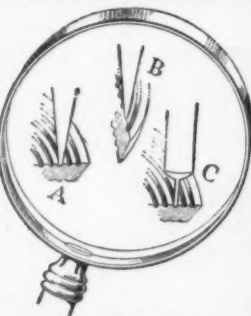
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civilized town. Now, be frank: wouldn't you?"

"I—I guess I would. Yes, I'm sure I would."

"But here—with nothing to protect you; without even a decent lock—and not a woman within half a dozen kilometers! It isn't right. They hadn't any business sending you to such a place."

"Rubbish! I'm safer than I would be in my own home with a policeman standing in front of the door. Why, I've never even thought of being nervous—really! I suppose it is queer." She stopped a moment to speculate on its queerness. "If I were back home, and somebody should describe this to me, I couldn't understand any girl's doing it. But I'm here—and it's all different. I never felt so—so safe."

"But an army—even our army—is made up of all sorts of men."

She laughed with sincerity. "Fiddlesticks! What do you suppose would happen to a man who offended me? Why, Kendall,"—it was the first time she had used his given name, but it appeared perfectly natural,—"I've got a whole division to look after me."

It was true. He knew it was true. These American boys—lonely for a familiar American face, hungry for the sound of the voice and laughter of an American woman—would idolize her. They would be her slaves. Safe! There never had been such safety as was hers. And yet he was troubled; it was so unconventional—so off the beaten track of the ordinary movement of life. He did not quite like it. That was his mother speaking in him. His mother would have declared such conduct to be unwomanly, to be not nice, and she would have condemned Maude Knox unheard. Because Maude Knox was doing a thing she had never done, and had never seen done by a respectable member of her sex! Kendall realized this to be absurd.

"We're surely in a different world," he said tritely.

"The Epworth sewing-circle wouldn't approve," she said with a twinkle, "but the Epworth sewing-circle doesn't count over here, does it? I wonder if it will ever count again anywhere—for us who have been here?"

KENDALL wondered too. What was going to become of the home conventions when these young women, who had adventured to France to aid, as they found opportunity, in the winning of the war, got home? What ideas would they bring with them and disseminate? What would happen to America? America could never be the same, for not only would these thousands of girls return, having seen the world with opened eyes,—and lived undreamable lives,—but two millions of young men would be going home too. Each one of them would take something of France and of the war to his home—and what would come of it?

"You're—you're bully!" he said with sudden conviction. "By Jove, you're bully!"

"Fiddlesticks!"

"What are you here for? What do you expect to do?"

"Talk, mostly," she said merrily. "I guess that's what I'm wanted for more

than anything else—to let the boys talk to me. Incidentally I'll make hot chocolate and sell cigarettes and safety razors and jam and cookies. I'll just be here."

"Just be here!" he repeated after her. "Just be here!" And in a flash as if lightning he saw what her just being here would mean to those men. He saw what a lofty height they would set her upon, and how they would worship her beauty, and how they would delight in her every word. It would be good for them, good for them as soldiers and good for them as men! What a war it was that produced this!

"Look!" she said, and laughed aloud.

Kendall turned. The doorway was closed by a rapidly augmenting crowd of boys in khaki, curious, eager, delighted, grinning.

"How do you do?" Maude said with perfect calm. She walked toward them and extended her hand, which boy after boy seized bashfully. "I'm Miss Knox—and if you ever expect to get any hot chocolate, somebody's got to put up the stove. It isn't much of a stove."

"Say, miss," blurted out a sergeant, "if you'll—er—git out of here a spell, we'll fix things up. Say, was you cal'latin' on stayin'?"

"I'm a permanent improvement," she said.

From that instant Kendall had no doubts, conjured up no violated proprieties. Maude Knox was right to be there; there was no other spot in the world where it was so right for her to be.

"I'll clear out," she said, and pausing as she passed through the door: "I could use some sort of a counter—"

"You bet, miss."

"There," said Maude to Kendall presently.

"I see," he said soberly. "I'm seeing lots of things."

"That weren't visible in Detroit," she added for him. Then, after a pause: "And so am I. There's something in the air—here—in Paris—wherever one goes in this country. It gets you. I could do things. Yes, I could. You have a feeling that nothing you do as an individual counts—nothing matters. Everything we've ever been used to seems so far away and insignificant. Don't you feel that way?"

"Yes."

"As if you could be very good or very, very bad—and it wouldn't make a cent's worth of difference to anybody?"

"Yes."

"Other girls are feeling it. I think they are all feeling it. There are plenty of signs. *C'est la guerre*. I suppose that's it. No, it can't be explained by a phrase of the streets; it's deeper than that. With one half of the world trying to slaughter the other half! Every little while I have a feeling that right and wrong have grown to be too big to apply to individuals—they're for nations. Does that express what I mean? And then I've thought more than once that this is the end of the world—the end of the old world—and the starting-place of a new one. Temporarily we're without a set of rules, because the old ones won't do any more, and we've got to build up an altogether new code."

"I've felt something like that—but I



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didn't have a philosopher for a father, and so I didn't know just what I was feeling, or how to say it."

"We're being a sort of spiritual bolshevik, I suppose—going through a transition period of confusion and lawlessness and wild thinking. But just as something better than the old Russian empire with its czars and grand dukes and Siberias and its—its Rasputins—is bound to follow Bolshevism, so there'll come something better than the narrowness of the sewing-circles and the Pilgrims and the viciousness of blindly accepted conventions and codes. This has turned into something bigger than a world-war—it is turning into a greater Reformation. Not the reformation of a religion, but a reformation in the basic *thought* of the world—surely of America."

"Whew!" exclaimed Kendall. "I follow you, I guess, but my feet are off the bottom—and I can't swim."

"You can think, can't you?" she said a trifle tartly.

"I guess I *feel* more than I *think*," he said.

"We all do. We have to feel in order to think, and we have to feel in order to understand. Cold logic isn't worth a snap of the fingers—really. You've been getting something out of Paris, haven't you? Feeling something? I think you get it there more than any place else. I love Paris."

"My mother wouldn't love it," he said gravely.

"And you're like her—sometimes—aren't you? But aren't you growing more tolerant—more able to see the other person's point of view?"

"I—hang it all! I can't get away from the notion that good is good and bad is bad."

SHE shook her head. "But you are beginning to see that America hasn't the right to legislate for the world, and to define what is good and what is evil. I know you are. Now, don't be shocked, please. I'm American, of course, and the American code is for me—until it is altered. Whatever I may think about it, still, it is the code and accepted by the majority. That binds me to a degree. But I can still believe we are narrow and prudish. It doesn't take much imagination to understand that eating pork may be a sin to an orthodox Jew. It is a sin because he believes it is a sin. It is no sin for you, because you think it is nonsense. When you get down to essentials, the thing that is a *sin*, is doing a thing you *think* to be a sin. It isn't the *thing*, but the *thinking*."

"I suppose that's it."

"Of course it is. And that's enough of this sort of talk, isn't it? I don't always talk like this, really. I'm quite pleasant and frivolous most of the time. You're not to be stationed here, by any chance?"

"No such luck!"

She laughed. "I wouldn't have time to bother with you, anyhow, if you were meaning that as a compliment. I've got at least a regiment of young men, and I sha'n't be partial. Besides, there's that pretty little French girl. I liked her looks. Tell the truth—you'd be heartbroken if you were sent away from Paris and her."

Andrée! For twenty-four hours he had scarcely remembered her existence. And only the night before last, he had been telling her that he loved her, and kissing her good-by! He felt ashamed of himself. He felt ashamed because he felt that he was not being true to the love he professed for her—in his thoughts and in the pleasure which he found in the presence of Maude Knox. He *was* in love with Andrée—but confound it all, was it possible he could be falling in love with Maude Knox too? He had heard that people and books asserted a man could be in love with two women at once. If this were so, he said to himself, it would create a devilish unpleasant situation—and a situation without an element to cause laughter. If a man loved two girls, he would have to choose one of them. In which case he would be, at the same instant, in a state of bliss because he had won a sweetheart, and in a state of heartbreak because he had been thwarted in love.

"I wish you could know Andrée," he said. "She—she's educating me, I guess. I don't understand her, of course. She is constantly startling me. I never knew anybody who in the least resembled her."

"Of course not. She's French. She's a war-time Parisienne."

"But she's good," said Kendall, as if Maude had brought some charge against Andrée.

"Why not?" Maude smiled a trifle.

"You mustn't think—" he began.

"I'm thinking nothing. It's none of my business." She paused. "Frankly, I don't care. Now, don't misunderstand that. I like you, Kendall. I'm interested in you. There was a time when, if I suspected a man of what you seem to think I suspect you, I would have cut him in a hurry. And the girl—I would have been horrified. But now—I don't quite understand myself—I wouldn't in the least object to knowing your Andrée."

"But, I tell you—"

"Of course you do—and I don't believe you. So there!"

KENDALL was embarrassed and a trifle angry. "I don't see why you should suspect anything—just because Andrée is French!"

"And because you are American? And because lots of things?" She shrugged her shoulders.

"Would you marry a man you knew had been having an affair with a girl like Andrée?"

"It would depend. There are affairs and affairs. Somehow I don't think I should marry a man who had an affair with an American woman, one of these squalid, scandalous things we hear about in New York or Detroit. But in war conditions—with a girl like Andrée, as you say—why, if I loved the man, of course I would marry him. I think I would—if I loved him."

"Where is the difference?"

"I don't know. It gets back to a thing being a sin because you think it is. It's a feeling. I've seen these women in France,—women I knew were having affairs,—and they were sweet and modest—and natural. An American woman can seem to have an affair and still be sweet and modest—and natural. She feels that



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is doing something wicked and degrading—and consequently is degraded. She is being deliberately bad. Don't you understand?"

"I—I think so. There's something. I have the same notion about it as you, but I couldn't explain it. I guess you're right. Do you think a man can be in love with two girls at once?" He asked the question suddenly.

She laughed joyously. "Now, you aren't going to tell me you are in love with me too? Please don't. I suppose a lot of these boys will fancy they're in love with me—just because I happen to be moderately neat and clean and good-looking, and because I'm out here alone like this. I'll stand to them for their sweethearts back home, and all that. But they won't be in love with me in the least—and neither are you."

This frankness was truly American, modern American. Kendall could not imagine Andrée saying or thinking such things; he could not imagine his mother saying or thinking such things. And why? To Andrée, love was love—the great business of life. Everything else was subordinate to it. To his mother, love was—was just a little bit off color, because there was sex in it. His mother could love her son frankly, but she could not love her husband frankly, nor talk with frankness about it. In her mind original sin clung to love. It was the thing that had cast man out of Paradise, and while one married and bore children, and marital relations were necessary, nevertheless there was something squalid and indecent about it. Andrée saw nothing indecent in sex, as she saw nothing indecent in eating her dinner. Maude Knox was more like Andrée than like his mother—but still, there was a vast difference. There was the difference of race and of racial philosophy.

Maude placed her hand on Kendall's arm. "Be nice to that little girl," she said. "Don't hurt her. Be fair."

"What do you mean? Do you mean I should marry her?"

She hesitated. "I don't know. Marriage—"

Her own inherited prejudices were lifting their heads now. Marriage! Marriage with a French girl with whom one was having relations! That was different. She hesitated, and did not give him a frank answer.

"Well?" he said.

"You mustn't ask me. I can't answer that. It is a thing you'll have to decide."

"I guess you have answered," he said gloomily.

"Perhaps—and perhaps I'm ashamed of myself for answering so. But I was born in America and brought up in a surrounding of sewing-circles."

THERE was a pause. Then he said, almost as if to himself, "You're the sort of girl I'd like to be in love with."

"That's a very nice thing to say—but you're not."

"I don't know. I'm not sure. I could be very easily, if I were to see much of you."

"And Andrée?"

He was really depressed, worried, and she perceived it with genuine sympathy. She saw that this young man was facing

a problem whose correct solution would be vital to his happiness, and to his future peace of mind. She was able to realize that he was approaching one of those climaxes of the soul which are infinitely more potent to modify than any climax in which the physical predominated. She fancied she knew Kendall rather well, and understood him. She fancied he was not complex, but rather simple and straightforward—just a young man; but she was wrong. There were such elements of complexity in him as made for the sharpest of suffering, which would have defied the analysis of the most expert psychologist. She did not perceive the overwhelming importance of his inheritances from mother and father; those beliefs and those sensations and those reactions which were almost a physical part of him as his arms and legs were a physical part of him. She could not know that his body was in constant use as an arena in which Puritanism and dogmas and blind faiths and intolerances of the unknown were battling with that mild toleration derived from his father, that desire to see good in everything, that sweetness which held fast to its faith in mankind, even when it could not understand what mankind was about.

A YOUNG captain ran down the bank to meet them. "You are Miss Knox?" he asked cordially.

"Yes."

"I'm Captain Morris, A. P. M. here—and I'm mighty glad to see you. You don't mean you're really going to stay?"

"Really."

"Not By Jove! Say!" He was inarticulate, but there was no doubting of his delight.

"Captain Ware—Captain Morris," said Maude, and the two young men shook hands.

"I've got some business with you," Kendall said, "as soon as we can get Miss Knox settled."

"What do you want? What do you need?"—this to Maude. "I'll give you details of men till the cows come home. Just ask for it, and—if it's in this sector—we'll get it for you. By Jove! Think of it—going to stay! Oh, say!"

Maude laughed. "You'll have me thinking I'm doing something unusual in a minute."

"Unusual! Miss Knox, if you knew what it will mean to these boys to have an American girl here—just to know she's around! It's wonderful, that's what it is. Do you realize that some of the men haven't seen an American woman in a year, haven't talked to a woman. By Jove!" Every time he thought about it, he became boyishly inarticulate again.

"They're fixing up my canteen for me," she said.

"Good! I'll run up and see they do it right."

"I—I wouldn't if I were you," said Maude gently. "They seem to like it—to want to do it themselves. They shoot me away. Don't you think it would be better to let them go ahead by themselves—if it pleases them?"

Kendall was conscious of a pride in her, in her understanding and her beautiful tact. So was Captain Morris, who could only stare at her unbelievably and utter "By Jove!"

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In half an hour the three walked back to the canteen.

"Here she comes!" yelled a boy in the door, and a sergeant with a smudge on his nose, his sleeves rolled up, and a hammer in his hand, poked his nose out of the door. "Shoo her off ag'in" he said in a rumble that was distinctly audible, though not intended for Maude's ears. "We haint done yet."

Maude turned away with a laugh. "I guess we'd better walk some more. If you men are busy, I can look after myself."

"Busy!" exclaimed Captain Morris. "By Jove!" And they all laughed, even Captain Morris, who had a faint perception of his own state of mind.

In another half-hour they returned again to the little cottage. This time a dozen boys were standing about with a great pretense of carelessness, but with an embarrassed eagerness which set her eyes to twinkling.

"May I go in now?" she asked.

"Yes, ma'am. You bet!"

THEY crowded in after her, to watch her every movement and expression, and to assure themselves that they had pleased her. There was a serviceable counter. Behind it were rough shelves for her wares. The stove was set up, and such utensils as she possessed hung precisely on nails. There was a comfortable chair, rather dilapidated, but foraged at some expense of trouble. And the cleanliness of the place was nothing short of amazing. It had been swept and dusted and scoured until not a trace of its former filth remained.

"Oh, boys," said Maude after a moment's silence, "isn't it fine! Haven't you made a nice place of it! I wouldn't have thought it was possible. And the counter and shelving! I don't know how to thank you."

The soldiers were in a dreadful state of embarrassment, blushing and giggling and nudging each other like schoolboys detected in a prank. They seemed to have a feeling that something ought to be said, for they kept jostling and pushing the sergeant, who growled back at them savagely. "Lemme be, doggone you!" Maude heard him mutter. But they pushed him out into conspicuousness. "Go on, Hank. Open up. Git it off your chest," he was adjured.

Hank scowled terribly at Maude, opened his mouth and closed it again, hunched his broad shoulders and felt of his prominent Adam's apple. "Aw—" he began. And then: "Aw—hell!" With which well-chosen remark he burst through his comrades and fled headlong.

Maude again did the one tactful thing, the one thing that, in those circumstances, not only saved the face of the vanished Hank but raised her to an elevation in the minds of the soldiers from which she would never descend. She simply sat down on that scoured floor and laughed and laughed until her cheeks were wet with tears of mirth. So infectious was her laugh that there was not a man but laughed with her.

"By Jove!" exclaimed Captain Morris. "She's a wonder."

"She is," said Kendall soberly.

Maude looked up at them. "You of-

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ficers go away," she said severely. "I'm going to be very busy. No, you boys needn't go—just the officers."

"I may come back to say good-by," Kendall asked. "I'll be leaving in an hour."

"Of course."

WHEN Kendall finished his business with the assistant provost marshal he returned to the canteen.

"I'm going," he said from the door. Maude issued from behind her counter and made her way through a knot of soldiers who had crowded about it.

"Good-by," she said, extending her hand. "It's been nice to see you."

"It—it has been wonderful to see you," he said. "I don't think I shall ever forget this." He waved his hand around the room. "It isn't possible." He smiled whimsically. "I know I'm dreaming the whole thing. You're really back in Ohio somewhere, probably playing a game of bridge."

"Not bridge—I don't like bridge. Tennis, maybe."

"And I'm going to wake up in a little while and tell folks what a queer dream I've had."

She pinched herself. "See! I'm awake—and you don't know how glad I am that I am awake—that I am here, seeing this, being a part of this."

"But it isn't done, you know. There's nothing in the rules to cover it. No, Miss Knox, I'm dreaming it—and I'm glad I am dreaming it. If it were real—" His face grew serious.

"Perhaps," she said, "this is the first time you've ever seen anything real—since you came to France. That is it. France is real, the war is real, Andrée is real, I am real. The only things that aren't real are the habits and thoughts we were busy with sixty days ago. Sixty days!"

"Good-by—and don't forget me."

"I shan't do that. I like you. Good-by."

Kendall leaned far back in his car and smoked, and found his thoughts disturbing company. He was not used to facing questions of big importance, but he saw now that for weeks he had been drifting toward a day when he would have to meet and reply to the first soul-modifying question that had ever been propounded to him. The thing was inevitable. He was moving toward facts that could not be brushed aside. Strange enough, though he was heavy with apprehension, nevertheless there was a certain exultation. This was living—living not in a circumscribed acre, but in the unbounded world. This was life; this was experience—something big, worthy the consideration of a man. There was happiness and misery in it. He was beginning to see that he could not get through with happiness intact; it was his hope to win through with happiness ponderant. The day he landed in France he had been a boy; less than two months had passed—and he had become a man. France had done that for him.

But France was by no means through with Kendall Ware. The experiences which next befell him as interesting in the extreme—as described by Mr. Kendall in the next, the May, issue of THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE.

A MIRACLE OR TWO

(Continued from page 68)

the copperhead's fangs. He knew it. And while we were all taken up with the wonder of Baby's cure, he quietly went away—to die."

The Mistress got up hurriedly and went away. She loved the great dog as she loved few humans. The guest dissolved into a flood of tears.

"And I beat him!" she wailed. "I beat him—horribly! And all the time, he was dying from the poison he had saved my child from! Oh, I'll never forgive myself for this, the longest day I live."

"The longest day is a long day," dryly commented the Master. "And self-forgiveness is the easiest of all lessons to learn. After all, Lad was only a dog. That is why he is dead."

THE Place's atmosphere tingled with jubilation over the child's cure. Her uncertain but always successful efforts at walking were an hourly delight.

But through the general joy the Mistress and the Master could not always keep their faces bright. Even the guest mourned frequently and loudly and eloquently the passing of Lad. And Baby was openly inconsolable at the loss of her chum.

At dawn of the morning of the fourth day the Master let himself silently out of the house for his usual before-breakfast cross-country tramp—a tramp on which, for years, Lad had always been his companion. Heavy-hearted, the Master prepared to set forth alone. As he swung shut the veranda door behind him, something arose stiffly from the porch rug—something the Master looked at in a daze of unbelief.

It was a dog; yet no such a dog as had ever before sullied the cleanness of the Place's well-scoured veranda. The animal's body was lean to emaciation. The head was swollen—though apparently the swelling had begun to recede. The fur, from spine to toe, from nose to tail-tip, was a solid, shapeless mass of caked mud.

The Master sat down very suddenly on the veranda floor beside the dirt-incrusted brute and caught it in his arms, sputtering disjointedly:

"Lad! Laddie! Old friend! You're alive again! You're—you're—alive!"

Yes, Lad had known enough to creep away to the woods to die. But thanks to the wolf-strain in his collie blood, he had also known how to do something far wiser than die. Three days of self-burial, to the very nostrils, in the mysteriously healing ooze of the marshes behind the forest had done for him what such mud-baths have done for a million wild creatures. It had drawn out the viper-poison and had left him whole again—thin, shaky on the legs, slightly swollen of head, but whole.

"He's—he's awfully dirty, though! Isn't he?" commented the guest when an idiotic triumph-yell from the Master had summoned the whole family, in sketchy attire, to the veranda. "Awfully dirty and—"

"Yes," curtly assented the Master, Lad's head between his caressing hands. "awfully dirty." That's why he's still alive."

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Yet Shot from Guns



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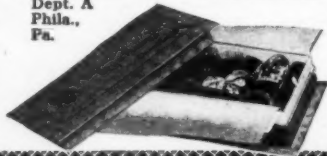


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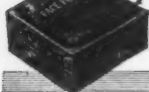
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THE CUP OF FURY

(Continued from page 53)

"Why so?" he grumbled.

"Because this is the life for me. I've been a heroine and a war-worker about as long as I can. I'm for the fleshpots and the cold-cream jars and the light fantastic. Aren't you going to dance with me any more?"

"Just as you please," Davidge said with a singularly boyish sulkiness, and wondered why Mamise laughed so mercifully:

"Of course I please."

The music struck up an abandoned jig, but he danced with great dignity till his feet ran away with him. Then he made off with her again in one of his frenzies, and a laughter filled his whole being.

She heard him growl something.

"What did you say?" she said.

"I said, damn you!"

She laughed so heartily at this that she had to stop dancing for a moment. She astonished him by a brazen question.

"Do you really love me as much as that?"

"More," he groaned, and they bobbed and ducked and skipped as he muttered a wild anachronism.

"If you don't marry me, I'll murder you."

"You're murdering me now. May I breathe, please?"

He was furious at her evasion of so solemn a proposal. Yet she was so beautifully alive and aglow that he could not exactly hate her. But he said:

"I want ask you again. Next time you can ask me."

"All right; that's a bet. I'll give you fair warning."

And then that dance was over, and Mamise triumphant in all things. She was tumultuously hale and happy, and her lover loved her.

To her that hath—for now, whom should Mamise see but Lady Clifton-Wyatt? Her heart ached with a reminiscent fear for a moment; then a malicious hope set it going again. Major Widdicombe claimed Mamise for the next dance, and extracted her from Davidge's possession. As they danced out, leaving Davidge stranded, Mamise noted that Lady C.-W. was regarding Davidge with a startled interest.

The whirl of the dance carried her close to Lady Clifton-Wyatt, and she knew that Lady C.-W. had seen her. Broken glimpses revealed to her that Lady C.-W. was escorting her escort across the ballroom floor toward Davidge.

She saw the brazen creature tap Davidge's elbow and smile, putting out her hand with coquetry. She saw her debarass herself of her companion, a French officer whose exquisite horizon-blue uniform was amazingly crossed with the wound and service chevrons of three years' war-faring. Nevertheless Lady Clifton-Wyatt dropped him for the civilian Davidge. Mamise, flitting here and there, saw that Davidge was being led to the punch-altar, thence to a lonely strip of chairs, where Lady C.-W. sat herself down and motioned him to drop anchor alongside.

Mamise longed to be near enough to

hear what she could guess: her enemy's artless prelude followed by gradual modulations to her main theme: Mamise's wicked record.

Mamise wished that she had studied lip-reading, to get the details. But this was a slight vexation in the exultance of her mood. She was serene in the consciousness that Davidge already knew the facts about her, and that Lady Clifton-Wyatt's gossip would fall with the dreary thud of a story heard before. So Mamise's feet flew, and her heart made a music of its own to the tune of:

"Thank God, I told him!"

She realized, as never before, the tremendous comfort and convenience of the truth. She had been by instinct as veracious as a politely bred person may be, but now she understood that the truth is mighty good business. She resolved to deal in no other wares.

This resolution lasted just long enough for her to make a hasty exception: She would begin her exclusive use of the truth as soon as she had told Polly a neat lie in explanation of her inexplicable journey to Baltimore.

Lady C.-W. was doing Mamise the best turn in her power. Davidge was still angry at Mamise's flippancy in the face of his ardor. But Lady C.-W.'s attack gave the flirt the dignity of martyrdom. When Lady C.-W. finished her subtly casual account of all that Mamise had done or been accused of doing, Davidge crushed her with the quiet remark:

"So she told me."

"She told you that!"

"Yes, and explained it all!"

"She would!" was the best that Lady Clifton-Wyatt could do, but she saw that the case was lost. She saw that Davidge's gaze was following Mamise here and there amid the dancers, and she was sports-woman enough to concede:

"She is a beauty, anyway—there's no questioning that, at least."

It was the canniest thing she could have done to reestablish herself in Davidge's eyes. He felt so well reconciled with the world that he said:

"You wouldn't care to finish this dance, I suppose?"

"Why not?"

Lady Clifton-Wyatt was democratic,—in the provinces and the States,—and this was as good a way of changing the subject as any. She rose promptly and entered the bosom of Davidge. The good American who did not believe in aristocracies had just time to be overawed at finding himself hugging a real Lady with a capital L, when the music stopped.

It is an old saw that what is too foolish to be said can be sung. Music hallows or denatures whatever it touches. It was quite proper, because quite customary, for Davidge and Lady Clifton-Wyatt to stand enfolded in each other's embrace so long as a dance-tune was in the air. The moment the musicians quit work, the attitude became indecent.

Amazing and eternal mystery, that custom can make the same thing mean everything, or nothing, or all the between—

things. The ancient Babylonians carried the idea of the permissible embrace to the ultimate intimacy in their annual festivals, and the good women doubtless thought no more of it than a woman of to-day thinks of waltzing with a presentable stranger. They went home to their husbands and their housework as if they had been to church. The Bolsheviki, even in the year 1918, put up placards renewing the ancient Mesopotamian custom, under the guise of a community privilege and a civic duty.

And yet some people pretend to differentiate between fashions and morals!

BUT nobody at this dance was foolish enough to philosophize. Everybody was out for a good time, and a Scotsman from the British embassy came up to claim Lady Clifton-Wyatt's hand and body for the next dance. Davidge had been mystically attuned anew to Mamise, and he found her in a mood for reconciliation. She liked him so well that when the Italian aviator to whom she had pledged the "Tickle Toe" came to demand it, she perjured herself blandly and eloped with Davidge. And Davidge, instead of being alarmed by her easy morals, was completely reassured.

But he found her unready with another perjury when he abruptly asked her:

"What are you doing to-morrow?"

"Let me see," she temporized in a flutter, thinking of Baltimore and Nicky.

"If you've nothing special on, how about a tea-dance? I'm getting addicted to this."

"I'm afraid I'm booked up for to-morrow," she faltered. "Polly keeps the calendar. Yes, I know we have some stupid date—I can't think just what. How about the day after?"

The deferment made his amorous heart sick, and to-morrow's to-morrow seemed as remote as Judgment Day. Besides, as he explained: "I've got to go back to the shipyard to-morrow evening. Couldn't you give me a lunch—an early one at twelve-thirty?"

"Yes, I could do that. In fact, I'd love it!"

"And me too?"

"That would be telling."

At this delicious moment an insolent cub in boots and spurs cut in and would not be denied. Davidge was tempted to use his fists, but Mamise, though she longed to tarry with Davidge, knew the value of tantalism, and consented to the abduction. For revenge Davidge took up with Polly and danced after Mamise, to be near her. He followed so close that the disastrous cub, in a sudden pirouette, contrived to swipe Polly across the shin and ankle-bones with his spur.

She almost swooned of agony, and clung to Davidge for support, mixing astonishing profanity with her smothered groans. The cub showered apologies on her, and reviled "Regulations" which compelled him to wear spurs with his boots, though he had only a desk-job.

Polly smiled at him murderously, and said it was nothing. But Mamise saw her distress, rid herself of the hapless criminal and gave Polly her arm as she limped through the barrage of hurtling couples. Polly asked Davidge to re-

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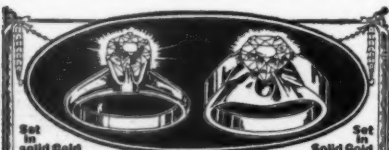
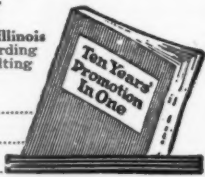
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trieve her husband from the sloe-eyed Ambassador who was hypnotizing him. She wailed to Mamise: "I know I'm marked for life. I ought to have a wound-chevron for this. I've got to go home and put my ankle in splints. I'll probably have to wear it in a sling for a month. I'd like to kill the rotten hound that put me out of business. And I had the next dance with that beautiful Roumanian devil! You stay and dance with your shipbuilder."

Mamise could not even think of it, and insisted on bidding good night to the crestfallen Davidge. He offered to ride out home with her, but Polly refused. She wanted to have a good cry in the car.

Davidge bade Mamise good night, reminded her that she was plighted to luncheon at twelve-thirty, and went to the house of the friend he was stopping with, the hotels being booked solid for weeks ahead. He was nursing a stern determination to endure bachelordom no longer.

MAMISE was thinking of Davidge tenderly with one of her brains, while another segment condoled with Polly. But most of her wits were engaged in hunting a good excuse for her Baltimore escapade the next afternoon, and in discarding such implausible excuses as occurred to her.

Bitter chill it was, and these owls for all their feathers were acold. Major Widdicombe was chattering.

"I danced myself into a sweat, and now my undershirt is all icicles. I know I'll die of pneumonia."

He shifted his foot, and one of his spurs grazed the ankle of Polly, who was snuggling to him for warmth.

She yowled: "My Gawd! My Yank! You'll not last long enough for pneumonia if you touch me again."

He was filled with remorse, but when he tried to reach round to embrace her, she would none of him.

When they got to the bridge, they were amazed at the lazy old Potomac. It was a white turmoil of broken ice, roaring and slashing and battering the piers of the ancient bridge ominously, huge sheets clambering up and falling back split and broken, with the uproar of an attack on a walled town.

The chauffeur went to full speed, and the frosty boards shrilled under the flight.

The house was cold when they reached it, and Mamise's room was like a storage-vault. She tore off her light dancing-dress and shivered as she stripped and took refuge in a cobwebby nightgown. She threw on a heavy bathrobe and kept it on when she crept into the icy interstice between the all-too-snowy sheets.

She had forgotten to explain to Polly about her Baltimore venture, and she shivered so vigorously that sleep was impossible to her palsied bones. She grew no warmer from besetting visions of the battlefield. She tried to shame herself out of her chill by contrasting her opulent bed with the dreadful dugouts in France, the observation-posts, the shell-riddled ruins, where millions somehow existed.

Yet, in these frozen halls there were not men enough. The German offensive

must not find the lines so sparsely defended. Men must be combed out of every cranny of the nations and herded to the slaughter. America was denying herself warmth in order to build shells, and to shuttle the ships back and forth. There was need of more women, too—thousands more to nurse the men, to run the canteens, to mend the clothes, to warm men's hearts via their stomachs, and to take their minds off the madness of war a little while. The Salvation Army would furnish them hot doughnuts in the trenches and heat up their courage. Actors and actresses were playing at all the big cantonments now. Later they would be going across to play in France—one-night stands, two a day in Picardy.

Suddenly Mamise felt the need to go abroad. In a kind of burlesque of the calling of the infant Samuel, she sat up in her bed, startled as by a voice calling her to a mission. She had been an actress, a wanderer, a performer in cheap theaters, a catcher of late trains, a dweller in rickety hotels. She knew cold, and she had played half clad in draughty theaters.

She had escaped from the life and had tried to escape the memory of it. But now that she was so cold, she felt that nothing was so pitiful as to be cold. She understood, with a congealing vividness, how those poor droves of lads in bitter cold were suffering, scattered along the frontiers of war like infinite flocks of sheep caught in a blizzard. She felt ashamed to be here shivering in palatial misery when she might be sharing the all-but-unbearable squalor of the soldiers.

The more she recoiled from the hardships, the more she felt the impulse. It would be her atonement.

She would buy a trombone and retire into the wilderness to practice it. She would lay her dignity, her aristocracy, her pride, on the altar of sacrifice, and go among the despondent soldiers as a Sister of Gayety. Perhaps Bill the Blackface-man would be going over—if he had not stayed in Germany too long and been interned there. To return to the team with him, being the final degradation, would be the final atonement. She felt that she was called, called back. There could be nothing else she would hate more to do; therefore she would love to do that most of all.

She would lunch with Davidge to-morrow, tell him her plan, bid him farewell, go to Baltimore, learn Nicky's secret, thwart it one way or another—and then set about her destiny.

She abhorred the relapse so utterly that she wept. The warm tears refreshed her eyes before they froze on her cheeks, and she fell asleep in the blissful assurance of a martyrdom.

CHAPTER XLVII

THE next morning Mamise woke in her self-warmed bed, at the nudge of a colored maid bundled up like an Eskimo, who carried a breakfast-tray in mittened hands.

Mamise said: "Oh, good morning, Martha. I'll bathe before breakfast if you'll turn on the hot water, please."

"Hot water? Humph! Pipes done

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froze last night, an' bus' loose this mo'n-in', and fill the kitchen range with water an' bus' loose again. No plumber here yit. Made this breakfuss on the gas-stove. That's half froze too. I tell you, ma'am, you're lucky to git your coffee nohow. Better take it before it freezes tew."

Mamise sighed, and glanced at the clock. The reproachful hands stood at eleven-thirty.

"Did the clock freeze too? That can't be the right time!"

"Yessum, that's the raht tahm."

"Great heavens!"

"Yes ma'am."

Mamise sat up, drew the comforters about her back, and breakfasted with speed. She dressed with all the agility she could muster.

She regretted the bath. She missed it, and so must we all. In modern history, as in modern fiction, it is not nice in the least for the heroine—even such a dubious heroine as Mamise—to have a bathless day. As for heroes, in the polite chronicles they get at least two baths a day: one heroic cold shower in the morning and one hot tub in the late afternoon before getting into the faultless evening attire. This does not apply to heroes of Russian masterpieces, of course, for they never bathe. ("Why should they," my wife puts in, "since they're going to commit suicide, anyway!")

MAMISE found that Polly was still in bed, giving her damaged ankle as an excuse. She stuck it out for Mamise's inspection, and Mamise pretended to be appalled at the bruise she could almost see.

Mamise remembered her plan to go abroad and entertain the soldiers. Polly tried to dissuade her from an even crazier scheme than shipbuilding but ended by promising to telephone her husband to look into the matter of a passport for her.

Despite her best efforts, it was already twelve-thirty, and Mamise had not left the house. She was afraid that Davidge would be miffed. Polly suggested telephoning the hotel.

Those were bad days for telephoners. The wires were as crowded as everything else.

"It will take an hour to get the hotel," said Mamise, "another hour to page the man. I'll make a dash for it. He'll give me a little grace, I know."

The car was not ready when she got to the door. The engine was balky and bucky with the cold, and the chauffeur in a like mood. The roads were sleety and skiddy, and required careful driving.

Best of all, when she reached the bridge at last, she found it closed to traffic. The Potomac had been infected by the war-spirit. In sheer Hunnishness it had ravaged its banks, shearing away boathouses and piers, and carrying all manner of wreckage down to pound the old Aqueduct Bridge with. The bridge was not expected to live.

It did, but it was not intrusted with traffic till long after the distraught Mamise had been told that the only way to get to Washington was by the Highway Bridge from Alexandria, and this meant a detour of miles. It gave Mamise her first and only grand tour through Fort

Meyer and the Arlington National Cemetery. She felt sorry for the soldiers about the cold barracks, but she was in no mood to respond to the marble pages of the Arlington epic.

The night before, she had beheld in a clear vision the living hosts in Flanders and France, but here under the snow lay sixteen thousand dead, two thousand, a hundred and eleven heroes under one monument of eternal anonymity—dead from all our wars, and many of them with their wives and daughters privileged to lie beside them.

But the mood is everything, and Mamise was too fretful to rise to this occasion—and when her car had crept the uneasy miles and reached the Alexandria bridge and crossed it, and wound through Potomac Park, past the Washington Monument standing like a stupendous icicle, and reached the hotel, she was just one hour late.

Davidge had given her up in disgust and despair, after vain efforts to reach her at various other possible luncheon-places. He searched them all on the chance that she might have misunderstood the rendezvous. And Mamise spent a frantic hour trying to find him at some hotel. He had registered nowhere, since a friend had put him up. The sole result of this interesting game of two needles hunting each other through a haystack was that Davidge went without lunch and Mamise ate alone.

In the late afternoon Davidge made another try. He finally got Polly Widcombe on the telephone and asked for Mamise. Polly expressed her amazement.

"Why, she just telephoned that she was staying in town to dine with you and go to the theater."

"Oh!" said the befuddled Davidge. "Oh, of course! Silly of me! Good-by!"

NOW he was indeed in a mental mess. Besides, he had another engagement to dinner. He spent a long, exasperating hour in a telephone-chase after his head, told a poor lie to explain the necessity for breaking the engagement, and spent the rest of the evening hunting Mamise in vain.

When he took the train for his shipyard at last, he was in a hopeless confusion, between rage at Mamise and fear that some mishap had befallen her. He would have been hard to tell whether he loved her or hated her the more.

But she, after giving up the pursuit of him, had taken up an inquiry into the trains to Baltimore. The time was now too short for her to risk a journey out to Grinden Hall and back for a suit-case, in view of the Alexandria detour. She must therefore travel without baggage. Therefore she must return the same night. She found to her immense relief that this could be done. The seven o'clock train to Baltimore reached there at eight, and there was a ten-ten train back.

She had not yet devised a lie to appease Polly with, but now an inspiration came to her. She had told Davidge that she was dining out with Polly somewhere; consequently it would be safe to tell Polly that she was dining out with Davidge somewhere. The two would never

meet to compare notes. Besides, it is pleasanter to lie by telephone. One cannot be seen to blush.

She called up Grinden Hall and was luckily answered by what Widdicombe called "the ebony maid with the ivory head." Mamise told her not to summon her lame mistress to the telephone, but merely to say that Miss Webling was dining with Mr. Davidge and going to the theater with him. She made the maid repeat this till she had it by heart, then rang off.

This was the message that Polly received, and later transmitted to Davidge for his bewilderment.

TO fill the hours that must elapse before her train could leave, Mamise went to one of those moving-picture shows that keep going without interruption. Public benefactors maintain them for the salvation of women who have no homes or do not want to go to them yet.

The moving-picture service included the usual news-weekly, as usual leading one to marvel why the stupid subjects shown were selected from all the fascinating events of the time. Then followed a doleful imitation of Mr. Charles Chaplin, which proved by its very fiasco the artistry of the original.

The cinema de resistance was a long and idiotic vampire picture in which a stodgy creature lured impossible males to impossible ruin by wiles and attitudes that would have driven any actual male to flight, laughter or a call for the police. But the audience seemed to enjoy it, as a substitute, no doubt, for the old-fashioned gruesome fairy-stories that one accepts because they are so unlike the tiresome realities. Mamise wondered if vampirism really succeeded in life. She was tempted to try a little of it sometime, just as an experiment, if ever opportunity offered.

In any case, the picture served its main purpose. It whiled away the dull afternoon till the dinner hour. She took her dinner on the train, remembering vividly how her heart-history with Davidge had begun on a train. She missed him now, and his self-effacing gallantry.

The man opposite her wanted to be cordial, but his motive was ill-concealed, and Mamise treated him as if he didn't quite exist. Suddenly she remembered with a gasp that she had never paid Davidge for that chair he gave up to her. She vowed again that she would not forget. She felt a deep remorse, too, for a day of lies and tricks. She regretted especially the necessity of deceiving Davidge. It was her privilege to hoodwink Polly and other people, but she had no right to deceive Davidge. She was beginning to feel that she belonged to him.

She resolved to atone for these new transgressions too, as well as her old, by getting over to France as soon as possible and subjecting herself to a self-immolation among hardships. After the war—assuming that the war would soon end, and that she would come out of it alive—afterwards she could settle down, and perhaps marry Davidge.

Reveling in these pleasantly miserable schemes, she was startled to find Baltimore already gathering round the train. And she had not even begun to organize



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her stratagems against Nicky Easton. She made a hasty exit from the car and sought the cab-ranks outside.

From the shadows a shadowy man semidetached himself, lifted his hat and motioned her to an open door. She bent her head down and her knees up and entered a little room on wheels.

Nicky had evidently given the chauffeur instructions, for as soon as Nicky had come in, doubled up and seated himself, the limousine moved off—into what adventures? Mamise was wondering.

CHAPTER XXVIII

MAMISE remembered her earlier visits to Baltimore as a tawdry young vaudeville. She had probably walked from the station, lugging her own valise, to some ghastly theatrical boarding-house. Perhaps some lover of hers had carried her baggage for her. If so, she had forgotten just which one of her experiences he was.

Now she hoped to be even more obscure and unconsidered than she had been then, when a little attention was met and drink, and her name in the paper was a sensation. She knew that publicity, like love, flees whoso pursueth and pursues who flees it, but she prayed that the rule would be proved by an exception to-night, and that she might sneak out as anonymously as she had sneaked in.

Nicky Easton was a more immediate problem. He was groping for her hands. When he found them, she was glad that she had her gloves on. They were clattered, too, as it were, by their heavy wraps. She was fairly lost in her fur and he in a burly overcoat, so that when in a kind of frenzy he thrust one cumbrous arm about her, the insulation was complete. He might as well have been embracing the cab she was in.

But the insolence of the intention enraged her, and she struggled against him as a she-bear might rebuff a too familiar bruin. Only the evening before she had spent hours in the embrace of different men—some of them unknown to her even by sight until they engirdled her with their arms. She had hardly caught their names long enough to forget them. Nevertheless she had laughed and let them whirl her hither and yon.

Yet so soon as her old friend and almost relative Nicky Easton dared to greet her in the same manner, she was furious. She buffeted his arms away and muttered:

"You imbecile! Do you want me to knock on the glass and tell the driver to let me out?"

"Nein doch!"

"Then let me alone, or I will."

Nicky sighed abysmally and sank back. He said nothing at all to her, and she said the same to him while long strips of Baltimorean marble stoops went by. They turned into Charles Street and climbed past its statue-haunted gardens and on out to the north.

They were almost at Druid Hill Park before Mamise realized that she was wasting her time and her trip for nothing. She spoke angrily:

"You said you wanted to see me. I'm here."

Nicky fidgeted and sulked:
"I do not need to tell you now. You have such a hatingk from me, it is no use."

"If you had told me you simply wanted to spoon with me, I could have stayed at home. You said you wanted to ask me something."

"I have my answer. It is not any need to ask."

Mamie was puzzled; her wrath was yielding to curiosity. But she could not imagine how to coax him out of silence.

His disappointment coaxed him. He groaned:

"Ach, Gott, I am so lunny. My own people doand trust me. These Yenkees also not. I get no chence to proof how I loaf my Vaterland. But the time comes soon, and I must make patience. *Eile mit Weile!*"

"You'd better tell me what's on your mind," Mamie suggested, but he shook his head. The car rolled into the gloom of the park, a gloom rather punctuated than diminished by the street-lamps. Mamie realized that she could not extort Nicky's secret from him by asserting her own dignity.

She wondered how to persuade him, and found no ideas except such silly schemes as were suggested by her memory of the vampire picture. She hated the very passage of such thoughts through her mind, but they kept returning, with an insistent idea that a patriotic vampire might accomplish something for her country as Delilah and Judith had "vamped" for theirs. She had never seen a vampire exercise her fascinations in a fur coat in a dark automobile, but perhaps the dark was all the better for her purposes.

AT any rate, she took the dare her wits presented her, and after a struggle with her own mutinous muscles, she put out her hand and sought Nicky's, as she cooed:

"Come along, Nicky, don't be so cantankerous."

His hand registered the surprise he felt in the fervor of its clutch:

"But you are so colt!"

She insinuated: "You couldn't expect me to make love to you the very first thing, could you?"

"You mean you do like me?"

Her hands wringing his told the lie her tongue refused. And he, encouraged and determined to prove his rating with her, flung his arm about her again and drew her, resisting only in her soul, close to him.

But when his lips hunted hers, she hid them in her fur collar; and he, imputing it to coquetry, humored her, finding her delicate timidity enhancing and inspiring. He chuckled:

"You shall kiss me yet."

"Not till you have told me what you sent for me for."

"No, feerst you must give me one to proof your good fate—your good face—" He was trying to say "good faith."

She was stubborn, but he was more obstinate still, and he had the advantage of the secret.

And so at last she sighed "All right," and put up her cheek to pay the price. His arms tightened about her, and his

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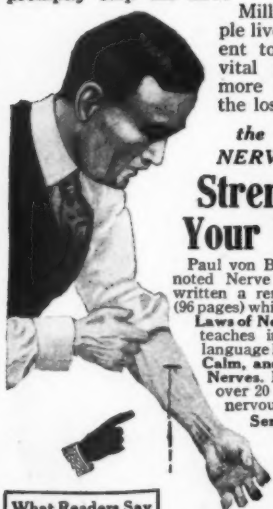
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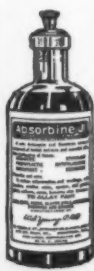
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lips were not content with her cheek. He fought to win her lips, but she began to tear off her gloves to scratch his eyes out if need be for release.

She was revolted, and she would have marred his beauty if he had not let her go. Once freed, she regained her self-control, for the sake of her mission, and said, with a mock seriousness:

"Now, be careful, or I won't listen to you at all."

Sighing with disappointment, but more determined than ever to make her his, he said:

"Feerst I must ask you: how is your feelink about Chermany?"

"Just as before."

"Chust as vich 'before'? Do you loaf Chermany or hate?"

SHE was permitted to say only one thing. It came hard:

"I love her, of course."

"Ach, behüt dich, Gott!" he cried, and would have clasped her again; but she insisted on discipline. He began his explanation.

"I did told you how, to safe my life in England, I confessed somethings. Many of our people here will not forgive. My only way to get back vere I have been is to make—as Americans say—to make myself skvare by to do some big work. I have done a little, not much, but more can be if you help."

"What could I do?"

"Much things, but the greatest—listen once: our Chermany has no fear of America so long America is on this side off the Atlantic Ocean. Americans build ships; Chermany must destroy fester as they build. Already I have made one ship less for America. I cannot pobblish advertisink, but my people shall one day know, and that day comes soon; der Tag is almost here—you shall see! Our army grows always, in France; and England and France can get no more men. Ven all is ready, Chermany moves like a—avalanche down a mountain and covers France to the sea.

"On that day our fleet—our glorious ships—comes out from Kiel Canal, vere man holds them beck like big dogs in leash. On those beautiful day, Chermany conquers on lent and on sea. France dies, and England's navy goes down into the deep and comes never back.

"Ach, Gott, such a day it shall be—when old England's empire goes into history, into ancient history vit Roossia and Rome and Greece and Bebylonia.

"England gone, France gone, Italy gone—who shall safe America and her armies and her unborn ships, and her cannon and shell and airships not yet so much as begun?

"Der Tag shall be like the lest Day ven Gott makes the graves open and the dead come back to life. The Americans shall fall on knees before our Kaiser, and he shall render chudgment. Such a payink!

"Now the Yenkees despise us Chermans. We cannot go to this city, to that dock. Everywhere is dead-lines and permissions and interment-camps und persecutions, and all who are not in prison are afraid. They change their names from Cherman to English now, but soon they shall lift their heads and it shall be



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the Americans who shall know the dead-
lines, the licenses and the internment-
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"So, Marie Louise, my sweetheart, if
you can show and I can show that in the
dark night we did not forget the Vater-
land, we shall be proud and safe.

"It is to make you safe when comes
der Tag I speak to you now. I wish
you should share my work now, so you
can share my life afterwards. Now do
I loaf you, Marie Louise? Now do I
give you proof?"

MAMISE was all a-shudder with the
intensity of his conviction. She
imagined an all-conquering Germany, in
America. She needed but to multiply the
story of Belgium, of Serbia, of prostrate
Russia. The Kaiser had put in the shop-
window of the world samples enough of
the future as it would be made by
Germany.

And in the mood of that day, with
defeatism rife in Europe, and pessimism
miasmatic in America, there was reason
enough for Nicky to believe in his proph-
ecy and to inspire belief in its possi-
bility. The only impossible thing about
it was that the world should ever endure
the dominance of Germany. Death would
seem better to almost everybody than
life in such a civilization as she prom-
ised.

Mamise feared the Teutonic might, but
she could not for a moment consent to
accept it. There was only one thing for
her to do, and that was to learn what
plans she could, and thwart them. Here
within her grasp was the long-sought op-
portunity to pay off the debt she had
incurred. She could be a soldier now, at
last. There was no price that Nicky
might have demanded too great, too
costly, too shameful for her to pay. To
denounce him or defy him would be a
criminal waste of opportunity.

She said: "I understand. You are right,
of course. Let me help in any way I
can. I only wish there were something
big for me to do."

Nicky was overjoyed. He had tri-
umphed both as patriot and as lover.

"There is a big thing for you to do,"
he said. "You can all you will."

"Tell me," she pleaded.

"You are in shipyard. This man Da-
vidge goes on building ships. I gave him
fair warning. I sink one ship for him,
but he makes more."

"You sank his ship?" Mamise gasped.

"Sure! The Clara, he called her. I
find where she goes to take cargo. I go
myself. I row up behind the ship in lit-
tle boat, and I fasten by the rudder-post
under the water where no one sees, a
bomb. It is all innocent till ship moves.
Then every time the rudder turns, a lit-
tle screw turns in the machine.

"It turns for two, three days; then—
boom! It makes explosion, tears ship to
pieces, and down she goes. And so goes
all the next ships if you help again."

"Again? What do you mean by
again?"

"It is you, Marie Louise, who sinks the
Clara."

Her laugh of incredulity was hardly
more than a shiver of dread.

"Ja wohl! You did told Chake Nuttle
what Davidge tells you. Chake Nuttle



*Huck Finn and
Tom Sawyer swears
they will keep mum
about this and they
wish they may drop
down dead in their
tracks if they ever
tell and Rot.*

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Finn and Tom
Sawyer by the hand
and go back to your
own boyhood. Let

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the world, his lonely spirit
struggled with the sadness
of human life, and sought to
find the key. Beneath the
laughter is a big human
soul, a big philosopher.

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tells me. Then I go and make sink the ship!"

"Jake Nuddle! It was he that told you!" Mamise faltered, seeing her first vague suspicions damnably confirmed.

"Sure! Chake Nuttle is my *Leutnant*. He has had much money. He gets more. He shall be rich man after comes the Tag. It might be we make him von Nuttle! And you shall be Gräfin von Oesten."

Mamise was in an abject terror. The thick trees of the park were spooky in the dim light of the car elicited from the black wall of dark, faint details of tree-trunks and naked boughs stark with winter. She was in a hurry to learn the rest and be gone. She spoke with a poor imitation of pride:

"So I have already done something more for Germany. That's splendid! Now tell me what else I can do, for I want to—to get busy right away."

NICKY was too intoxicated with his success to see through her thin disguise.

"You are close by Davidge. Chake Nuttle tells me he is sweet on you. You have his confidence. You can learn what secrets he has. Next time we do not wait for ship to be launched and to go for cargo. It might go some place we could not find."

"So now we going blow up those ships before they touch water—we blow up his whole yard. You shall go back and take up again your work, and when all is right, I come down and get a job. I dress like workman and get into the yard. And I bring in enough bombs to blow up all the ships, and the cranes and the machines."

"Chake Nuttle tells me Davidge just gets a plate-bending machine. Forty-five thousand dollars it costs him, and long time to get. In one minute—poof! We bend that plate-bender!"

He laughed a great Teutonic laugh and supposed that she was laughing too. When he had subsided a little, he said:

"So now you know what you are to make! You like to do so much for *Chake* many, yes?"

"Oh, yes! Yes!" said Mamise.

"You promise to do what I send you word?"

"Yes." She would have promised to blow up the Capitol.

"Ach, how beautiful you are even in the dark! Kiss me!"

Remembering Judith, she paid that odious price, wishing that she might have the beast's infamous head with a sword. It was a kiss of betrayal, but she felt that it was no Judas-kiss, since Nicky was no Christ.

He told her more of his plans in detail, and was so childishly proud of his superb achievements, past and future, that she could hardly persuade him to take her back to the station. He assured her that there was abundant time, but she would not trust his watch. She explained how necessary it was for her to return to Washington and to Polly Widdicombe's house before midnight. And at last he yielded to her entreaties, opened the door and leaned out to tell the driver to take her back.

Mamise was uneasy till they were

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of the park and into the lighted streets again. But there was no safety here, for as they glided down Charles Street, a taxicab going with the reckless velocity of taxicabs tried to cut across their path.

There was a swift fencing for the right of way, and then the two cars came together with a crash and much crumpling of fenders.

The drivers descended to wrangle over the blame, and Mamise had visions of a trip to the police-station with a consequent exposure. But Nicky was alive to the danger of notoriety. He got out and assumed the blame, taking the other driver's part and offering to pay the damages.

The taxicab driver assessed them liberally at fifty dollars, and Nicky filled his palm with bills, ordering his own driver to proceed. The car limped along with a twisted steering-gear, and Nicky growled thanksgivings over the narrow escape the German Empire had had from losing two of its most valuable agents.

Mamise was sick with terror of what might have been. She saw the collision with a fatal result, herself and Nicky killed and flung to the street, dead together. It was not the fear of dying that froze her soul; it was the posthumous blow she would have given to Davidge's trust in her and all women, the pain she would have inflicted on his love. For to his dying day he would have believed her false to him, a cheap and nasty trickster, sneaking off to another town to a rendezvous with another man. And that man a German!

The picture of his bitter disillusionment and of her own unmerited and eternal disgrace was intolerably real in spite of the fact that she knew it to be untrue, for our imaginations are far more ancient and more irresistible than our late and faltering reliance in the truth; the heavens and hells we fancy have more weight with our credulities than any facts we encounter. We can dodge the facts or close our eyes to them, but we cannot escape our dreams, whether our eyes are wide or sealed.

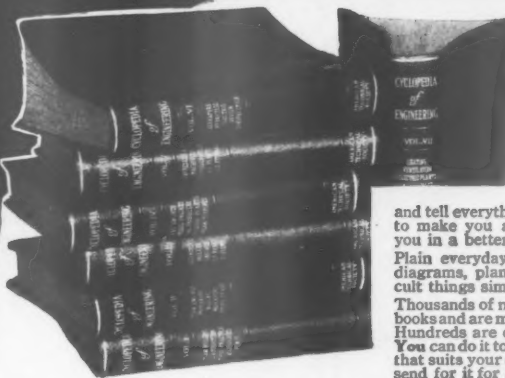
Mamise could not free herself of this nightmare till she had bidden Nicky goodbye by the last time and left him in the cab outside the station.

FURTHER nightmares awaited her, for in the waiting-room she could not fight off the conviction that the train would never arrive. When it came clanging in on grinding wheels and she clambered aboard, she knew that it would be wrecked, and the finding of her body in the debris, or its disappearance in the flames, would break poor Davidge's heart and leave her to the same ignominy in his memory.

While the train swung on toward Washington, she added another torment to her collection: how could she save Davidge from Nicky without betraying her sister's husband into the hands of justice? What right had she to tell Davidge anything when her sacred duty to her family and her poor sister must first be heartlessly violated?

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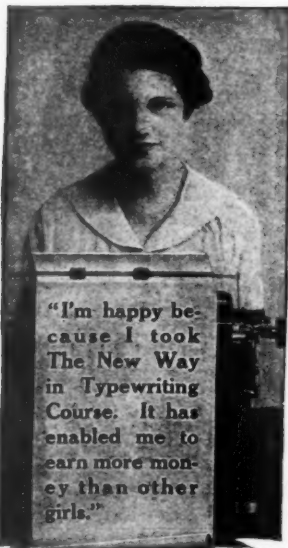
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THE RIDER OF THE KING-LOG

(Continued from page 72)

moments of meditation. "That's what he meant by looking at my clothes as he did."

In a few moments the chief guide came past the master's throne, on a tour of inspection. "Durkee, who was that old Indian who passed here?"

"Noel the Bear, sir. Chief of the Mellicite tribe, sir."

"There was another Indian I talked with to-day—I meant to ask you before who he might be."

"Paul Sabatis of the Tarratines, sir. College graduate. The newspapers printed a lot about him when he was captain of the football team."

Colonel Marthorn devoted some moments to deep reflection. "Durkee, have you any dukes in disguise among your guides?"

"I think not, Colonel."

"Any uncrowned kings I'm likely to bump into up here?"

"Oh, no!"

"I was beginning to have my worries," confided the Colonel to one of the guests, a home-office dignitary of the Great Temiscouata Company. "I am up here to distribute the balm of a diplomatic peace and show how tact may win battles. I seem to be getting everybody into a belligerent state of mind, starting with the aborigines!"

Guide Swenson, setting tauter the tacks of fly-ropes on the Colonel's tent, heard the dialogue without understanding any of the big words.

"He ban 'fraid he bomp into some king up here. I could tal him somet'ing—he batter not bomp into a queen," he said at the guides' table when supper was served. "Clare Kavanagh she ban op on the X. K. lands."

When Colonel Marthorn mentioned his "worries," he smiled and touched his sentiments with a tone of irony. When, however, he lay down that night on his air-mattress, the murmur of the water in the river eddies did not lull him to sleep immediately. He was conscious of a certain sense of uneasiness.

And yet he had felt that there was good sense in what Donaldson had advised: "The best thing we can do is to show them that the Temiscouata has its head, Colonel Marthorn! Now that Kavanagh is out of the way, it's a psychological moment for us. Personal contact will be effective. You can show them what the head of a great enterprise ought to be in his relations with men. These times do not fit the John Kavanagh type. Furthermore, you undoubtedly can convince that headstrong girl that new manners and new methods have come into the Toban; it's time to put her where she belongs."

DROWSINESS came to the Colonel and mellowed the uncomfortable feelings which had been irritating him. Mumble of men's voices on the little beach did not disturb him; the low monotone was rather soothing. Before he fell



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asleep, however, the voices became less cautious.

"Everybody snoozing, I reckon."

"Yep! Plumb full o' them days victuals."

"It must be cussed stuff when it takes us two hours to scour out these spiders and kittles. I'm a good mind to leave in some of this sand. Their blasted old gizzards must need it!"

Colonel Marthorn, financier, rolled over on his air-mattress and growled.

"Outside of getting up more appetite by the doctor's orders, what's he up here for?"

"From what I've caught from time to time, it's to have 'em bring forth the royal diadem and crown him king of all."

There was a jangle of iron, as of spider thrown contemptuously into kettle. "You don't mean to say that he expects, or anybody expects for him, that he'll be anything like what John Kavanagh was in this section!"

"Some of those city snobs expect a whole lot before they have a chance to find out."

"Say, look here! Most funerals put a man away forever. Old X. K.'s funeral only made him more alive! Good Gawd, boy, except for the yelp of his cussing and the flat of his hand, he's the living boss of this section to-day, and the Calleen Clare stands for all he was—no, all he is! She may never learn to cuss, but as for the flat of the Kavanagh hand—"

Colonel Marthorn rolled off his bed. The flat of the Kavanagh hand!

"Here, you! You two on the beach! Off with you!"

Ironware rattled, and two shadows went flitting.

When the Colonel lay down again, he remained wide-eyed for a long time. He reached to his night-stand for his bottle of sunburn-cream; his cheek was smarting cruelly.

CHAPTER XVI

NOEL the Bear found his Tobac bark canoe in its hidden cache, crawled under the upturned shell, propped his head on a thwart and slept, not minding the tingle in the night air. In the morning he went on his way, paddling stolidly, his mouth full of the savor of parched corn and wild honey. He went without sound, not lifting the paddle's blade from the water. The river displayed to him its secrets as frankly as had the forest; a mink darted along the ledges, carrying a flapping fish for breakfast. In a "logan," branching from the river, a buck fed on the roots of the lilies, thrusting his muzzle deep in the water, then lifting his head and munching without troubling to open his dripping eyes. A muskrat, with tail straight up like a sail-less mast, swam in circles searching for sweet grass, and a pair of foxes crept in a clearing, scampering about on the frosted sward in the pure joy of their sunrise playtime.

So Noel went on, making the carries, skirting the shores of the dead-waters.

In course of time he came to St. Agathe and lifted out above Tulandic. He trudged through the village, erect, his bark canoe like a shell on his back.

His Fortune Jumped from \$73.40 to \$100,000.00

By W. S. PALMER

WE met on the train. If you have ever been over the Shasta route from Portland to San Francisco you know how the train seems to wind around old Mount Shasta all day. It's a lazy sort of trip, and a great place to strike up acquaintances.

Well, that's where I met this man. After dinner the conversation drifted around to men who had made big successes from humble starts. And I asked him if he thought there was any one thing that these men had in common—any one thing that they ALL did to get their start. He replied with a vigorous "Yes."

"I have never looked into the life history of a successful man who began at the bottom," said he, "that I did not find the same thing. In EVERY case, and I am positive there has never been an exception, they can trace the turning point in their affairs to living conditions in their home. Success never began any place but at home."

A Strange New Idea

But I did not understand. "Success never began any place but at home." Just what was he driving at?

"Successful businesses proceed from successful homes," he continued, after looking through the car window into the blackness of the night for a few moments. "The trouble is, only a few people know how to manage the business of running their own household."

"Take the average fellow working on a salary. For example, let's say that he makes \$50 per week. That's \$2,600 a year. They figure out that they should get along swimmingly on that, and save a few hundred. But the year rolls around and they are nothing ahead."

"If our average man on a salary of \$2,600 'guesses' that he is going to save \$500 this year, and then spends his money without a careful plan, or budget, he is pretty sure to finish up the year with nothing ahead. Indeed, he may run behind."

His Honeymoon Trip

He sat still for a few moments, evidently in deep meditation, then a smile broke over his face, and he continued:

"Mr. Palmer, this subject is close to my heart, because success certainly began at home for me if it ever did for anybody. When we were married I had about five hundred dollars saved up. A honeymoon trip to California ate into this little bank roll faster than I realized, until finally one day I found that it had shrunk to \$73.40."

"That I must go to work at once was certain. There wasn't even money enough to get back home, so I looked for a job right there in Los Angeles. The first one I landed was at \$40 a week. And right then my young wife began training me for a successful business career."

"She said: 'Bob, I don't care if this \$40 a week does LOOK like more than we absolutely need to get along on. If we are not very, very careful we will spend it all. Indeed, we may even run in debt. I have it all planned out here—so much for rent, so much for groceries, clothing, entertainment, and so on. Now we CAN live within this estimate, and if we do we will save during the year \$450.'"

"Well, sir, we DID live within her estimate, and by the end of that first year of our married life we had saved four hundred and seventy-some odd dollars. Just as sure as you and I are talking together on this train, if it hadn't been for my wife's plan—for that budget system which she inaugurated right then—we would have been broke at the end of the year. In fact, I believe we would have been broke ever since."

His Wife Made a Business Man of Him

"I have told her many times that it was she who made a business man of me."

I soon saw the wisdom of the budget system and took a great interest in it myself. We have stuck to it from that day to this. And we adhere to that budget as faithfully as we did during that first year.

"Today I am worth \$100,000.00. What would I be worth if my money had been spent in the ordinary way? The chances are that I would still be working on a salary and spending all I made."

"And now you are probably wondering why I have told you all this. You said this afternoon that you were an expert accountant, with twenty-five years' experience in big banks and corporations in Chicago. To my mind the most useful thing an expert accountant could do would be to get up a PRACTICAL book that would not only simplify the keeping of these accounts, but would be in itself a complete course of instruction in budget-making and systematic saving. Millions of families need it, and they need it more now than ever before."

"You look like the kind of man who could create such a book. And if you want to undertake it I will give you the benefit of all we've learned about budgeting and saving in seven successful years."

"And now, good-night. Think it over. I'll see you at breakfast, and if you want to tackle the job we can begin at once. Good-night."

I Was Enthusiastic About His Idea

Did I think it over? I thought about it nearly all night. It seemed like a great opportunity. Millions of families are saying now who never saved before.

And so I set about it to plan the book. My friend gave me valuable assistance. I supplied the technical knowledge. He helped with practical experience and counsel.

Really, I consider it a wonderful book. It's handy, compact, and everything is so arranged that even a small child can understand it. It should not take more than five minutes each day to enter the different items.

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Every time I use the word "book" I feel guilty of doing it an injustice. Really, it is much more than a book. It is a SYSTEM OF SAVING AND MAKING MONEY. It is a practical course in the art of getting a full one hundred cents' worth of value out of every dollar spent.

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the reason for his forced amiability. "Miss Clare wants some wampum to send to a young lady. Bring some to me. I'll pay well."

"Me no peddler!" "I know—I know! You're big chief. You have the wampum. Come, now! Sell some to me. I'm anxious to please Miss Clare."

Noel the Bear narrowed his eyes, as if calculating. "No sell! But swap! Wampum for writing."

"I don't understand."

"When Donald come, you write to me. Write to Lola Hébert of the island farm for me. She can read to me. I no read. You write. I'll bring wampum. Swap! No pay!"

Abner Kezar hesitated. The request was strange. He knew that old Noel held his wampum as a sacred heritage. This readiness to give so much for a mere letter was suspicious. "I'll have to know why you want to see Donald," he declared firmly.

"So! Well!" The eyes glowed deep in their sockets. "Once he give me something—not much to him, much for me. I keep it. I have something to give him. He hesitated. "Marriage present!"

"Eh? So you're guessing! It may be a good guess, Noel. Bless me, you have a soft spot under that rawhide of yours, after all! Do you want me to tell him?"

"No! Surprise!"

"You have hit me in a tender spot, Noel. I will write to you—to the Hébert girl. She's your—your—what?"

"Great-granddaughter."

"It's a trade! I'll hand a letter to the post-rider. And about the wampum?"

"Me come this way—bring it."

Kezar, from his window, watched the Chief march on toward the river. The canoe covered him like a shell; the man of figures found that covering suggestive—he was not sure that he had penetrated the shell of Noel the Bear.

The old Indian paddled till late that night, and the harvest moon lighted his way. When he came to the island which made the farm of Onesimé Hébert, he found shelter in the little camp in the woods, the sanctuary of Lola's love. While he groped, seeking candle or lamp, his hand swept from the wall dried grasses and flowers, and after the room was lighted, he observed that the flowers had been arranged in the form of letters; the fragments which remained revealed that fact to him, though he did not understand what any kind of letters signified.

Though Noel was abroad early in the morning, Onesimé Hébert was already in the fields; he came from among his shocks of corn when the Chief crossed that way. The farmer frowned when the Indian grunted a greeting.

"A word for you, Grandpère! When you go to my house this time, I'll have no more talk to Lola of her being this or that in the Mellicite tribe," he said, speaking in the French patois. "There has been too much of that folly. She is my daughter. She is not your princess!" He sneered the last word. "She shall marry and mind her ways in her home. A good French husband does not want a princess for his wife."

"She is Royale Lis Blanc! What you say no change what she is."

Hébert shook his head in anger; his gold earrings flashed in the sunlight. "It must be what you have said to her that makes her unhappy in her good home. There can be no other reason. She sighs and mourns and looks away at the hills. Yes, you have put the foolish notions in her head. She will not sit with Felix Bisson when he comes across the river from his fine farm to tell her that he will marry her. She would be thankful and proud if it were not for the silly pride you have put in her. She shall marry Felix Bisson."

The Chief was silent.

"I have given my word to Felix Bisson," declared the father, his wrath mounting. "I get no sensible reason from her why she will not marry him, and so I must believe it's from the notions you have put into her head."

"Mebbe she no like him," ventured Noel.

"That's no good reason. She has said that. But it's no good reason when one has such a fine farm as Felix Bisson. I have given her to him. She shall go to his house even if I have to carry her there, like a cat in a sack."

"When you marry my granddaughter, you know she have chief's blood in her." "And she has good Acadian blood too. It's time for Indians to stop being Indians."

"Be Quedaw, huh? Better be Canuck, huh? No! I'm Indian. Lola has chief's blood. I leave her the wampum belt, the staff and the feather and the fur."

"Go on your way with your folly! What is your tribe? Only a few Indians and half-breeds scattered around in the woods. They don't need any chief—not even you! If they must have a chief, you go and pick out a man."

THE old sachem turned his back and strode away, but the farmer followed on, and was on the Chief's heels when Noel walked into the kitchen of the farmhouse.

"You shall listen to no more of his folly," cried Hébert. "From now on, you are my girl—just that! You have nothing to do with the tribe."

She hurried eagerly to meet Noel, not heeding her father's brusque command.

When she came to him, the Chief pressed his palms to her temples for a moment while she regarded him with mute inquiry. This was not the radiantly happy girl he had bound to Donald Kezar by the tribal oath of wedlock. Sudden color flamed in her cheeks when old Noel returned her gaze steadily—the color of hope; but it faded into pallor when she found only sympathy in his eyes.

"So! You're glad when you see him. You jump and dance and run to him. You do not look at your good mother and me like that. You turn your eyes away from us most of the time," grumbled the father.

Noel, understanding better than the father why she had turned away her gaze, leaned and touched her forehead with his lips; he had never before bestowed on her any such token of affection; his caress was his tribute to her courage in her efforts to hide her woe and her secret.

The girl and her mother had been at the breakfast-table when the Chief entered; they had served the men of the family



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first, after the custom of the *habitant* women.

"Will you sit and eat?" asked Madame Hébert, anxiously eager to put an end to the dispute.

"No," replied the old Indian, directing a meaning stare at Onesimé.

"You're welcome to eat my food, as much as you like, Noel," protested the farmer. "But when you spoil my daughter for a good wife for Felix Bisson, then you're worse than a thief under this roof."

Not all the blood of the Mellicites was tamed in the mother. "Listen, Pere Onesimé! Noel is an honest man. He would tell our girl nothing except what is for her best good. I know what he has told her to be! I have heard him tell her to be proud, because a girl who thinks well of herself, in an honest way, makes others think well of her too."

"If he expects a good word from me, then he shall make her think well of Felix Bisson."

"When you had no big house here, when there were the trees instead of the fields, you told me that love is better than houses and money. So I came with you! What you said about love—it is so. I am not sorry. But there was Felix Bisson's father, who owned the big farm and had money! He found my face to his liking. That was before my work with you here brought the wrinkles. I turned my back on him. I came here with you. Eh, was it not so, though my father was bitter?" It was passionate outburst, in patois, but it did not prevail over the stubbornness of Onesimé Hébert.

"I had the right to get you, if I could. So I talked to you about love. Maybe I do not take back anything that I said about it," he added with peasant caution. "But where is the grand beau who comes to make my girl love him? She looks on no young man with kind face. She does not have excuse that she loves a fine man who will give to her what I have given to you!"

"There is plenty of time," said Madame Hébert crisply.

"I will not marry Felix Bisson," declared Lola. She was bulwarked by Noel, she was encouraged by the stand her mother had taken in the affair. "You may go and tell him that."

FOR a few moments there was silence in the big kitchen, while Onesimé Hébert was silently whipping his wrath. He doubled his brown fists and set them on the table and propped himself on stiff arms.

"So! Now you will speak out! We shall know what mean the sighing and the crying and the looking off at the hills, as if the nice home is nothing and your *père* and *mère* are nothing too! Set! You are in love, eh?"

It was question-stab, sharp and sudden. Lola returned his stare, her lips parted. Hébert lifted one fist, drove down a blow which made the tableware dance and jangle, and roared: "Tell me!"

Her eyelids drooped slowly, and she was silent with an air of sullen obstinacy.

"I have ears. I am not a fool. There is gossip on the border that you have been promised to Renegade Joel's Paul."

How I Increased My Earnings From \$2 to \$200 a Day!

*The Remarkable Story of a Young Man's Experience
After Reading a Wonderful Book, as Told by Himself*

SOME people say it takes money to make money—others complain that they never made money because they never had any luck. When one is up against the stern reality of making both ends meet, it is natural to feel that if they only had a little money, or a little luck, they wouldn't have to worry about their bread and butter, and rent, and clothes.

A short time ago, I, too, felt that way. I was a bill clerk earning only \$12 a week, and I used to worry myself sick about my future.

To-day—it seems like a dream—all my financial troubles are over—my weekly income instead is about \$1,000—more than I know how to spend. I own two automobiles and have a chauffeur to drive me around. My children go to private schools. I have just purchased, for cash, a \$25,000 home. I go hunting, fishing, motoring and traveling, whenever I care to. I live in a new kind of world.

Possible to Anyone

Let me say in all sincerity that what I have done, I believe any one can do. I am only an average man—not "brilliant"—have never gone to college—my education is limited. I know at least a hundred men who know more than I, who are better educated and better informed—yet not one of them has made as much money as I have, their earnings probably averaging less than \$50 weekly. I mention this to show that earning capacity is not governed by the extent of a man's education—to encourage those who have not had the advantage of a comprehensive education.

What, then, is the secret of my success? Let me tell you how it came about.

How I Discovered Myself

One day, about three years ago, something happened that woke me up to what was wrong with me. It was necessary for me to make a decision on a matter which was of little consequence. I knew in my heart what was the right thing to do, but something held me back. I said one thing, then another; I decided one way, then another. I couldn't for the life of me make the decision I knew was right.

I lay awake most of that night thinking about the matter—not because it was of any great importance in itself, but because I was beginning to discover *what was wrong with me*. Along towards dawn I resolved to make an experiment. I decided to cultivate my will power, believing that if I did this I would not hesitate about making decisions—that when I had an idea I would have sufficient confidence in myself to "put it over"—that I would not be afraid of myself, of things or of others. I felt that if I could smash my ideas across I would soon make my presence felt. I knew that heretofore I had always begged for success—had always stood, hat in hand, depending on others to give me the things I desired. In short, I was controlled by the will of others. Henceforth, I determined to have a strong will of my own—to demand and command *what I wanted*.

With this new purpose in mind I applied myself to finding out something more about will power. Finally I encountered

a book written by Professor Frank Channing Haddock. I was astonished to read his statement. "The will is just as susceptible of development as the muscles of the body!" It is almost needless to say that I at once began to practise the exercises formulated by Dr. Haddock, and I need not recount the extraordinary results that obtained almost from the first day. I have already indicated the success that my developed power of will has made for me.

But it may be thought that my case is exceptional. Let me again assure you that I am but an average man, with no super-developed powers, save that of my own will. And to further prove my contention, let me say that since Prof. Haddock's lessons, rules and exercises have been published, I have come across hundreds of other cases where strengthened will power has brought success and fortune to people who were failures, has enabled thousands to overcome drink and other vices almost overnight—has helped overcome sickness and nervousness, has transformed unhappy, envious, discontented people into dominating personalities filled with the joy of living.

What You Can Do

I have been authorized by the publishers of Prof. Haddock's methods to say that any reader who cares to examine his startling book on will power may do so without sending any money in advance. In other words, if after a week's reading you do not feel that "Power of Will" is worth \$3, the sum asked, return it and you will owe nothing. When you receive your copy for examination you will be interested in the studies on The Law of great thinking; How to develop analytical power; How to guard against errors in thought; How to drive from the mind unwholesome thoughts; How to develop fearlessness; How to use the mind in sickness; How to acquire a dominating personality, and hundreds of other similar personal power studies.

It is interesting to note that among the 250,000 owners of "Power of Will" are such prominent men as Judge Ben B. Lindsey; Supreme Court Justice Parker; Wu Ting Fang, ex-U. S. Chinese Ambassador; Senator T. B. Calron; Gov. McKelvie of Nebraska; Assistant Postmaster-General Britt; General Manager Christenson, of Wells-Fargo Express Co.; E. St. Elmo Lewis; Senator Arthur Capper, of Kansas, and thousands of equal prominence.

As a first step in will training, I would suggest immediate action in this matter before you. Use the blank form below, or write a letter addressing it to the Pelton Publishing Company, 31-H Wilcox Block, Meriden, Conn., and the book will come by return mail. This one act may mean the turning point of your life, as it has meant to me and to so many others.

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She opened her eyes full on him and they flashed fire. "Mensonge!" she cried, and repeated the word shrilly and angrily. "It's a lie!"

"Then who is the grand beau? Have you one?"

Again her eyelids drooped.

"Do you have one you do not dare to bring to me and show?"

"Papa Onesimé, you should not go about it that way to search into a good girl's heart," protested the mother. "She will come to me when it is good time—she will talk to me."

"Has she talked yet what mean all her queer ways?"

"All in good time; we shall know."

He mocked her placid reply. "But I shall know, now and here. For weeks I have been waiting. Is a father not ready to give his girl good advice? What must a father think when his girl does not ask him? Who is hiding, making her sad? Why will she not marry Felix Bisson, if there's nobody in the dark corner? I will know! Tell me, Lola!"

"I have nothing to tell!" But there was not the convincing sincerity with which she had denied the report about Paul Sabatis. The contrast in the tone of her replies put torch to the suspicions of the shrewd Acadian farmer.

"You confess there is somebody! If he is right for you, maybe you shall have him instead of taking Felix. Now tell me!"

She shook her head.

"Then you slap the face of your good father who is ready to give you advice! Name o' God, I'll not have that! You're ashamed to show him to me, eh? That proves you need to be saved from him. I'm your father. I have given my word to Felix Bisson. He shall have you. By the holy Saint Christopher, I swear it!"

OLD NOEL had stood at one side of the room with folded arms. He stepped forward; he dropped into patois and expressed himself more fully than was his wont. "You must let her alone. She loves nobody. She has told me. She is waiting for the right one!" The girl understood; he was taking the lie on himself to save her from falsehood to her father.

"Why should she tell you and not tell me?" demanded the father with jealous passion.

"I'm chief!"

"You're not chief in my house! It's for me to be that from now on!" He seized his daughter roughly by the arm, dragged her across the kitchen and pushed her into an inner room. When he had slammed the door, he turned on Noel. "On with you, and take your foolish talk with you! She is not a princess. She is my girl. She shall marry the man who can give her a big house, not a hut in the woods."

"Such talk as you make to her—it's more foolish than anything I have said. I warn you. You will do much hurt," protested old Noel solemnly. "Again I say let her wait. The right one will come."

"It has been your fault. You have put the ideas into her head. You have spoiled her. So I tell you, go!"

"You are not a good Acadian to turn

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honest men hungry from your door," said the wife.

"He shall go. He may take bread with him. But he shall not eat under my roof!"

Old Noel swept his gaunt arm in a wide, refusing gesture when she proffered the bowl heaped with loaves. "No! That is bread. Would be bitter. No want it. Too much bitter here!" He pressed his palm against his forehead. Then he started for the door. "Go think!" he muttered. "Much to think! Go think!"

HE trudged slowly down across the broad field, his head bowed in meditation; in the camp in the woods he sat and continued his ponderings. While he gazed through the open door, Lola was suddenly framed there. She had come in haste; she was panting. Resolve, passion, desperation were animating her. "Grandpère! Take me! I am going! You must take me!"

His slow eyes left her face, and he saw that she was garbed for a journey; a tasseled bag of buckskin was secured on her hip by thongs which crossed over her shoulders.

"I have run away! He went back to the field. Mère did not see! We must hurry before they know."

"No! Have been called thief. Too much been called thief! No!"

"But there is nobody to help me except you, Grandpère! And I must go away."

He wagged his head, refusing. She rushed close to him, arms wide, palms outspread, her whole attitude making entreaty. To her mien she added the eager pleading of her voice, tears on her cheeks.

"Have done enough! No dare to do more!" he answered.

"If you don't do more, then what you have already done is wicked," she blazed. "You made me wife to him. You said it made me his wife. If that is so, where is my husband, Grandpère?"

He puckered his wrinkled lids tightly over his eyes, set his teeth, and a twist of pain convulsed his features as if he had felt a dagger-thrust and were trying to hide his agony.

"You said that the oath would bind two. I believed. So you must take me to my husband. You must explain now to his grandpère so that my husband will no longer be afraid to come to me. This is all the trouble. He is afraid. But I am his wife. He will take me and love me and be with me when he is not afraid! She talked rapidly and eagerly, trying hard to fortify her faith and give explanation of Donald's acts to herself. "It is your duty, Grandpère. Else what am I if I don't have my husband?"

"I sit here—think much," he said after a time. "Only poor Indian. My word good—always good. Some men lie—and me. Only when I lie to help you."

SHE raised his hand and kissed him, thanking him without words.

"But a man—when his word was to you, Lola—I no think that he could lie. No! I not know just what is white man's law. He say to us he take Indian's law for his own."

"Yes, we are married. He said so."

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You told me so. It is my right to be with him. You must take me."

But he was struggling with his doubts and with the horror of a fear which had come to him. Noel the Bear writhed on the bench where he was seated and then slid to his knees on the floor. The girl stood back, frightened. His first words were uttered in the Mellicite tongue, and she knew he was pleading in prayer to the God of his faith. "Mebbe wrong! Mebbe wrong!" he went on. "Only poor Indian. Not know. Try hard. Want to do right. But mebbe wrong! If what I do was wrong, why can't all blame and trouble be on me? No! It's on my poor girl. Give me some more days of life! I go make right what is wrong!"

"Grandpère! Grandpère! Donald and I love each other. We begged you to marry us, so that we could be happy while we were waiting for all to come right for us. I did not mean to blame you when I said what I did! But you must take me to him. I cannot stay at home any longer. I shall be a mad girl—I shall be *caduque*—shall be crazy, for Père's tongue will not stop. He will bring Felix Bisson. I have sworn to my husband that I will not tell. But they will force me. I must not break my promise. Take me to him."

When the Chief did not rise from his knees nor look at her, she declared with a resolute passion that in one of her nature was convincing: "There is no one else who can help me. If you do not take me, I'll go alone up and down the big river in my canoe until I find him. God hear me! I will not go back to my home."

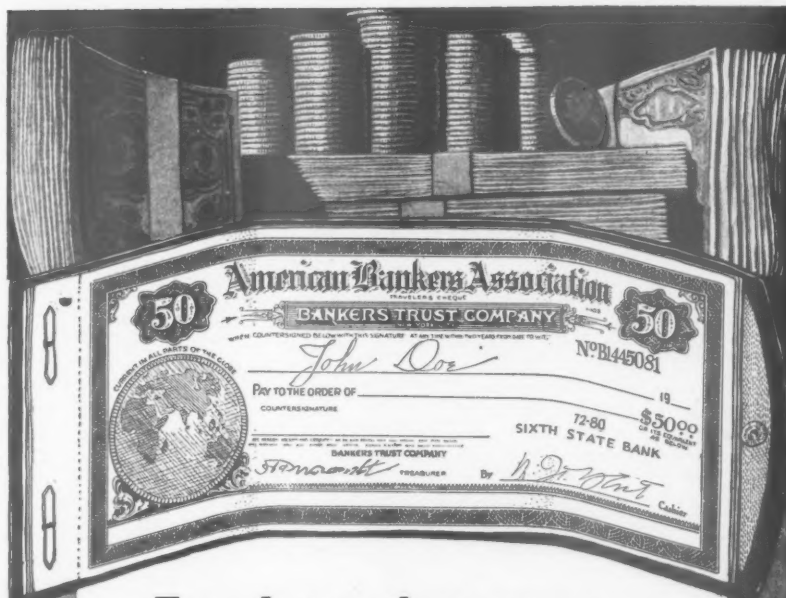
She gazed about the little room with the piteous air of one bidding farewell to a sanctuary hallowed by memories. A part of the dried roses had been swept down from the wall by the groping hand of old Noel. "They no longer say, 'Je l'aime,'" she murmured. "But I say it in my heart. He will say it to me when I have my arms about him once more." Her lips quivered; and the old Indian, rising, put out his hand to her. "Lola, come! What they say—what they do to me! No care now." Once more he pressed palm to his forehead. "Something here tell me I'm fool—only poor Indian. But something here"—he tapped finger on his breast—"tell me I try to do right!"

"It is right to help me, for I'm only a poor girl!"

"Me don't understand — not very much!" he mourned, his palm on his brow. "But come! We go."

Hand in hand, the child of one hundred and two years, the child of seventeen years, they went forth seeking. Old Noel set his canoe on the river's brimming flood, they took their places and paddled down the current, holding close to the shore so that the eyes on the isle of Hébert should not spy them.

WHEN they were on their way, the Chief explained to her his pact with Abner Kezar. With the accuracy of one who had watched anxiously and jealously the hour of the post-rider's coming, she told Noel the time when they would be likely to intercept the man on the Long Highway. So, at a hidden spot on the



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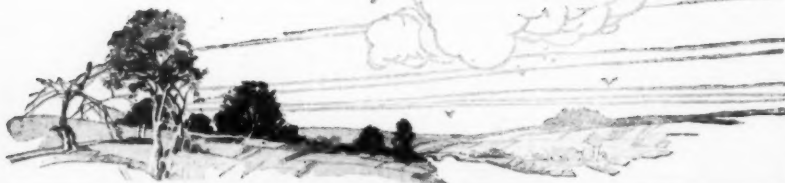
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shore at midday, they waited and had their instructions for the rider when he came, trotting his little white horse.

"The letter for me—when it comes from Ste. Agathe," she told the man, who had often smiled on her joy when he dropped letters into her hand at the spot where the bar of iron hung as the ferry signal, "you must carry it down the river and leave it at the home of Mitch Polysusep, and there I will find it. And you will not tell my père what I say or that you have seen me—eh?"

It was a wistful pleading, and her dark eyes, filled with tears, were upraised and her face was close to his. He bent closer. He was a dried and wrinkled old Acadian.

"For the pay of the extra postage—if there is any—" she went on, and then hesitated. And then she was silent, perforce, because he kissed her red lips.

"It is paid—paid so very much more than it will ever cost, *jolie* Ma'm'selle Herbert!" he cried gallantly, and trotted on, laughing, his cap in his hand.

"So, you shall know!" said the Chief consolingly when they were in the canoe again. "The letter will come. Then we go to find him. Now think good thoughts all the time. Keep tears away. Put back roses on cheeks. He shall love you when he sees you. Happy times will come."

It was a day full of the glory of autumn, without breath of breeze. They paddled on, their thoughts keeping speech from their lips. The Chief set ashore at the place which had been old Joel's. The windows were shuttered, and spiders had sealed the closed doors with webs.

"Me see Paul Sabatis! At Hullin Machine have talk," he told her. He regarded her with keen gaze.

"He's a traitor, *Grandpère*," she cried with sudden fury. "He promised to help me. But he told lies to hurt me. He told lies here in this place to the drunken men, and those lies have gone up and down the border. He does not dare to meet me face to face again."

"He has gone north—to the deep woods. You will not see him." Beyond that, Ned did not comment. It was not his nature to gossip; he did not deal in speculation by the spoken word.

"My husband will believe me," she declared proudly.

The Chief pointed over the trees to a thin spire of smoke thrusting straight against the blue of the sky. It was the signal summoning the Mellicites to the Feast of the Maize. "We go that way—to Telos."

"But the letter!" she pleaded anxiously.

"The letter will come where we may go. It's for the *Royale Lis Blanc*! Sam as chief. Me take you to Telos. You shall hear my word to the tribe. You take the great oath. I give to you the staff, the wampum and the feather and the fur."

But the princess, on her way to the coronation, stopped at the edge of the woods and gazed back at the river with regret and longing. It was the avenue along which she wished to journey; it would lead her to the man she loved. He would be proclaimed his wife before the war was the one dear honor for which she yearned. The promised promulgation she was to be respected as the head of the Mellicites weighed as only a trifle.

that other promise. New hope rose in her: he would take her to himself now that she had no home except that which he could give her.

CHAPTER XVII

DONALD KEZAR was distinctly far from affable when he dealt with men who came seeking Clare Kavanagh in the north country. To such extent as he could stretch his authority as field-boss, he set himself up as a barrier.

Therefore, gradually, there was a growing misunderstanding in the Toban in regard to Clare's attitude toward the men of the X. K. Daily the field-boss applied his methods of insulation; men who failed in their efforts to see her and talk their business over with her went away humbled or hurt, angry or suspicious.

Clare was a keen observer, so far as she was permitted to see; but she did not understand in this instance; it became her conviction that men were unwilling to do business with a girl. Once again, and in more vital matters than school friendships, was her misinterpreted sensitiveness setting her apart and bringing her grief.

She stepped out of the headquarters camp and stood in the sunrise and breathed deeply the frosted air.

Before her eyes were visible and heartening evidences of what John Kavanagh's efforts had won from the forest for her endowment. Between her and the thoroughfare straggled the hamlet of log-houses—the broad hovels where the big, slow, woods-horses munched their oats and muzzled in the racks of hay; in the silence she could hear them.

Bunk-houses, cook-camps—the village crowded the slope. While she stood there in the sunrise, a gasoline engine began to bark, and there was sound of iron grinding against stone—the tool-sharpeners were at work. A crew for a new operation on the far Whirlingstone had been fed and was starting away, dunnage-sacks across their shoulders, each man with an ax in his hand. The spectacle of her possessions outspread there in the morning light was spur for her ambition; but the memory of how John Kavanagh had earned what he left to her urged her with more earnest determination than mere ambition.

At that moment Clare was observing another little drama at the foot of the slope, near the thoroughfare. Donald Kezar had suddenly snatched something from a man with whom he had been talking; the man had newly arrived in a canoe. They were too far away for their words to be heard by her.

Dumphy trudged past her with his pail, and she called to him, but did not turn her gaze from the men at the shore. Kezar snapped his fingers insolently under the man's nose and turned away.

"Yes'm!"

"Did you notice that man with Donald when you came past? Who is he?"

"His tongue was saying that he's a messenger to you from Temiscouata Mar-thon—but it's little I believe from any tongue in that gang."

She waited for a few moments; the

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man went away in his canoe, but Kezar did not come to her or appear to know that she was looking on. He went off toward the wagon-camp.

She walked across the slope and intercepted him. His hands were empty.

"Have you a message for me—did that man bring one?"

"It's only a little business—nothing worth your bothering with."

"What business?"

He was not ready to confess to her that he was taking a letter to some safe place where he could steam the flap of the envelope and find out just what the business was.

The unreadiness to confess, coupled with the danger in trying to explain what the business was, caused him to hesitate.

"I saw you take something from the man. If it's a letter, give it to me."

"I know how you feel toward the Temiscouata bunch, and I thought I would save you all bother," he explained, not at all sure of his tones or his features. He made no move to produce the letter. She put out her hand.

"Clare, it's best for me to 'tend to all these rows. I know how to fight 'em."

She stared at him, frankly amazed. "Donald, do you presume enough to intercept messages addressed to me?"

"I didn't mean it like that. But I didn't think you'd want to have any truck with anybody by the name of Marthorn, so I—"

"Not another word! That message!"

He placed a letter in her hand. It was addressed to her and bore the name of Stephen Marthorn as sender.

"You see, I knew it was from him, for his name is on it. And I thought to myself I'd save you from being stirred up and—"

"Did that messenger tell you what the business might be?" she demanded.

"No! No-o-o! But—"

"The letter is sealed! Therefore you admit you know nothing about the matter. Have I appointed you either my guardian or my secretary?"

He shook his head and lowered his gaze.

HE looked up in a few moments, for she was silent, and he found her eyes fixed on him in most uncomfortable fashion. It was a stare appraising, rebuking, incredulous, resentful.

"Oh, Clare! There's such a thing as trying to help too much. I'm it! I try so hard to help. I do the best I know. I haven't had education like some folks have. I make mistakes, but my heart is right. Forgive me, but I want to lift every load from you!"

There was real contrition in his whine.

"You are old enough to know the difference between helping and meddling, Donald. I am not trying to shift any of my responsibilities."

"I wish I could have all of 'em to carry," he blurted. "I have hinted before—now I wish you'd let me tell you, Clare. I'll lie down and you can walk on me. I'll be your—"

"Donald—Donald!" Her tone was sharp, but she gave him a rather tolerant smile, though there was a twist of the Kavanagh grimace in it. "Do you think this is a happy moment for that

threatened proposal of yours? I must certainly do not. Again I beg you to defer it!"

"But you keep joking with me, Clare, about it. I don't get anywhere. You know how much I love you. Give me one word that will make me hope for something. I'll die if you don't."

"I should hate to believe that the state of your health is so precarious. I need a healthy field-boss. Now, Don! Hold on! I am not a coquette. I abhor that sort. To be told continually that I am this and that, and that you're dying of love, nauseates me. I like you. There's my hand on it. I forgive a great deal in you; I know you're doing it because you're eager to help me. But just now I am having my first taste of independence. It's wonderful! Look!" She swung her arm in a gesture, true daughter of her father. "It's all mine, Don. I wouldn't be talking so to anybody else, but you're my best friend, my true, good, understanding friend—and how sweet it is to brag to our friends!" Her eyes danced, and all the glory of ardent life was in her. "I'm going to run it—all by myself! I want to show 'em that I'm John Kavanagh's own girl. If I can't run it, then I'll have to hide away and be a wife and knit and sew. But now, glory be, I'm running it!" It was almost a shout of exultation.

She waved the letter above her head. "From Stephen Marthorn to Clare Kavanagh! The president of the Temiscouata to the head of the X. K."

SHE moderated her tone a bit and looked around her half guiltily. "I think I'm silly," she confessed. "But it's allowable to be silly once in a while in the presence of one's best and truest friend. It's a rest from responsibility." Her eyes, when he looked into them, were tender, and he flushed happily. "Not too much love now, Don! I mustn't have a husband either bossing me or under my feet. It's time for a husband when I don't make good on my own hook." The repetition of that statement sounded like a promulgation of the terms on which she would accept a husband. To Kezar, versed in only one kind of love-making, and finding that method unavailing in the case of Clare Kavanagh, her statement was like a challenge to his desire and his cupidity.

"And now we shall see what writes the great Colonel." She stripped the envelope from the missive. She frowned while she read, though it was an invitation contemptuously couched. He stated his earnest desire to have a talk with her on matters of importance, and said that it had been his purpose to come to her; but he was finding the fatigues of his journey considerable, and feared he would not be able to venture further into the wilderness. He apologized, pleading the infirmities of age. He asked her to be his guest at Sebmuk Farm, the Temiscouata's lower grand depot on the dead-water. He added that his daughter was in the party and would be greatly pleased to meet again her schoolmate.

"A trick that's very transparent," commented Miss Kavanagh savagely. "Ask me to come down to Sebmuk, Donald, so that he can make me feel little and



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helpless, browbeating me on his own ground."

"That's fine nerve! A man asking a lady to do the running. You wont go!"

"What's that?" Her eyes narrowed.

"I meant to say that you probably hadn't any notion of rushing down there at the beck and call of old Marthorn."

"I shall do exactly as my father would have done, Donald. This isn't a matter of man or woman or social forms." She tapped the letter. "It's the business of the X. K., and I am at the head of that business."

She started back toward her camp.

Donald followed. "Why don't you let me go down there and do the talking?" he urged. "I know what needs to be said. You have told me that you will not sell your lands or your stumpage or join drives."

"No doubt you can," she admitted. "I'll delegate you to say it to all of his understrappers, after this. But now it's between headquarters, Donald!"

He stopped and allowed her to go on alone. As he looked after her, he cursed soundly and reaffirmed his determination to make her "almighty sick of her job."

TOM KILBECK, custodian of the provender storehouse, came past, leading his cats to their breakfast in the dingle. There were a dozen or more, Tom's dearly beloved assistants in the work of keeping mouse-marauders away from the grain-sacks. In his arms he carried little kittens, a nestling mass of fur from which stuck funny spindles of tails. A sociable cat arched her back and rubbed against Kezar's woods-boot. He kicked away the astonished animal.

"Ut's har-r-rdly richt, thot, sir," remonstrated Tom Kilbeck. "Manny an oat-bag has she saved for the X. K., and she's the mither of the wee wallopies I'm bearing in me ar-rms—and they'll save manny more oat-bags."

"I hate a cat."

"I've hear-rd your grandsire say thot! And of an Indian he says it too!"

The big Scotchman was giving Donald a disconcerting stare. "Is it because you don't dislike Indians that ye put so much power-r in your kick of a puss?"

"I never have said I like Indians."

"Ut's a Hieland saying thot while one may be whuspering the wor-rd, the act may be blowing the trumpet-blast."

"Curse your impudence! Do you dare to stand there and tell me that I have anything to do with Indians?"

"There's anither saying,—ut's from the Lowlands,—thot anny man in too much haste to grab up breeks thot fit him may find a thustle in 'em when he sits doon."

"I don't know what you're talking about, Kilbeck, but I can see that you're looking for trouble. If you give me any more lip, I'll discharge you."

"I'll be obligated to you if you do. For it will give me an excuse for a wee bit of a chat wi' the lass o' the lofty place. Here's one your ar-rm and your tongue kinna stay frae her; 'twould be my duty to tell her why I'm leaving my kitties and the job."

Kezar hedged.

"Overlook it, if I spoke out too quickly, Tom. But lying scandal and the hint

of it make me mad. I know you wouldn't hurt me by repeating any lies."

"I'm too much of a gossip. But I'm a frank man who likes to be well understood. After this you'd best play a sporting game and kick something thot has feet as har-rd as your ain—so thot ut may kick back if ut so minds. If I see you kick anither ane of my pussycat friends, here, ut's my firm conviction thot I'll be able to remember-r more"—he hesitated—"more prover-rbs." He dwelt on the word significantly and stalked away, leaving the field-boss to wonder just how much danger there was behind the hints of Tom Kilbeck. Kezar did not hope that all of the border gossip could be kept from the ears of Clare. Already she had teased him a bit, in comradely fashion, about stories of his flirtations, but it was evident from her manner that she construed all such affairs as the innocent diversions of youth.

He had resolved to class Lola Hebert with his follies and to put her definitely behind him. After reflection, he felt safe; her fear of her parents, her timid regard for her reputation, would close her mouth, he was certain. Knowing her nature, he reckoned that after so many weeks her sorrow had been changed to anger, and that her pride would forbid her to seek him. In the case of Lola, the young man's selfishness prevailed over his curiosity. He did not want to have his feelings disturbed by reproaches or pleadings. Therefore, when a letter from the deserted girl came to him, he did not open it; he tore it up unread. From her silence in the past few weeks he drew auguries that were favorable to his hopes; the girl had come to herself and had given him up! He had nothing to fear. Nevertheless the Scotchman's grim satire had scared the lover of Clare.

Donald went to the wangan-store and obtained several cans of tinned salmon. He carried them to the dingle where the cats were feeding on kitchen scraps. "I guess the treat's on me, Tom! I hope the old gray tabby has no hard feelings."

"Ut wasna the gray one,—ut was the brindle,—and thot shows that ye was absent-minded when ye let fly your fut. So if thot's the case, we'll let ut rest, wi' thanks of all of us for the bit fishie."

The big Scotchman paused after he jabbed the blade of his knife into a can and he scowled after Donald from under thick eyebrows. "I was pretty drowsy when I snoozed behind the ledge of Deadman's Strip," he muttered, "and I wasna so sure thot I heard the Indians richt. But the coward has gien me the truth of ut, along wi' his sammun." The cats had sniffed the welcome rarity, and were clawing at his trouser-legs. "What to do wi' ut, I dinna yet mind me. Leave clawing and gouging, ye tykes! Aye, I think I'll leave my old tongue off the lassie doon the river. I'll give the clawing gossip-cats no scent to follow. Agh! Ye renegade! Ye rat! But ye have an eye on ye if ye try to gnaw your way to the X. K.'s best treasure!"

Clare Kavanagh—"on her own, in her own"—strikes another important crisis in her life in the next installment of "The Rider of the King-Log"—in the forthcoming, the May, issue of The Red Book Magazine.



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| Building Contractor | Stenographer |
| Structural Engineer | Bookkeeper |
| Mechanical Engineer | Fire Ins. Adjuster |
| Civil Engineer | Sanitary Engineer |
| Steam Engineer | Automobile Engineer |

Name

Address

A NIGHT TO BE REMEMBERED

(Continued on page 32)

"We've just got to catch them men," pleaded Mrs. Crow.

"One of 'em's got a sick wife," added Anderson, "an' we've got to tell him he's on the wrong road."

"Well, you just sit right where you are," spoke the top sergeant. "They'll be back this way in a few minutes. This road ends about a mile above here, and they'll have to come back. The sentries say they went through here so fast they couldn't see anything but wind."

"Are you going to stop them?" cried Mrs. Crow eagerly.

"We sure are," said the other non-com. "See that bunch of men forming over there? Well, they've got real guns and real bullets, and they're mad, Mrs. Marshal. You can't blame 'em."

Off at one side of the road a little distance away a company of soldiers was lining up. The sharp command of an officer rang out.

"Thank goodness!" cried Mrs. Crow.

"Look here, Eva," said Anderson nervously, "I guess you'd better pull off to one side of the road, just in case them soldiers don't stop 'em. We're right smack in their way, an' gosh only knows where we'd land if they smashed into us. It'd take a week to find us, we'd be so scattered about."

"Don't be uneasy," said the top sergeant. "They'll stop, all right, all right."

"Let me whisper something to you, Mr. Officer," said Mrs. Crow. "It's very important."

He obligingly held up an ear, and she leaned down and spoke rapidly, earnestly into it.

"You don't say so!" he cried out. "Excuse me!" And off he dashed, calling out to his companion to follow.

A minute later the most extraordinary activity affected the group of soldiers over the way. Commands were now issued in lowered tones, and men marched rapidly away, dividing into squads.

"What did you say to that feller?" demanded Anderson.

"I told him who those men are, Anderson Crow."

"You couldn't. They're perfect strangers. If they wasn't, how'd they happen to miss the road?"

"They are the very men I'm looking for," said she. "They're the robbers,—and the men who set fire to Smock's warehouse, I'll bet you—and everything else!"

"Jumpin' Jehoshaphat!"

An officer rushed up.

"Turn that fivver around in the middle of the road and jump out quick. That will stop them. Let 'em smash it up if necessary. It isn't worth more than ten dollars."

While a half-dozen men were dragging the car into position as a barricade, Mrs. Crow exclaimed to her husband:

"That old skinfint! He said it was cheap at fifty dollars. Thank goodness, I—"

But Anderson was hustling her out of

the car. In the distance the headlights of the bandits' car burst into view as it swung around a bend in the road.

Soldiers everywhere! They seemed to have sprung out of the ground. On came the big car, thundering into the trap. Bugle-calls sounded; a couple of guns blazed into the air as the car flew past the outposts, lights flared suddenly in the path of bewildered occupants, and loud imperative commands rang out on the air.

Into the gantlet of guns the big car rushed. The man at the wheel bent low and took the reckless chance of getting through.

Then, a hundred feet ahead, his lights fell upon the dauntless abandoned fivver. He jerked frantically at the brakes.

"Halt!" shouted Anderson Crow from the top of the roadside bank. "Surrender in the name of the Law!"

He spoke just in time.

Crash! They halted!

Deacon Rank's little car died a glorious, spectacular death. (Harry Squires, in his account, placed it all alone in the list of "unidentified dead.")

Three minutes after the collision, brawny soldiers were bending over the stretched-out figures of five unconscious men.

Mr. and Mrs. Crow stood on the edge of the group, awe-struck and silent.

"They're coming round, all right," said some one at Anderson's elbow. "He was slowing down when they struck. But there's no hope for the poor old fivver."

Anderson found his voice—a quavering, uncertain voice—and exclaimed:

"Stand aside, men! I am the marshal of Tinkletown, an' them scoundrels are my prisoners."

His progress was barred by a couple of soldiers. An officer approached.

"Easy, Mr. Marshal—easy, now. This is our affair, you know. I guess you'd better come with me to the colonel. Don't be alarmed. They sha'n't escape."

"They're mighty desperit characters"—began Anderson.

"Step this way, please," said the other shortly.

IT was four o'clock in the morning when Mr. and Mrs. Crow were deposited at their front door by the colonel's automobile. The robbers, under heavy guard, remained in the camp pending action on the part of the civil authorities. They were very much alive and kicking when Anderson left them, after a pompous harangue on the fruitfulness of crime in that neck of the woods.

"Yes sir, Colonel," he said, turning to the camp commander, "a crook ain't got any more chance than a snowball in— you know—when he tries to pull the wool over my eyes. I've been ketchin' thieves an' bandits an' the Lord knows what-all fer forty years er more, an' so forth. I want to thank you, sir, an' your brave soldier boys—an' the United States Government also—fer the assistance you have given me to-night. I doubt very



**Constance Talmadge
in "Mrs. Leffingwell's Boots"**

Here is Norma's little sister, Constance, who is coming to be as big a favorite as her older sister, Constance is registering consternation.

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A complexion powder especially distinguished by the fact that it *stays on*. Furthermore a powder of unexcelled delicacy of texture and refinement of perfume. Four tints—White, Pink, Flesh and Brunette—50c.

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Have them with you—use them freely. Used by singers, speakers, smokers and all who appreciate a clear voice. At drug stores.

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Audiences might be quiet!
Not a cougher interfering
With the simple joy of hearing!

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The war is responsible for a scarcity of nurses in hospitals—their regular nurses are going to the front. Demand for trained nurses now greater than the supply. This is your golden opportunity to become a trained nurse and easily secure a fine position at \$20 to \$30 per week. You can quickly master our special Training Course during your spare time at home and receive diploma approved by best doctors. Easy terms. Hospital experience given if desired. We help you find employment. Write at once for catalog. State age.

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much whether I could 'a' took 'em single-handed—handicapped as I was by havin' a woman along. An' when you git over to France with these brave troops of yours, I c'n tell you one thing: the Kaiser'll know it, you bet! Never mind about the old car. It's seen its best days. An' it aint mine, anyhow. I'll be out here bright and early to-morrow morning with my posse, an' we'll take them fellers off'm your hands. If you'll excuse me now, I guess I'll be movin' along to'ards home. I've still got a fire to put out, an' a lot of other things to do besides. I've got to let the bank know I have recovered their money an' left it in good hands, an' I've got to send a posse out to see if they c'n locate George Brubaker's safe along the road anywheres. An' what's more, I've

got to repair the jail, and officially notify Deacon Rank he's had an accident to his car."

Mrs. Crow had little to say until she was snugly in bed. Her husband was getting into his official garments.

"I think you're foolish to go out again, Anderson," she said. "It's not daylight yet. There won't be anybody around, this time of day, to listen to how you captured those robbers, and—"

"Don't you believe it," said he. "I bet you fifty cents you are the only person in Tinkletown that's in bed at this minute. They're all afraid to go to bed, Eva, an' you can't blame 'em. Nobody knows I've got them desperadoes bound hand an' foot and guarded by a whole regiment of U. S. troops, specially deputized for the occasion."

A DEAR IN DISGUISE

(Continued from page 76)

loved a royal sport," Miss Berrier quoted gayly.

"That what's-his-name was no sport of any kind but a short sport, if he did jump," said Egan. "To throw a glove in a lady's face! The miserable mucker! Sore because she gave him a chance to show he wasn't afraid of a few mangy lions. That lad was no better than a Hun." The young man's face was eloquent with indignation.

"The lady may have deserved it, but I think you are right about him," Miss Berrier agreed. "But this isn't helping us to get away from here. What other ideas occurred to you?"

"To tell you the truth, I'm about at the end of my rope, for the moment," Egan replied. "Something will come to me, though, so don't lose confidence in me, please. I think that if I don't try quite so hard, I'll be more likely to hit on the right scheme. The evening's young yet, and as long as we know that there's no reason for anxiety—"

"Do we know it?"

"That sounds like a lack of confidence. Don't I tell you that I'll find a way?"

"Please excuse me. I shouldn't have doubted you. After all, it's only a question of time."

"Exactly. I propose now that we forget it and talk of something else. Couldn't you tell me a story, Miss Susan?"

"I might," said the Story-telling Lady. "I'll tell you one, and you tell me one, and then you'll have your idea, and we'll go home. What kind of a story would you like?"

"One with lots of fun and fighting and love-making," answered Egan, promptly. "I don't suppose you know a sea-story, do you? I like sea-stories because on a ship you've got all your people where they can't get away, and you don't have any trouble keeping track of them. You've got your beautiful girl-passenger and your manly and handsome but chuckle-headed hero, your black-hearted, cold-blooded and devilish villain of a first mate who poisons the noble captain and incites the piratical crew of Lascars and Chinese to mutiny, and you've got your Scotch chief engineer and your faithful and witty Irish something or another.

You can't get along without us Irish, be jabers! Got them all on the old hooker where you can keep your eye on them."

"Not all the time," corrected the Story-telling Lady. "The Machiavellian mate maroons the beautiful girl and the hero and the Irishman and sails off with the pearls, doesn't he? And the Irishman gets snake-bitten or shot by the cannibal natives and dies, and there are the two alone on the desolate island without so much as a fire-escape."

"Go on," said Egan, his blue eyes dancing.

"But the hero isn't chuckle-headed," continued the Story-telling Lady, fixing her gaze on a distant electric sign that had just flashed into jeweled light. "Oh, no, not chuckle-headed! Not at all! He is a man of quick invention and wonderfully fertile of resource. He sees to it that the beautiful girl has something to eat about the first thing, and— What are you doing, Mr. Egan?"

"Just a moment, please," said Egan.

"I was looking to see if there wasn't some breadfruit on these trees . . . But there isn't. Not a clam on the beach, nor a wild goat, or a gull's egg on the cliffs. Only a few hundred restaurants within a mile of us and nothing to eat but food in them. Famine staring out of your eyes too, and your cheeks hollowed by hunger! But I interrupt your story."

"That's as far as it goes," said the girl. "After a while the hero may light a beacon or hoist a signal or do something; but it isn't my story, anyway; it's yours, and you'll have to end it to please yourself."

"I mean to, if I can," said Egan. "It will end with the beautiful girl and the resourceful hero confronting a man in a white necktie and making short but satisfactory answers to the long questions that he reads to them out of a book. We'll reserve that ending, though. Are you going to tell me a story that is your own—about the prince with the golden curls and the lovely princess? You agreed to."

"Very well then," said the Story-telling Lady. "Once upon a time—"

"Excuse me, but we'll begin properly."

Why Some Foods Explode in the Stomach

And How 48 Hours Makes New Stomachs from Old

By R. S. THOMPSON

A MAN'S success in life depends more on the co-operation of his stomach than on any other factor. Just as an "army moves on its stomach" so does the individual. Scientists tell us that 90% of all sickness is traceable to the digestive tract. Yet in a surprisingly large number of cases even chronic stomach trouble can be remedied in from 48 to 72 hours.

Physical efficiency is the back-bone of mental efficiency. Unless our stomachs are effectively performing their functions in the way Nature intended, we can't be physically fit. And unless we're physically fit, we can't be thoroughly successful.

As Dr. Orison Swett Marden, the noted writer, says, "the brain gets an immense amount of credit which really should go to the stomach." And it's true—keep the digestive system in shape and brain vitality is assured.

Of course, there are successful men who have weak digestions, but they are exceptions to the rule. They succeed in spite of their physical condition. Ten times the success would undoubtedly be theirs if they had the backing of a strong physique and a perfect stomach. There are a thousand men who owe their success in life to a good digestion to every one who succeeded in spite of a poor digestion and the many ills it leads to.

The cause of practically all stomach disorders—and remember, stomach disorders lead to 90% of all sickness—is wrong eating.

Food is the fuel of the human system, yet some of the combinations of food we put into our systems are as dangerous as dynamite, soggy wood and a little coal would be in a furnace—and just about as effective. Is it any wonder that the average life of man to-day is but 30 years—and that diseases of the stomach, liver, and kidneys have increased 103% during the past few years!

The trouble is that no one has, until recently, given any study to the question of food and its relation to the human body. Very often one good harmless food when eaten in combination with other harmless foods creates a chemical reaction in the stomach and literally explodes, giving off dangerous toxics which enter the blood and slowly poison our entire system, sapping our vitality and depleting our efficiency in the meantime.

And yet, just as wrong food selections and combinations will destroy our health and efficiency, so will the right foods create and maintain bodily vigor and mental energy. And by right foods we do not mean freak foods—just good, every-day foods properly combined. In fact, to follow Corrective Eating it isn't even necessary to upset your table.

Not long ago I had a talk with Eugene Christian, the noted food scientist, and he told me some of his experiences in the treatment of disease through food. Incidentally Eugene Christian has personally treated over 23,000 people for almost every non-organic ailment known, with almost unvaried success. An enviable record when one con-

siders that people nearly always go to him after every other known method has failed. And the remarkable part of it all is that Eugene Christian's methods often remedy chronic cases of stomach trouble in 48 hours.

One case which interested me greatly was that of a young business man whose efficiency had been practically wrecked through stomach acidity, fermentation and constipation, resulting in physical sluggishness which was naturally reflected in his ability to use his mind. He was twenty pounds under weight when he first went to see Christian and was so nervous he couldn't sleep. Stomach and intestinal gases were so severe that they caused irregular heart action and often fits of great mental depression. As Christian describes it, he was not 50 per cent efficient either mentally or physically. Yet in a few days, by following Christian's suggestions as to food, his constipation had completely gone, although he had formerly been in the habit of taking large daily doses of a strong cathartic. In five weeks every abnormal symptom had disappeared—his weight having increased six pounds. In addition to this, he acquired a store of physical and mental energy so great in comparison with his former self as to almost belie the fact that it was the same man.

Another instance of what proper food combinations can do was that of a man one hundred pounds overweight whose only other discomfort was rheumatism. This man's greatest pleasure in life was eating. Though convinced of the necessity, he hesitated for months to go under treatment, believing he would be deprived of the pleasure of the table. He finally, however, decided to try it out. Not only did he begin losing weight at once, quickly regaining his normal figure, all signs of rheumatism disappearing, but he found the new diet far more delicious to the taste and afforded a much keener quality of enjoyment than his old method of eating, and he wrote Christian a letter to that effect.

But perhaps the most interesting case that Christian told me of was that of a multi-millionaire—a man 70 years old, who had been traveling with his doctor for several years in a search for health. He was extremely emaciated, had chronic constipation, lumbago, and rheumatism. For over twenty years he had suffered from stomach and intestinal trouble which in reality was superaciduous secretions in the stomach. The first menus given him were designed to remove the causes of acidity, which was accomplished in about thirty days. And after this was done he seemed to undergo a complete rejuvenation. His eyesight, hearing, taste, and all of his mental faculties became keener and more alert. He had had no organic trouble—but he was starving to death from malnutrition and decomposition—all caused by the wrong selection and combination of foods. After six months' treatment this man was as well and strong as he had ever been in his life.

These instances of the efficacy of right eating, I have simply chosen at random from perhaps a dozen Eugene Christian told me of, every one of which was fully as interesting, and they applied to as many different ailments. Surely this man Christian is doing a great work.

I know of several instances where rich men and women have been so pleased with what he has done for them that they have sent him checks for \$500 or \$1,000 in addition to the amount of the bill when paying him.

There have been so many inquiries from all parts of the United States from people seeking the benefit of Eugene Christian's advice and whose cases he is unable to handle personally that he has written a course of little lessons which tell you exactly what to eat for health, strength and efficiency. This course is published by The Corrective Eating Society of New York.

These lessons, there are 24 of them, contain actual menus for breakfast, luncheon, and dinner, curative as well as corrective, covering every condition of health and sickness from infancy to old age and for all occupations, climates, and seasons, including special summer menus which enable you to withstand the heat and retain winter's vigor.

Reasons are given for every recommendation based upon actual results secured in the author's many years of practice. Technical terms have been avoided—every point is explained so clearly that there can be no possible misunderstanding.

With these lessons at hand it is just as though you were in personal contact with the great food specialist, because every possible point is so thoroughly covered that you can scarcely think of a question which isn't answered. You can start eating the very things that will produce the increased physical and mental energy you are seeking the day you receive the lessons and will find that you secure results with the first meal. And if you suffer from acid stomach it is quite likely that your trouble will successfully be overcome in from 48 to 72 hours.

If you would like to examine these 24 Little Lessons in Corrective Eating, simply write The Corrective Eating Society, Inc., Dept. 1204, 443 Fourth Avenue, New York City. It is not necessary to enclose any money with your request. Merely ask them to send the lessons on five days' trial, with the understanding that you will either return them within the time or remit \$3.00, the small fee asked.

The reason that the Society is willing to send the lessons on free examination without money in advance is because they want to remove every obstacle to putting this knowledge in the hands of the many interested people as soon as possible, knowing full well that a test of some of the menus in the lessons themselves is more convincing than anything that can possibly be said about them.

Please clip out and mail the following form instead of writing a letter, as this is a copy of the official blank adopted by the Society, and will be honored at once

CORRECTIVE EATING SOCIETY, INC.

Dept. 1204, 443 Fourth Ave., New York City

You may send me prepaid a copy of Corrective Eating in 24 Lessons. I will either remit them to you within five days after receipt or send you \$3.

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City.....State.....

First aid in every household —Musterole

Cough, cough, cough.
How it racks little Dorothy
and passes on to mother and
grandma and holds a croup
danger for all the little ones!

**Hurry, there, with the
Musterole, that pure, white
ointment that is better than
a mustard plaster—and it
will not bring a blister.**
Massage it gently over the
chest and neck. Feel the tingle,
then the cool delightfulness as
Musterole searches down. It will
penetrate, never fear. It will rout
that old congestion clear away.

Musterole is a pure, white ointment made from oil of mustard and a few home simples! Musterole searches in under the skin down to the heart of the congestion. There it generates a peculiar congestion-dispersing heat. Yet this heat will not blister. On the contrary you feel a relieving sense of delightful coolness. Rub Musterole over the spot. And you get relief while you use it; for Musterole results usually follow immediately.

On no account fail to have a jar of Musterole handy. For coughs and colds and even the congestions of rheumatism or lumbago Musterole is wonderful. Many doctors and nurses recommend Musterole.

30c and 60c jars—\$2.50 hospital size.
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*Has been healing
children's skin
25 years*

**Sykes
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Chafing, Scalding,
Infant Eczema,
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quickly disappear under the healing and soothing influence of this medicated powder, because it contains antiseptic and healing ingredients not found in ordinary talcum powders.

Nurses insist on it after bathing children because it prevents skin soreness. For skin irritations of the sick, bed sores, and for chafing of fleshy people one box will prove its extraordinary healing power. *50c. at leading drug stores or by mail.*

Send 3c. stamp to pay postage on

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if you don't mind," said Egan. "Very well then, Danny—"

"Very well then, Danny. Once upon a time—"

"Danny dear."

"You mustn't interrupt. I hope I know how a story should begin. Once upon a time there was a little plain princess who lived with her parents, a fairly well-to-do king and queen in a comfortable ten-room palace in a good neighborhood. The king, her father, loved books and taught her to read, and the queen, her mother, who was very clever with her needle, taught her to sew, and that was a good thing for the little princess, because a wicked wizard came along from a broker's office on La Salle Street and threw a spell on the poor king so that he gave up, first, his treasure-chest and then the ten-room palace and the retinue of one lady-in-waiting, and then—"

The Story-telling Lady stopped with something like a gulp, and her eyes filled with tears. "I don't believe I want to tell stories now," she said.

"I think I shall tell you one," said Egan after a little silence. "Do you know what I saw when I looked over the parapet—before you called to me? Well, all the little crawling creatures I spoke of—thousands of them—just dots scurrying this way and that like a swarm of ants, and all alike like the ants, you might say. Some people always think of them as a swarm, insects with no interesting points of difference—and look down on them always from the great height of their superiority or their egotism, as you may like to call it. They miss a lot. When I walk along the street, I look at faces, and every face tells me something of the man or woman that owns it—something different from the others, if only in degree. The lives that they lead, the things that happen to them and the thoughts that they think, all leave their mark on man or woman, and no two lives are alike any more than any two of the thousands think alike. It's hard for me to lump a crowd of fellow-beings."

"I suppose, in a way, one has to do it to be successful," said the girl reflectively.

"Just in a way," Egan answered. "It's always guesswork, and from politicians to playwrights, the students of human nature are always missing their guesses. After all, their calculations are based on their own natures and their own feelings, and they fail or succeed accordingly. It's a pretty safe generalization that a square man with force will succeed in the long run, because in the bulk we want to do the right thing. I like us for that. I like us for lots of things, and it's a hard thing for me not to like us—in the lump or individually. But I'm clear off the track. This isn't telling a story."

"I like it, though," said the girl. "Please go on."

"No. I was going to say, by way of a preface, that looking over the roof I did see that in one way all the ants were alike. There was one thing, one idea that kept them hurrying and scurrying, one thought in the back of every head, if it wasn't to the fore: sweethearting—the love of man for woman and of woman for man. Some had it; the most of them had it; some hope to have it, expect to have it and are getting ready



The Author and Illustrator

**GEORGE GIBBS'
GREATEST NOVEL**

**"The Splendid
Outcast"**

READERS of Mr. Gibbs' earlier novels, "The Bolted Door," "The Golden Bough" and others, will greet with enthusiasm the announcement of the beginning of his new and greatest work in The Green Book Magazine, marking as it does at the same time, the inauguration of what is virtually a new and vastly better Green Book Magazine. The first installment—with the author's own superb illustrations—will appear in the May number of—

**THE
GREEN BOOK
MAGAZINE**

On Sale, April 12

The Story-Press Corporation, Publishers,
36 S. State Street, Chicago

for it—dreaming of it and working for it—and there was the memory of it even for the exceptions; and by and large, the homeliest, the hardest, the sourest face in the thousands was a glad sight to somebody, and the coldest heart would warm at the thought of somebody. All the toil and the care and strife and struggle for some dear somebody! That's what I thought as I looked down, and it wasn't a sad thought, was it?"

"Certainly not a sad thought." The girl did not look at him when she said that, because she was conscious that he was looking at her and very earnestly.

"And I am one who has the love of a man for a woman and who hopes—dreams of having the woman love him," said Egan. "I think that will be about all of my preface, and I will now tell my story. . . . Susan Estelle dear, once upon a time—"

BUT Susan Estelle had risen in a pretty flutter. "I—I don't think we have any time for stories," she faltered. "I must really go—I mean I must see if there isn't some way of getting down. If you will just sit there a moment—please—I'll see if—I think I know a way."

"I know a way positively," said Egan. "The inspiration has come to me. I'll tell you what it is after you've listened to my story, and that won't take long. If you don't sit down and listen, I shall think that it's out of professional jealousy, and you wouldn't have me think that, would you, now?"

In the face of such an appeal, so urgent and coaxing as it was, there seemed to be nothing for it but to sit and listen; so Miss Berrier resumed her chair and began to plait the silken girdle of her pink sweater coat very carefully as she listened.

"Once upon a time there was a poor peasant boy who lived with his mother in a basement cottage, or a cottage basement over on the West Side. He was a Turk of a lad, if you please, and would have been hanged in good time, as the neighbors said he would, but for the mother. She herself couldn't read, but she knew many things that were better than reading, and she drilled some of them into the thick head of her graceless scamp, and saw that he had the book-learning too, God bless her! So in spite of his devilment, the boy got a fair start on a decent job, instead of sailing the seven seas as a bold buccaneer or writing poetry in a garret, which were the two employments that he naturally leaned to, by turns. He was still a bit of a lad when the good mother went to her rest and left him alone—and how lonely alone you'd never believe. Still he kept on in the dull paths of decency, though dreaming of a happier fate, and eventually he got into a big store, where he met the somebody that is in the back of every lad's head. And that was a year ago, Susan Estelle dear."

She gave him a quick glance, and her little slender fingers became busier than ever, twisting and untwisting.

"Now, he was a shy lad," Egan resumed. "You might not have thought it, to look at him, but he was so shy that it was a sort of disease, and instead of walking up to that somebody and making

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"Busy as my father was, he always used to bring home roses to my mother. It gave him as much pleasure as it gave her. And she—she accepted it as a token of his constant kindly thoughts of her. She loved him just that much more for remembering."

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Do not forget "her" birthday this year — "Say it with Flowers," you millions of husbands, sons, brothers and sweethearts.

Motives of kindness, unless expressed in actions are as seeds that never grow.

Whose Birthday
comes in
APRIL

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13	14	15	16	17	18	19
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Do you know that by the use of the Florists' Telegraph Delivery Service you can have your order delivered in any city in the United States and Canada in a few hours?

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a leg politely and asking her if she had steady company, and if she had not, would she kindly try him and see if he would do—instead of that, if you'll believe me, he never so much as spoke a word to her in all that year—only when he was alone by himself and she couldn't hear him at all, not being there. Many's the time that he told himself that he would know her mind, come of it what might, but as he drew near her, his knees would shake and his mouth would be so full of his heart that he knew there would be no room for speech.

"But he kept his eyes open on her and his ears were greedy for any word about her, and so he learned that she had no steady company, nor the wish of it. He knew that she had no wish of it, for she would have had no more to do than to throw a kind look on any man not blind, and that man would have been at her dainty feet. You must understand that she stood out among the girls around her like any princess among her maids, did that little somebody—like a pearl she was, among dull pebbles. Her face might have made her vain, but you'd have said that she didn't know that she was even pretty, for she worked like a girl that had no looks whatever, and with that, there was fun in her—a light heart and a brave one. Well, it doesn't matter about all that. The thing was that the lad I'm speaking of put off and put off, and he might have been putting off still, if he hadn't taken a notion to go a-soldiering in foreign parts and mentioned the same to a gentleman in a khaki uniform who made him swear to it before he'd believe him. He had been playing soldier for some time before that, thinking that he'd be called to play it in earnest, but they were too slow, and he couldn't wait for the formal invitation. 'But,' says he to himself, 'before I go, I'll know her mind.'

"Well, the day drew near when he had to go. Three times had he looked straight into Miss Somebody's eyes, and the last had been when he was playing soldier on the roof. Fairly and squarely he had looked into her eyes, as never before, and somehow he felt bolder. Then the time was short—only four more days."

THE girl started, and the pupils of the eyes that he was undoubtedly talking about dilated as she looked at him.

"Only four more days," Egan repeated, after waiting to see if she would complete her sentence. "Then he would be away—with a willing mind to take all that the Huns could give him, and thank them kindly. Or he would go knowing that he had left somebody behind who would be sorry he was gone and would pray for his safe return. He *had* to go, you see. The question was how. Well, do you know what the rascal did? He spied on the girl, the underhanded villain! He had watched her from his desk, and he had seen that when the rest went home, she took the elevator going up. He tracked her to the roof staircase, and he talked with Mike, the night watchman, and on the evening that he screwed his courage to the sticking-point, he talked with Miss Patterson, the plump young lady. 'Where's Miss Berrier?' he

asks her. 'I've a little matter of business to talk over with her,' I—he says. And she says to him: 'She's on the roof to get a breath of air, but it's after business hours.' Then she laughed.

"So he went up to the roof, and in spite of his knees, which shook outrageous, and the throbbing of his pulses, which inconvenienced him too, he managed to speak to her when he was spoken to, for after all, she was but a slip of a girl no higher than his shoulder; and presently he was talking with her and she with him—and telling stories. And the hope grew in him—and courage. And at last he took her by the hand, as I do now—

"Oh, Susan Estelle dear, will you please kindly try me for your steady company? Do you think that you could? For the story is all true, dear."

ALL along State Street light was flooding the store windows, and the sky was a deep purple flecked with gold dots, and deep shadows were massed on the roof of Irontree's. Between the two whom those shadows kindly enfolded there had been for over an hour no conversation of a nature possible to record to the edification of anybody but themselves; but judging by the relative positions of the two, it might have been easily and correctly assumed that the question Egan had asked had been answered to his entire satisfaction. Still there remains something which, perhaps, is not unedifying.

"Oh, how late it is!" cried Susan Estelle, disengaging herself. "Danny dear, have you thought of some way of getting down from here, or did you deceive me when you said I could depend on you?"

"May my tongue wither if it ever deceives you, and my right arm cleave to the roof of my mouth in the hour that it fails you!" declared Egan. "Darling, I have thought of a certain way of escape, and like most great ideas, it's absurdly simple. I merely take this, insert it in the lock of the door, and with a turn of the wrist, the thing is done."

Whereupon he produced the key to the door that Mike, the night-watchman, had lent him.

"Did—you—lock—that—door?" demanded Susan Estelle with awful severity.

Egan only laughed. "Come on, and we'll try it, little sweetheart," he said.

But when they reached the door, lo, it stood wide open.

"My good great-grandmother's ghost! Who could have done that!" Egan exclaimed, staring with genuine amazement.

"Do you think anybody could have—" The girl's tone was horror-stricken.

"Too dark," replied Egan reassuringly. "And the reservoir stands between, and we'd have heard any footstep but a cat's or— But he's gone home long ago."

They descended the staircase cautiously, his arm about her waist, lest she might fall, and from floor to floor they went, stopping again for what advantages the dim light and the solitude offered, until they reached the floor devoted to millinery, costumes and the offices. And there, through the glazed partition behind which Egan toiled from day to

day, shone a light that was undimmed, and as they stopped, wondering what this might portend, a familiar silhouette appeared against the glass, moved to the door and emerged, a dark form that advanced steadily and with a gliding footstep until it halted directly before them, revealed as Mr. Irontree.

By common repute, Irontree the Terrible—the hirer and firer, the ubiquitous, omniscient, velvet-footed, velvet-voiced, steel-hearted potentate supreme on whose breath hung the fates and fortunes of his subject thousands, cold-blooded as a cobra, cunning as an old dog-fox, on occasion savage—by common repute—as a must bull-elephant! There he stood before them, his thumbs locked behind his back, his massive bald head thrust slightly forward, his expression inscrutable, as always. Yet Egan did not quail. Rhadamanthus could not have intimidated Danny at that moment. He smiled his impudent Irish smile.

"We were locked out up on the roof," he explained. "Somebody opened the door, though, so it's all right now."

"I'm glad it's all right now, Mr. Egan," said Irontree, in slow, even tones. "I was beginning to wonder why it took so long for everything to be all right. So I went up to see, and I suppose I must have left the door open. Yes, I noticed that everything seemed to be all right."

Was it a chuckle that escaped him? Impossible to believe!

"Ever since Miss Berrier began to take the air at the close of the day, and you, Mr. Egan, began to notice it, I have been apprehensive of something of this sort," Irontree continued, when the spasm had subsided. "I feared that her privacy would be intruded upon. This is extremely deplorable—is it not?"

"Not a bit of it, sir," replied Egan stoutly.

Again that incredible chuckle, and then he held out his hand to the young man. "I congratulate you," he said, "and you may judge how sincerely when I inform you that I told Mike that he might let you take that key."

He turned to Susan Estelle, but instead of shaking her hand, he bent gracefully over it—positively the thing was done with grace—and raised it to his lips. Imagine how Susan Estelle looked.

"I took only one glance at your little tableau," he assured her. "And now I am going to let you go. I suppose I should not have shown myself, but do you know, this sort of thing interests me—and pleases me—more than I can tell you. Good night. I shall see you both in the morning."

He left them with a curious abruptness, and they heard the chuckle again as he reentered the office. When they reached the street, Egan spoke.

"But, pulse of my heart, why did the old devil wink at you, and why are you blushing so rosy red at this blessed moment?"

Susan Estelle blushed redder than ever. "I suppose I'll have to tell you," she said, "because—because I believe Mr. Irontree has found out already that I— She delved into her hand-bag. "No, I won't tell you, Danny dear, I'll show you."

She held out her hand, and in its palm lay a duplicate key to the roof door.

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REVELATION

(Continued from page 25)

for we weren't taking any prisoners that day.

So, slowly but surely, we were winning the heights of the Ourcq.

Just when I lost contact with my corporal's squad I do not know, for the day still is undivided in my memory by any consciousness of time. I remember glancing over my shoulder and discovering I was alone. I do not recall where or how I was wounded, but darkness found me hidden in an excavation beneath a partly uprooted tree. My leg was badly splintered and wholly useless. I bandaged my wound and settled down to wait for the rescue I knew would come when the heights were wholly ours. As I listened to the whining bullets cutting through the treetops in the outside darkness, I thought of Jim and wondered how he had fared during the day.

Instantly he was with me—Jim, my brother.

HOW do I know? How can I be sure?

I know because we talked together all through the night. I am sure because he told me where, when and how he had been killed, and described the rock behind which his body lay. I know because he named to me our comrades who had passed over during the day's fight, one being my own corporal, Ted M—. And above all, I know because he told me what it is like to die, and something of what lies beyond death.

For the want of a better word I have said my dead brother "told" me these things. He did, but not in the words of living men. We communicated in the thought-language so familiar to us. His mind read the eager questions in mine, and my mind received and understood the answers from his.

The impression by which I first knew Jim was with me is worth relating. He had a lifetime habit of throwing an arm about my shoulders with an intimately affectionate pressure. That caress invariably sent a warm responsive glow through my heart. As I lay beneath the gnarled roots of the tree on the hillside beyond the Ourcq and thought of Jim, wondering if he were well or wounded or dead, I felt the flush of pleasure that the clasp of his arm across my shoulders always had given me. I did not feel his hand, but I felt its familiar effect. And then as my mind grasped its significance, I was conscious of a surrounding Presence, indiscernible and intangible to any physical sense, but wholly perceptible to my mentality.

I raised myself on my elbow. I saw nothing. I heard nothing. I could only feel what I could neither see nor hear.

"Jim, Jim," I breathed, "speak to me!"

Instantly I heard his answer.

"I am here, George. I have come as I promised."

The reply was as definitely clear as though it had reached my brain through my ears by air-vibration instead of directly by thought-vibration.

"You are dead!" I cried in anguish, the

old worldly sense of irreparable loss persisting in spite of myself.

"No, I am not dead, for men do not die," Jim answered. "The body I wore is dead, but I myself—the thought-producing mind that governed my body—is here beside you exactly as it was in earthly life. Death is not what men think it, George. It is not the end of anything—not even life. It scarcely seems to me now to be the beginning of anything. I'm not changed or altered, except that I have dropped off the physical and am solely mental."

"What is it like to die?" I asked tremblingly. "Was it horrible, Jim? Did you suffer?"

"Easier than riding home at the subway rush-hour, George. To me it was like falling asleep, for my transition was very swift. We were behind a rock—six of us—waiting to attack a machine-gun crew directly above us. We planned to rush them as they changed ammunition-belts, hoping to use our bayonets before they could slip a new belt into the gun. But there were two guns, George, and as I stepped into the open, the first bullet from the second piece struck me squarely in the forehead.

"My sight failed. I felt myself falling; something like an over-tight violin-string snapped in my brain with a brilliant flash of light that faded as suddenly as it came. The darkness was black as midnight, but I felt no pain, no fear. Then I felt myself supported gently from below, and I slept, or seemed to.

"When I recovered consciousness, I understood what had happened. I realized I was 'dead.' But as far as I can judge, I am no different in any way than I was yesterday—except, of course, that I am no longer bound by bodily limitations."

There was a pause during which I tried to realize, or rather visualize, my brother as merely the mental dynamo he had described. Then Jim continued:

"Can you understand, George, how very convenient it is to be without a body? Do you know that in a second, as you count time, I can be at my old desk in New York and the following second be back here in France with you?"

"How?" I queried.

"Merely by thinking of being there. You think of your New York bank, and instantly there's a mental picture of it in your mind, but your body still is here. I think of New York now; and as I think, I am there, for I and my thoughts are one."

Again I felt Jim's smile.

"How easily the thought-man travels!" he said. "The boys are just leaving the office for the day. Howard McChesney is closing my desk. Poor old Howard! I'm sorry for him, for he's mighty blue. He wants to be over here with us, but his wife and family bar him."

"You see him?" I whispered.

"Of course. Why not? I can see you, George. I can see my body lying where it fell face downward across my rifle just at the foot of the big rock shaped like a

Why one man succeeds in business and another fails

How the man who uses his spare hours intelligently, makes his advancement in business certain.

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church-steeple that you'll pass as the stretcher-bearers carry you back to the river to-morrow. Whatever I think of, I see. Don't you realize that?"

"I can feel your presence, Jim. I can communicate with you; but I can't see you. Why?"

"Because you see with the eyes of the body—physical eyes. They are blind to all that is not material."

I hesitated to ask the question that flashed into my mind, forgetting that in thinking it I already had asked it.

"You're wondering," Jim continued, "about heaven and hell. You are wondering if they exist. You are wondering what they are like, and if I have seen them. Yes, old man, they do exist; but as I see them now, they are *conditions*, not *places*. Each man must choose for himself and learn by the result of wrong choice how to choose aright. Punishment, George? Why, I see no such thing as punishment, except what we inflict upon ourselves. The misfortunes that seem punishments are but an inevitable result—a means of education toward a final great goal. Which means, you see, that there is no misfortune—that all things that happen are for the best, or they simply couldn't happen. That's sound sense, George. How could there be damnation in a universe ruled by an all-loving, all-powerful Father?"

Again I felt the glow that follows my brother's touch, and knew he had put his arm about me.

"I am going," he said. "I see so many, many others who need the comfort I may give them. I must go to them, George."

"Wait," I cried. "Will I join you soon? Or must I live on as I am, through a lifetime of loneliness?"

"I do not know when the new life will come to you," was his answer. "I cannot see what will be. I see only what is. As for the lifetime you seem to think so long, it is just the space between two ticks of a clock. Never fear or doubt, brother. When you want me, when you need me, I shall be with you, unless—unless—"

"Unless what?" I cried in fear.

"Unless you drop out during the march," he said. "Unless you let doubt and the demands of the world in which you live dominate your mind, and so fall away from me mentally until the impressions sent out by my mind no longer register on yours. Then and only then will you cut yourself off from me."

I became conscious of an added presence near me.

"Who is that? Some one else is with us," I said.

"It is Corporal M—. He was killed after you were separated this afternoon. He is trying to tell you that it is dawn, and that he will put it into the minds of the stretcher-bearers to search this place as they come at daylight. It will be here for you very soon. I am going now, George. Good-by."

The darkness about me was no blinder than it had been, but it seemed emptier. I suddenly lost the comforting sense of companionship, and knew I was alone. For the first time since childhood I prayed.

It was scarcely light when I heard outside my refuge. I shrank back, not knowing whether to expect

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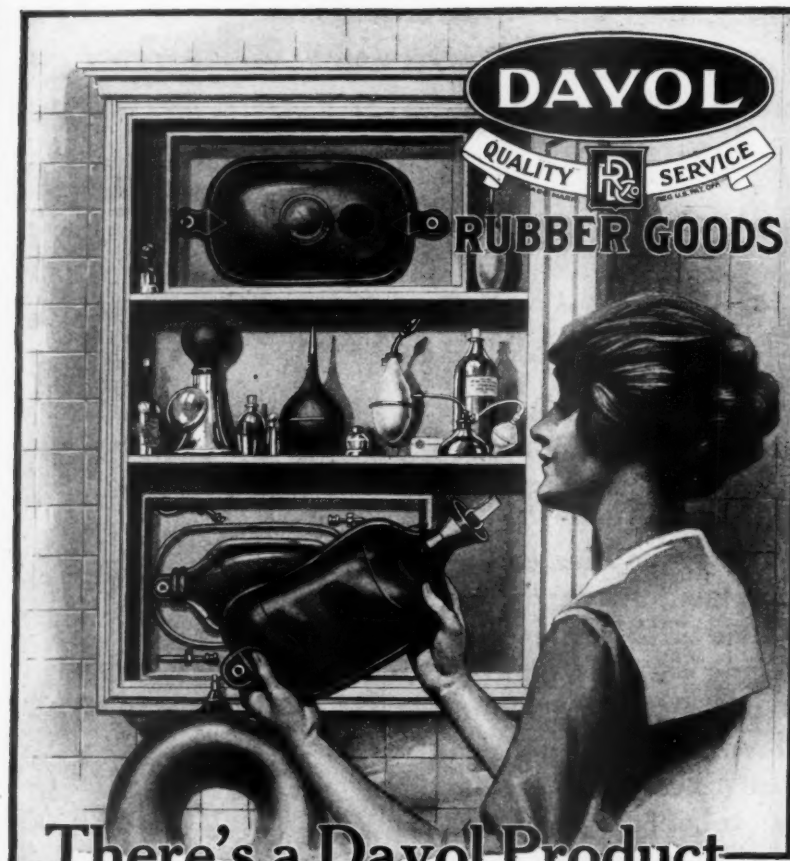


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Boston

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German patrol or our own men. Then a head was thrust into the burrow through which I had crawled to safety, and I saw Dick Drennan, stretcher-bearer, whom Jim and I had known in New York.

"Dick, Dick," I called. "I'm here with a shattered leg—I, George Douglas."

Drennan dropped to his knees, crawled through and in an instant was at my side.

"Well, George, this sure does bump me," he said. "I had the strongest hunch in the world to look under this old stump of tree. I knew there was somebody here."

I was carefully tucked onto the stretcher, with my leg rebandaged, and we were on our way down the hill before he spoke again.

"I've bad news to tell you, old friend," he began reluctantly. "I suppose I better tell it and have it over with. Your brother—"

"Is dead. I know all about it, Dick."

I interrupted. "You found him by the big rock that looks like a church steeple, lying with his face across his rifle and with a bullet-hole in his forehead."

"You've told it exactly," he replied, staring curiously down at me. "But you weren't with Jim during the fight."

"No, I wasn't with him when he fell, Dick. But he was with me all through the night, at the tree where you found me. He told me what had happened to him, and where his body was lying."

If I had said such a thing to Dick Drennan in our New York days, he would have called an alienist. Now he looked at me with an understanding nod of perfect comprehension.

I can only add to what I have told the story of the night at the base hospital when I asked my brother what I must do to make certain I would never lose the power of speech with him.

"Close your eyes and look," he said. "You shall see with my mind."

This is what I saw.

BEFORE me a great mountain, round and very steep, and above it, so high it seemed unreachable, a shining white light. Winding round the mountain, up and up, a broad spiral roadway that narrowed as it ascended. I found myself on that roadway near the bottom, climbing with countless others. The road was wide and there was room at the bottom, and I hurried forward, for above me, a man ahead, I saw Jim climbing too.

At my side a woman slipped and I stopped to help her to her feet. Beside me a man paused too, and together we assisted her to arise. As we went on all hurrying, I looked at the comrade who had aided me and knew his face, though I could not remember where or when I had seen it.

And then the throng grew thicker, the road narrower, until at last I found the path blocked by a dense, struggling mass. Urged on by the sight of Jim still above me, I pushed and struggled with the mass. A man at my side fell, and the crowd behind seemed about to trample him. I stopped to aid him; then, seeing a narrow opening in the crowd ahead, I dashed on in my anxiety to grasp my own opportunity to progress—leaving him to find his way as he could.

The man at my side with the face

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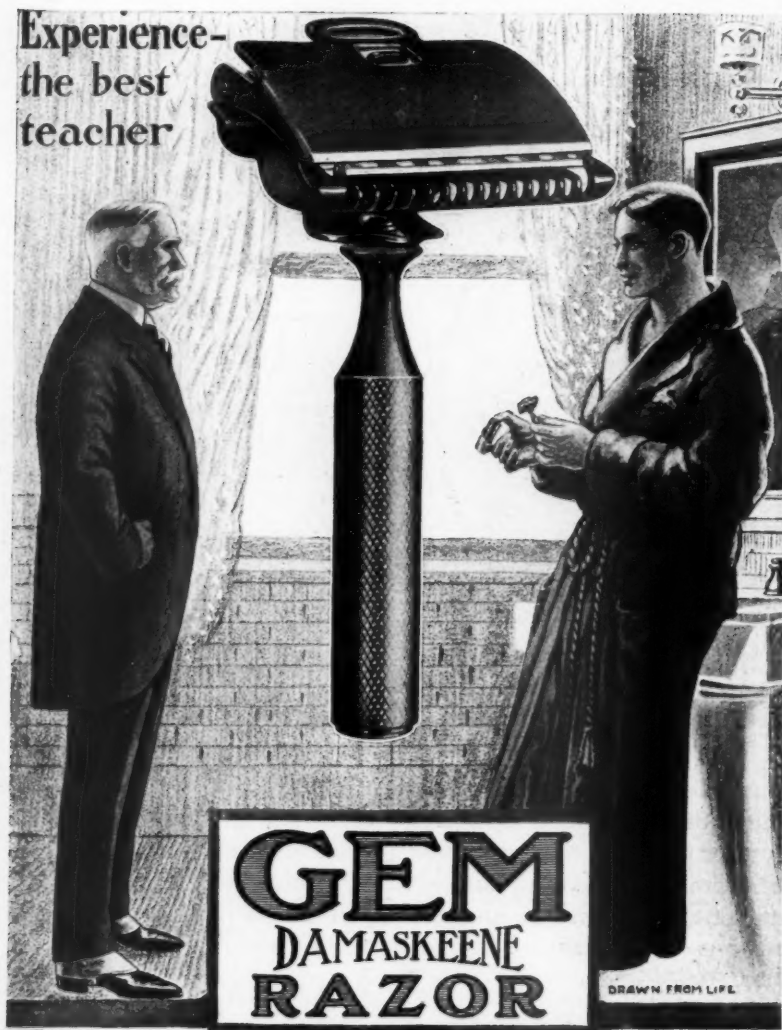
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face which I could not recognize did not follow me. He halted and raised the fallen comrade. As I tried to slip through the pathway I thought was open, the throng ahead swung together and closed it impassably, and then for an interminable time my march was blocked completely. But at last, slowly, we began to advance again.

Again and again this happened. If I abandoned a comrade to hurry on myself, the man with the familiar face stopped to aid the fallen one, and always I found myself halted. If I stopped and gave aid where it was needed, my companion, always smiling, did likewise, and then we all went on together. Slowly I began to realize I could go forward only as fast as my unrecognized friend.

Ages seemed to pass during the journey, but finally we rounded a last great turn, and I saw a great plain on the summit of the mountain, with the white light still shining an immeasurable distance above it. Beside me I found Jim, and the man whose face I knew. They grasped my hands in a joyous welcome.

"What place is this?" I asked.

"This is the pinnacle of man's highest ideal of mankind," Jim said. "There is nothing higher nor better than this spot but God's own ideal. Do you understand what all you have seen on the roadway means? To me it means that the little daily kindnesses, the casual word of cheer, the little creative thoughts of love and fellowship that ease some one as you live your human life—it means these are the things, George, that help you and the world together on your way up to the goal all must reach."

THE familiar traveler of the journey was still beside me.

"Who are you?" I asked. "I know you, and yet—"

"I am your own Highest Ideal," he said, smiling. "You could arrive here only by keeping me always by you."

As I looked into his face, I saw it was my own, and he faded from my vision as though merged with myself.

When I awoke, I lay on my hospital cot, and my nurse was arranging my breakfast-tray on the table near me.

A dream? A vision? Name it as you choose. I have written what I saw and I saw it.

I am back in New York,—back at my old desk in the bank,—but I am no more the same man I was before I went to France than the world is the same world it was before the war. The night on the Ourcq, the night in the hospital, and the many other nights my brother and I have spent together never can lose for me any vestige of their reality—not even here in New York, where worldliness gives way but slowly even under the cumulative pressure of such experiences as the boys are bringing back from France. The world's skepticism, however, is giving way, tardily but surely, to a faith won at first hand from Death itself.

For this I humbly thank God, for I know what it has meant to me—and continues to mean each hour I live—to know as surely as I see these final words I am writing that my brother Jim and the others I have seen vanish beyond the veil are with me now—here—always.

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